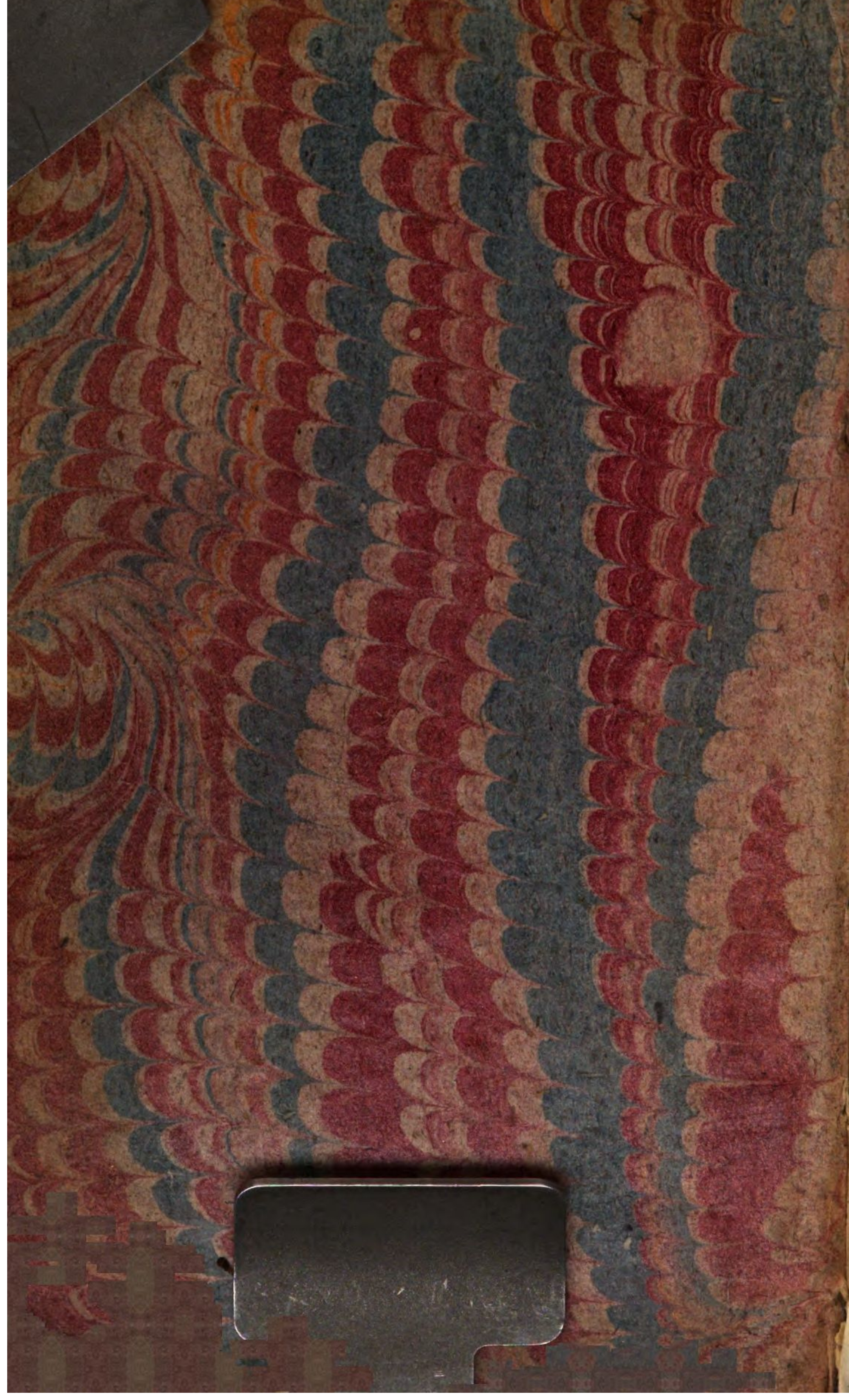






P.O. angl. 360ⁿ

5

Shakespeare

THE HISTORY OF THE

ROYAL NAVY

FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS

TO THE PRESENT TIME

BY JAMES OUSE

ESQ. OF THE BARR

AND OF THE NAVY

BY EDWARD H.

ESQ. OF THE BARR

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD.

MDCCLXXXIII.

Printed by J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD.

Printed by J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD.

Printed by J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD.

Printed by J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD.

~~O. 2436~~

~~OC. 2835²~~

~~B. L. angl. pag. 158^a~~

In O. angl. 252.

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE:
VOLUME the FIFTH.

CONTAINING,

King HENRY VI. *Part II.*

King HENRY VI. *Part III.*

King RICHARD III.

King HENRY VIII.

DUBLIN:

Printed for R. OWEN, J. LEATHLEY, G. and A.
EWING, W. and J. SMITH, G. FAULKNER, P.
CRAMPTON, A. BRADLEY, T. MOORE, E. and J.
EXSHAW. M DCC XLVII.

W O R K S

OF

SHAKESPEARE

BIBLIOTHECA
REGIA
MONACENSIS.

VOLUME

CONTAINING

King Henry VI Part II

King Henry VI Part III

King Richard III

King Henry VII

—————

DUBLIN

Printed for R. Owen, J. Leavelly, G. and A.
Ewing, W. and J. Smith, G. Faulkner, P.
Graham, A. Braden, T. Moore, E. and J.
Barnard, M. DCC XLVII.

T H E

S E C O N D P A R T

O F

K. H E N R Y VI.

Dramatis Personæ.

- KING Henry VI.*
Humphry Duke of Gloucester, } *Uncles to the*
Cardinal Beauford, Bp. of Winchester, } *King.*
Duke of York, pretending to the Crown.
Duke of Buckingham, }
Duke of Somerset, } *Of the King's Party.*
Duke of Suffolk, }
Earl of Salisbury, } *Of the York Faction.*
Earl of Warwick, }
Lord Clifford, of the King's Party.
Lord Say.
Lord Scales, Governor of the Tower.
Sir Humphry Stafford.
Young Stafford, his Brother.
Alexander Iden, a Kentish Gentleman.
Young Clifford, Son to the Lord Clifford.
Edward Plantagenet, } *Sons to the Duke of York.*
Richard Plantagenet, }
Vaux, a Sea Captain, and Walter Whitmore — Pirates.
A Herald.
Hume and Southwel, two Priests.
Bolingbrook, an Astrologer.
A Spirit, attending on Jordan the Witch.
Thomas Horner, an Armourer.
Peter, his Man.
Clerk of Chatham.
Mayor of St. Albans.
Simpcox, an Impostor.
Jack Cade, Bevis, Michael, John Holland, Dick the
Butcher, Smith the Weaver, and several others, Rebels.
Margaret, Queen to King Henry VI. secretly in Love
with the Duke of Suffolk.
Dame Eleanor, Wife to the Duke of Gloucester.
Mother Jordan, a Witch employ'd by the Dutchess of
Gloucester.
Wife to Simpcox.
Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff and Officers,
Citizens, with Faulconers, Guards, Messengers, and
other Attendants.
The S C E N E is laid very dispersedly in several
Parts of England.

¹ The SECOND PART of
King HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Flourish of Trumpets: then, Hautboys. Enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Salisbury, Warwick, and Beauford on the one side: The Queen, Suffolk, York, Somerset, and Buckingham on the other.

SUFFOLK.

² **A**S by your high imperial Majesty
I had in charge at my depart for *France*,
As procurator for your Excellence,
To marry Princess *Marg'ret* for your Grace;
So in the famous ancient city, *Tours*,
In presence of the Kings of *France* and *Sicil*,
The dukes of *Orleans*, *Calaber*, *Bretaigne*, *Alanfon*,
Seven Earls, twelve Barons, twenty reverend Bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee,
In sight of *England* and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the Queen

[*Presenting the Queen to the King.*
To your most gracious hand; that are the substance
Of that great shadow I did represent:
The happiest gift that ever Marquiss gave,
The fairest Queen that ever King receiv'd.

K. Henry. Suffolk, arise. Welcome, Queen Margaret;

¹ *The second part, &c.*] This and the th'rd part were first written under the title of the *Contention of York and Lancaster*, printed in 1600, but since vastly improved by the Author. Mr. Pope.

² *As by your high, &c.*] Vide *Hall's Chronicle*, Fol. 66. Year 23. Init. Mr. Pope.

I can exprefs no kinder fign of love,
 Than this kind kifs. O Lord, that lend'ft me life,
 Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness!
 For thou haft giv'n me, in this beauteous face,
 A world of earthly blessings to my foul;
 If fympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of England, and my gracious lord,

The mutual conf'rence that my mind hath had,
 By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
 In courtly company, or at my beads,
 With you ³ mine alder-lievest Sovereign;
 Makes me the bolder to falute my King
 With ruder terms; fuch as my wit affords,
 And over-joy of heart doth minifter.

K. Henry. Her fight did ravish, but her grace in
 fpeech,

Her words y-clad with wifdom's majesty,
 Make me from wondring fall to weeping joys,
 Such is the fulness of my heart's content.
 Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All kneel. Long live Queen Marg'ret, England's
 happinefs!

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [Flourish.]

Suf. My lord protector, fo it please your grace,
 Here are the articles of contracted Peace,
 Between our Sovereign and the French King Charles,
 For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [reads.] Imprimis, *It is agreed between the French King, Charles, and William de la Pole Marquis of Suffolk, Ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem, and crown her Queen of England, ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.*

³ ——— mine alder-lievest Sovereign;] *Alder-lievest* is an old English word given to him to whom the fpeaker is 'fupremely attached: *Lievest* being the fupulative of the comparative, *levar*, rather, from *liev*. So *Hall* in his *Chronicle*, Henry VI. Folio 12. *Right bygbe and mighty Prince, and my ryght noble, and, after one, It Lord.*

Item. *That the Dutchy of Anjou, and the County of Maine, shall be released and delivered to the King her father.* [Lets fall the paper.

K. Henry. Uncle, how now?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me to the heart,
And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Henry. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. Item, *That the Dutchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered to the King her father, and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry.*

K. Henry. They please us well. Lord Marquiss,
kneel you down;

We here create thee the first duke of Suffolk,
And gird thee with the sword. Cousin of York,
We here discharge your Grace from being Regent
I'th' parts of France, 'till term of eighteen months
Be full expir'd. Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, and Somerset,
Salisbury and Warwick;

We thank you for all this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely Queen.

Come, let us in, and with all speed provide
To see her coronation be perform'd.

[Exeunt King, Queen, and Suffolk.

SCENE II.

Manent the rest.

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,
To you Duke Humphry must unload his grief,
Your grief, the common grief of all the land.
What! did my brother Henry spend his youth,
His valour, coin, and people in the wars?
Did he so often lodge in open field,
In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,
To conquer France, his true inheritance?
And did my brother Bedford toil his wits
To keep by policy what Henry got?
Have you yourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,

Brave *York*, and *Salisbury*, victorious *Warwick*,
 Receiv'd deep scars in *France* and *Normandy*?
 Or hath mine uncle *Beauford*, and myself,
 With all the learned council of the realm,
 Studied so long, sat in the council-house,
 Early and late, debating to and fro,
 How *France* and *Frenchmen* might be kept in awe?
 And was his Highness in his infancy
 Crowned in *Paris*, in despite of foes?
 And shall these labours and these honours die?
 Shall *Henry's* Conquest, *Bedford's* vigilance,
 Your deeds of war, and all our counsel die?
 O peers of *England*, shameful is this league,
 Fatal this marriage; cancelling your fame,
 Blotting your names from books of memory;
 Razing the characters of your renown,
 Defacing monuments of conquer'd *France*,
 Undoing all, as all had never been.

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse?
 This peroration with such circumstances?
 For *France*, 'tis ours; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle, we will keep it if we can;
 But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolk, the new-made Duke that rules the roast,
 Hath giv'n the dutchy of *Anjou* and *Maine*
 Unto the poor King *Reignier*, whose large style
 Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of him who dy'd for all,
 These counties were the keys of *Normandy*:
 But wherefore weeps *Warwick*, my valiant son?

War. For grief that they are past recovery.
 For were there hope to conquer them again,
 My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes no tears.
Anjou and *Maine*! myself did win them both:
 Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer.
 And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
 Delivered up again with peaceful words?

York. For *Suffolk's* Duke, may he be suffocate,
 That dims the honour of this warlike isle!
France should have torn and rent my very heart,
 Before I would have yielded to this league.

I never

I never read, but *England's* Kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries with their wives :
And our King *Henry* gives away his own,
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That *Suffolk* should demand a whole fifteenth,
For cost and charges in transporting her :
She should have staid in *France*, and starv'd in *France*,
Before ———

Car. My lord of *Glo'ster*, now ye grow too hot :
It was the pleasure of my lord the King.

Glo. My lord of *Winchester*, I know your mind.
'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble you.
Rancour will out, proud prelate ; in thy face,
I see thy fury : if I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.
Lordings, farewell ; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesy'd, *France* will be lost ere long. [Exit.]

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage :
'Tis known to you, he is mine enemy :
Nay more, an enemy unto you all ;
And no great friend, I fear me, to the King.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood,
And heir apparent to the *English* crown.
Had *Henry* got an empire by his marriage,
4 And all the wealthy kingdoms of the east,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords, let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts ; be wise and circumspect.
What though the common people favour him,
Calling him *Humphry*, the good Duke of *Glo'ster*,
Clapping their hands and crying with loud voice,
Jesu maintain your royal excellence !
With, *God preserve the good Duke Humphry !*
I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,

4 And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,] certainly *Shakespeare*
wrote EAST.

He being of age to govern of himself
 Cousin of *Somerset*, join you with me,
 And all together with the Duke of *Suffolk*,
 We'll quickly hoist Duke *Humphry* from his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay.
 I'll to the Duke of *Suffolk* presently. [Exit.]

Som. Cousin of *Buckingham*, though *Humphry*'s pride
 And greatness of his place be grief to us,
 Yet let us watch the haughty Cardinal:
 His insolence is more intolerable
 Than all the princes in the land beside:
 If *Glo'ster* be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or *Somerset*, or I, will be protector,
 Despight Duke *Humphry*, or the Cardinal.

[Ex. Buckingham and Somerset.]

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.
 While these do labour for their own preferment,
 Behoves it us to labour for the realm.
 I never saw, but *Humphry* Duke of *Glo'ster*
 Did bear him like a noble gentleman:
 Oft have I seen the haughty Cardinal
 More like a soldier, than a man o'th' church,
 As stout and proud as he were lord of all,
 Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself
 Unlike the ruler of a common-weal.
Warwick my son, the comfort of my age!
 Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping,
 Have won the greatest favour of the commons,
 Excepting none but good Duke *Humphry*.
 And brother *York*, thy acts in *Ireland*,
 In bringing them to civil discipline;
 Thy late exploits done in the heart of *France*,
 When thou wert regent for our sovereign,
 Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.
 Join we together for the publick good,
 In what we can, to bridle and suppress
 The pride of *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal.
 With *Somerset*'s and *Buckingham*'s ambition;
 And, as we may, cherish Duke *Humphry*'s deeds,
 While they do tend the profit of the land.

War,

War. So God help *Warwick*, as he loves the land,
And common profit of his country !

York. And so says *York*, for he hath greatest cause.

[*Aside.*

Sal. Then let's make haste, and look unto the main.

War. Unto the main ? Oh father, *Maine* is lost ;
That *Maine*, which by main force *Warwick* did win,
And would have kept, so long as breath did last :
Main chance, father, you meant ; but I meant *Maine*,
Which I will win from *France*, or else be slain.

[*Ex. Warwick and Salisbury.*

S C E N E III.

Manet York.

York. *Anjou* and *Maine* are given to the *French* ;
Paris is lost ; the state of *Normandy*
Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone :
Suffolk concluded on the articles,
The peers agreed, and *Henry* was well pleas'd
To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair daughter.
I cannot blame them all, what is't to them ?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their own.
Pirates may make cheap penn'worths of their pillage,
And purchase friends, and give to courtezans,
Still revelling, like lords, 'till all be gone :
While as the silly owner of the goods
Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless hands,
And shakes his head, and trembling stands aloof,
While all is shar'd, and all is borne away ;
Ready to starve, and dares not touch his own.
So *York* must sit, and fret, and bite his tongue,
While his own lands are bargain'd for, and sold.
Methinks, the realms of *England*, *France*, and *Ireland*,
Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand *Althea* burnt,
Unto the prince's heart of *Calydon*.

Anjou and *Maine*, both giv'n unto the *French* !
Cold news for me : for I had hope of *France*,
Ev'n as I have of fertile *England's* soil.

A day will come, when *York* shall claim his own ;

And therefore I will take the *Nevills'* parts,
 And make a shew of love to proud Duke *Humphry*;
 And, when I spy advantage, claim the Crown;
 For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.
 Nor shall proud *Lancaster* usurp my right,
 Nor hold the scepter in his childish fist,
 Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
 Whose church-like humour fits not for a Crown.
 Then, *York*, be still a while, 'till time do serve:
 Watch thou, and wake when others be asleep,
 To pry into the secrets of the State;
 'Till *Henry*, surfeiting in joys of love,
 With his new bride, and *England's* dear-bought Queen,
 And *Humphry* with the Peers be fall'n at jars.
 Then will I raise aloft the milk-white Rose,
 With whose sweet smell the air shall be perfum'd;
 And in my Standard bear the arms of *York*,
 To grapple with the house of *Lancaster*;
 And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the Crown,
 Whose bookish Rule hath pull'd fair *England* down.
[Exit York.]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to the Duke of Gloucester's House.

Enter Duke Humphry, and his Wife Eleanor.

Elean. **W**H Y droops my lord, like over-ripen'd corn
 Hanging the head with *Ceres'* plenteous
 load?

Why doth the great Duke *Humphry* knit his brows,
 As frowning at the favours of the world?
 Why are thine eyes fixt to the sullen earth,
 Gazing at that which seems to dim thy sight?
 What seest thou there? King *Henry's* Diadem,
 Inchas'd with all the honours of the world?
 If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,
 Until thy head be circled with the same.
 Put forth thy hand, reach at the glorious Gold:
 What! is't too short? I'll lengthen it with mine.
 And, having both together heav'd it up,

We'll

We'll both together lift our heads to heaven:
And never more abase our fight so low,
As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O *Nell*, sweet *Nell*, if thou dost love thy lord,
Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:
And may that thought, when I imagine Ill
Against my King and nephew, virtuous *Henry*,
Be my last Breathing in this mortal world!
My troublous dreams this night do make me sad.

Elean. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and I'll re-
quite it
With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this Staff, mine office-badge in
Court,
Was broke in twain; by whom I have forgot;
But, as I think, it was by th' Cardinal;
And, on the pieces of the broken wand,
Were plac'd the heads of *Edmund* Duke of *Somerset*,
And *William de la Pole* first Duke of *Suffolk*.

This was the dream; what it doth bode, God knows.

Elean. Tut, this was nothing but an argument,
That he, that breaks a stick of *Glo'ster's* grove,
Shall lose his head for his Presumption.

But list to me, my *Humphry*, my sweet Duke:

Methought, I sat in seat of Majesty,

In the Cathedral church of *Westminster*,

And in that Chair where Kings and Queens were
crown'd;

Where *Henry* and *Marg'ret* kneel'd to me,

And on my head did set the Diadem.

Glo. Nay, *Eleanor*, then must I chide outright:

Presumptuous Dame, ill-nurtur'd *Eleanor*,

Art thou not second woman in the Realm,

And the Protector's wife, belov'd of him?

Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,

Above the reach or compass of thy thought?

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,

To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,

From top of honour to disgrace's feet?

Away from me, and let me hear no more.

Elean. What, what! my lord; are you so cholerick
With

With *Eleanor*, for telling but her dream?
 Next time, I'll keep my dreams unto myself,
 And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd again.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My lord Protector, 'tis his Highness' pleasure,
 You do prepare to ride unto St. *Albans*,
 Whereas the King and Queen do mean to hawk.

Glo. I go: come, *Nell*, thou wilt ride with us?

[*Exit Gloucester.*

Elean. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow presently.
 Follow I must, I cannot go before,
 While *Glo'ster* bears this base and humble mind.
 Were I a Man, a Duke, and next of blood,
 I would remove these tedious stumbling-blocks;
 And smoothe my way upon their headless necks.
 And being a woman, I will not be slack
 To play my part in Fortune's pageant.
 Where are you there? Sir *John*; nay, fear not, man,
 We are alone; here's none but thee and I.

Enter Hume.

Hume. Jesus preserve your Royal Majesty!

Elean. What say'st thou? Majesty? I am but Grace.

Hume. But by the grace of God, and *Hume's* advice,
 Your Grace's title shall be multiply'd.

Elean. What say'st thou, man? hast thou as yet con-
 ferr'd

With *Margery Jordan*, the cunning witch;
 And *Roger Bolingbrook* the conjurer,
 And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised, to shew your High-
 ness

A Spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
 That shall make answer to such questions,
 As by your Grace shall be propounded him.

Elean. It is enough, I'll think upon the questions:
 When from St. *Albans* we do make return,
 We'll see those things effected to the full.

Here, *Hume*, take this reward; make merry, man,

With

With thy confederates in this weighty cause.

[Exit Eleanor.

Hume. *Hume* must make merry with the Dutchess' gold:

Marry, and shall; but how now, Sir *John Hume*?

Seal up your lips, and give no words, but *mum*!

The business asketh silent secrecy.

Dame *Eleanor* gives gold to bring the witch:

Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold flies from another coast:

I dare not say from the rich Cardinal,

And from the great and new-made Duke of *Suffolk*;

Yet I do find it so: for to be plain,

They (knowing Dame *Eleanor*'s aspiring humour)

Have hired me to undermine the Dutchess;

And buz these conjurations in her brain.

They say, a crafty knave does need no broker;

Yet am I *Suffolk*'s, and the Cardinal's, broker.

Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near

To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.

Well, so it stands; and thus I fear at last,

Hume's knavery will be the Dutchess' wreck,

And her Attainture will be *Humphry*'s Fall:

Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[Exit.

SCENE V.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter three or four Petitioners, Peter the Armourer's man being one.

1 *Pet.* **M**Y masters, let's stand close; my lord Protector will come this way by and by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man, Jesu bless him!

Enter Suffolk, and Queen.

1 *Pet.* Here a'comes, methinks, and the Queen with him: I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool, this is the Duke of *Suffolk*, and not my lord Protector.

Suf.

Suf. How now, fellow, would'st any thing with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me; I took ye for my lord Protector.

Q. Mar. To my lord Protector. [*reading*] Are your supplications to his lordship? let me see them; what is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your Grace, against *John Goodman*, my lord Cardinal's man, for keeping my house and lands, and wife, and all from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that's some wrong, indeed. What's yours? what's here? [*Reads.*] *Against the Duke of Suffolk, for inclosing the Commons of Long Melford.* How now, Sir Knave?

2 *Pet.* Alas, Sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole Township.

Suf. [*reads.*] *Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the Crown.*

Q. Mar. What! did the Duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Peter. That my master was? no, forsooth; my master said, that he was; and that the King was an Ufurper.

Suf. Who is there? ——— Take this fellow in, and send for his Master with a Pursuivant, presently; we'll hear more of your matter before the King.

[*Exit Peter guarded.*]

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected Under the wings of our Protector's Grace.

Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

[*Tears the Supplications.*]

Away, base cullions: *Suffolk*, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone. [*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

Q. Mar. My lord of *Suffolk*, say, is this the guise? Is this the fashion in the Court of *England*?

Is this the government of *Britain's Isle*?

And this the royalty of *Albion's King*?

What! shall King *Henry* be a Pupil still,

Under the surly *Glo'ster's* governance?

Am I a Queen in title and in style,

And

And must be made a Subject to a Duke?
 I tell thee, *Pole*, when in the city *Tours*
 Thou ran'st a-tilt in honour of my love,
 And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of *France*
 I thought, King *Henry* had resembled thee
 In courage, courtship, and proportion:
 But all his mind is bent to holiness,
 To number *Ave Marias* on his beads;
 His champions are the Prophets and Apostles:
 His weapons holy Saws of sacred Writ;
 His study is his tilt-yard; and his loves
 Are brazen Images of canoniz'd Saints.
 I would, the College of the Cardinals
 Would chuse him Pope, and carry him to *Rome*,
 And set the triple Crown upon his head;
 That were a state fit for his holiness!

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was the cause
 Your Highness came to *England*, so will I
 In *England* work your Grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the proud Protector, have we
Beauford

Th' imperious Churchman; *Somerfet*, *Buckingham*,
 And grumbling *York*; and not the least of these
 But can do more in *England*, than the King.

Suf. And he of these, that can do most of all,
 Cannot do more in *England* than the *Nevills*;
Salisb'ry and *Warwick* are no simple Peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,
 As that proud Dame, the lord Protector's wife:
 She sweeps it through the Court with troops of ladies,
 More like an Empress than Duke *Humphry's* wife.
 Strangers in Court do take her for the Queen;
 She bears a Duke's revenues on her back,
 And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
 Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
 Contemptuous, base-born, Callot as she is,
 She vaunted 'mongst her minions t'other day,
 The very train of her worst wearing gown
 Was better worth than all my father's lands;
 'Till *Suffolk* gave two Dukedoms for his daughter!

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for her,

And

And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
 That she will light to listen to their lays;
 And never mount to trouble you again.
 So, let her rest; and, Madam, list to me;
 For I am bold to counsel you in this;
 Although we fancy not the Cardinal,
 Yet must we join with him and with the lords,
 'Till we have brought Duke *Humphry* in disgrace.
 As for the Duke of *York*, this late complaint
 Will make but little for his benefit.
 So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last;
 And you yourself shall steer the happy Realm.

S C E N E VI.

To them enter King Henry, Duke Humphry, Cardinal, Buckingham, York, Salisbury, Warwick, and the Dutchess of Gloucester.

K. Henry. For my part, noble Lords, I care not which,

Or *Somerset*, or *York*, all's one to me.

York. If *York* have ill demean'd himself in *France*,
 Then let him be deny'd the Regentship.

Som. If *Somerset* be unworthy of the Place,
 Let *York* be Regent, I will yield to him.

War. Whether your Grace be worthy, yea or no,
 Dispute not that; *York* is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious *Warwick*, let thy Betters speak.

War. The Cardinal's not my better in the field.

Buck. All in this Presence are thy betters, *Warwick*.

War. *Warwick* may live to be the best of all.

Sal. Peace, Son; and shew some reason, *Buckingham*,

Why *Somerset* should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the King, forsooth, will have it so.

Glo. Madam, the King is old enough himself
 To give his Censure: these are no woman's matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs your Grace
 To be Protector of his Excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am Protector of the Realm,
 And, at his Pleasure, will resign my Place.

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine insolence.
 Since thou wert King, (as who is King, but thou?)
 The Common-wealth hath daily run to wreck.
 The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas,
 And all the Peers, and Nobles of the Realm,
 Have been as bond-men to thy sov'reignty.

Car. The Commons hast thou rack'd; the Clergy's
 bags
 Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy wife's attire,
 Have cost a mass of publick treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
 Upon offenders hath exceeded law;
 And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices and towns in *France*,
 If they were known, as the suspect is great,
 Would make thee quickly hop without thy head.

[*Exit Glo.*

Give me my fan; what, minion? can ye not?

[*She gives the Dutches a box on the ear.*

I cry you mercy, Madam; was it you?

Elean. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud *French-woman*:
 Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
 I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Henry. Sweet aunt, be quiet; 'twas against her will.

Elean. Against her will, good King? look to't in time,

She'll hamper thee and dandle thee like a baby:
 Though in this place most Master wears no breeches,
 She shall not strike Dame *Eleanor* unrevenged.

[*Exit Eleanor.*

Buck. Lord Cardinal, I'll follow *Eleanor*,
 And listen after *Humphry*, how he proceeds:
 She's tickled now, her fume can need no spurs;
 She'll gallop fast enough to her destruction.

[*Exit Buckingham.*

S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Re-enter Duke Humphry.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-blown
With walking once about the Quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.

As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lye open to the law.

But God in mercy deal so with my soul,
As I in duty love my King and Country!

But to the matter that we have in hand:

I say, my Sovereign, *York* is meetest man
To be your Regent in the Realm of *France*.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave
To shew some reason of no little force,
That *York* is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, *Suffolk*, why I am unmeet:

First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride;

Next, if I be appointed for the Place,

My lord of *Somerset* will keep me here

Without discharge, money or furniture,

'Till *France* be won into the Dauphin's hands.

Last time, I danc'd attendance on his will,

'Till *Paris* was besieg'd, famish'd and lost.

War. That I can witness, and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, head-strong *Warwick*.

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace!

Enter Horner the Armourer, and his Man Peter,
guarded.

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason:
Pray God, the Duke of *York* excuse himself!

York. Doth any one accuse *York* for a traitor?

K. Henry. What mean'st thou, *Suffolk*? tell me,
what are these?

Suf. Please it your Majesty, this is the man,
That doth accuse his master of high treason:

His words were these; " that *Richard* Duke of *York*

" Was rightful heir unto the *English* Crown;

" And

“ And that your Majesty was an usurper.

K. *Henry*. Say, man; were these thy words?

Arm. An't shall please your Majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter: God is my witness, I am falsely accus'd by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lord, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scow'ring my lord of *York*'s armour.

York. Base dunghil villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech:

I do beseech your royal Majesty,

Let him have all the rigour of the Law.

Arm. Alas, my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice, and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees he would be even with me. I have good witness of this; therefore, I beseech your Majesty do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation.

K. *Henry*. Uncle, what shall we say to this in Law?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge:

Let *Somerſet* be Regent o'er the *French*,

Because in *York* this breeds suspicion.

And let these have a day appointed them

For single Combat in convenient place;

For he hath witness of his servant's malice.

This is the law, and this Duke *Humphry*'s doom.

K. *Henry*. Then be it so: My Lord of *Somerſet*,
We make your Grace Regent over the *French*.

Som. I humbly thank your royal Majesty.

Arm. And I accept the Combat willingly.

Peter. Alas, my lord, I cannot fight; for God's sake pity my case; the spight of Man prevaieth against me: O lord, have mercy upon me! I shall never be able to fight a blow: O lord, my heart! —

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight, or else be hang'd.

K. *Henry*. Away with them to prison; and the day of Combat shall be the last of the next month. Come, *Somerſet*, we'll see thee sent away. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E VIII.

The Witch's Cave.

Enter Mother Jordan, Hume, Southwel, and Bolingbrook.

Hume. COME, my masters; the Dutcheſs, I tell you, expects performance of your promiſes.

Boling. Maſter *Hume*, we are therefore provided: will her ladyſhip behold and hear our exorcifms?

Hume. Ay, what elſe? fear not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible ſpirit; but it ſhall be convenient, Maſter *Hume*, that you be by her aloft, while we be buſy below; and ſo I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit Hume.*] Mother *Jordan*, be proſtrate and grovel on the earth; *John Southwel*, read you, and let us to our work.

Enter Eleanor, above.

Elean. Well ſaid, my maſters, and welcome to all: to this geer, the ſooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady: wizards know their times.

5 Deep night, dark night, the ſilent of the night,
The time of night when *Troy* was ſet on fire,
The time, when ſcreech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl;
When ſpirits walk, and ghoſts break up their graves;
That time beſt fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, ſit you, and fear not; whom we raiſe,
We will make faſt within a hallow'd verge.

5 Deep night, dark night, the ſilent of the night.] *The ſilent of the night* is a claffical expreſſion; and means an interlunar night.—*Amica ſilentia Lunæ.* So *Pliny*, *Inter omnes verò convenit, utiſſimè in coitu ejus ſterni, quem diem alii interlunii, alii ſilentis Lunæ appellant*, Lib. xvi. cap. 39. In imitation of this language, *Milton* ſays,

*The Sun to me is dark
And ſilent as the Moon,
When ſhe deſerts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar Cave.*

[*Here*

[Here they perform the Ceremonies, and make the circle; Bolingbrook or Southwel reads, Conjuro te, &c. It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.

Spirit. *Adsum.*

M. Ford. *Asmuth*, by the eternal God, whose name
And power thou tremblest at, tell what I ask;
For 'till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spirit. Ask what thou wilt——That I had said, and
done!

Boling. First, of the King: What shall of him be-
come?

Spirit. The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose:
But him out-live, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, they write the answer.

Boling. Tell me, what fates await the Duke of
Suffolk?

Spirit. By Water shall he die, and take his end.

Boling. What shall befall the Duke of Somerset?

Spirit. Let him shun Castles,
Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,
Than where Castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:
False fiend, avoid!

[Thunder and Lightning. Spirit descends.

Enter the Duke of York, and the Duke of Buckingham,
with their Guard, and break in.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash:
Beldame, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.
What, Madam, are you there? the King and Realm
Are deep indebted for this piece of pains;
My lord Protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Elean. Not half so bad as thine to England's King,
Injurious Duke, that threat'ft where is no cause.

Buck. True, Madam, none at all: What call you
this?

Away with them, let them be clap'd up close,
And kept apart. You, Madam, shall with us.

Stafford,

Stafford, take her to thee.

We'll see your Trinkets here forth-coming all.

[*Exeunt Guards with Jordan, Southwel, &c.*]

York. ⁶ Lord *Buckingham*, methinks, you watch'd her well;

A pretty Plot, well chose to build upon.

Now, pray my lord, let's see the devil's Writ.

What have we here?

[*Reads.*]

The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose;

But him out-live, and die a violent death.

Why, this is just, *Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.*

Well, to the rest:

Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of *Suffolk*?

By water shall he die, and take his end.

What shall betide the Duke of *Somerset*?

Let him shun Castles,

Safer shall he be on the sandy plains,

Than where castles mounted stand.

Come, come, my lords;

These Oracles are (*a*) hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The King is now in progress tow'rd *St. Albans*;

With him, the husband of this lovely lady:

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;

A sorry breakfast for my lord Protector.

Buck. Your Grace shall give me leave, my lord of *York*,

To be the Post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.

Who's within there, ho?

Enter a Serving-man.

Invite my lords of *Salisbury* and *Warwick*,

To sup with me to morrow night. Away! [*Exeunt.*]

6 Lord Buckingham, methinks, &c.] This repetition of the prophecies, which is altogether unnecessary, after what the spectators had heard in the Scene immediately preceding, is not to be found in the first edition of this play. Mr. Pope.

[(*a*) hardly. Mr. Theobald.—Vulg. bardly.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

At St. ALBANS.

Enter King Henry, Queen, Protector, Cardinal, and Suffolk, with Faulconers hallooing.

Q. Mar. **B**elieve me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years'
day;

Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old *Joan* had not gone out.

K. Henry. But what a point, my lord, your Faulcon
made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest:

To see how God in all his creatures works!

Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your Majesty,
My lord Protector's Hawks do towre so well;
They know, their Master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his Faulcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 'tis but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much, he'd be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord Card'nal, how think you by that?
Were it not good, your Grace could fly to heav'n?

K. Henry. The treasury of everlasting joy!

Car. Thy heaven is on earth, thine eyes and thoughts
Bent on a Crown, the treasure of thy heart:
Pernicious Protector, dangerous Peer,
That smoothe'st it so with King and Common-weal!

Glo. What, Card'nal! Is your priesthood grown so
peremptory? *Tantæne animis Cælestibus iræ?*

Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice.

7 With such Holiness can you not do it?

Suf. No malice, Sir, no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a Peer.

7 *With such Holiness can you do it?]* Do what? The verse wants
a foot, we should read,

With such Holiness can you NOT do it?

Spoken ironically. By holiness he means hypocrisy: and sa, s, have
you not hypocrisy enough to hide your malice?

Glo.

Glo. As who, my lord?

Suf. Why, as yourself, my lord;
An't like your lordly, lord Protectorship.

Glo. Why, *Suffolk, England* knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, *Glo'ster*.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, peace, good Queen;
And whet not on these too too furious Peers,
For blessed are the peace-makers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make,
Against this proud Protector, with my sword!

Glo. Faith, holy uncle, 'would 'twere come to
that.

Car. Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glo. Make up no factious numbers for the
matter,

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. Ay, where thou dar'st not peep: and,
if thou dar'st,

This Ev'ning on the east side of the grove.

K. Henry. How now, my lords?

Car. Believe me, cousin *Glo'ster*,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,
We'd had more sport——Come with thy two-hand
sword. [*Aside to Gloucester.*

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. Are you advis'd?—The east side of the Grove?

Glo. Cardinal, I am with you. [*Aside.*

K. Henry. Why, how now, uncle *Glo'ster*?

Glo. Talking of hawking; nothing else, my lord.—
Now, by God's mother, Priest, I'll shave your crown
for this,

Or all my Fence shall fail.

[*Aside.*

Car. [*Aside.*] *Medice, teipsum.*
Protector, see to't well, protect yourself.

K. Henry. The winds grow high, so do your sto-
machs, lords.

How irksome is this musick to my heart!

When such strings jar, what hopes of harmony?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

SCENE

S C E N E II.

Enter One, crying, A Miracle!

Glo. What means this noise?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim?

One. A miracle, a miracle!

Suf. Come to the King, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man at St. *Alban's* shrine,
Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight;
A man, that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Henry. Now God be prais'd, that to believing souls
Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair!

*Enter the Mayor of St. Albans, and his brethren, bearing
Simpcox between two in a chair, Simpcox's wife
following.*

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,
Before your Highness to present the man.

K. Henry. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,
Though by his sight his sin be multiply'd.

Glo. Stand by, my masters, bring him near the King,
His Highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Henry. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,
That we, for thee, may glorify the Lord.

What, hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your Grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Had'st thou been his mother, thou couldst have
better told.

K. Henry. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At *Berwick* in the north, an't like your Grace.

K. Henry. Poor Soul! God's goodness hath been
great to thee:

Let never day or night unhallowed pass,
But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Queen. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by
chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion ; being call'd
A hundred times and oftner, in my sleep,
By good Saint *Alban* ; who said, *Simpcox*, come ;
Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.

Wife. Most true, forsooth ; and many a time and oft
Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What, art thou lame ?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me !

Suf. How cam'st thou so ?

Simp. A fall off a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind ?

Simp. O, born so, master.

Glo. What, and would'st climb a tree ?

Simp. But once in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true, and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Mafs, thou lov'dst plums well, that would'st venture so.

Simp. Alas, good Sir, my wife desir'd some damsons,
And made me climb, with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave ! but yet it shall not serve :
Let's see thine eyes ; wink now, now open them ;
In my opinion, yet, thou see'st not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day ; I thank God and
Saint *Alban*.

Glo. Say'st thou me so ? what colour is this cloak of ?

Simp. Red, master, red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said : what colour is my gown
of ?

Simp. Black, forsooth, coal-black, as jet.

K. Henry. Why then thou know'st what colour jet
is of ?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks and gowns, before this day, a many.

Wife. Never before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, Sirrah, what's my name ?

Simp. Alas, master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name ?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his ?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. *Saunder Simpcox*, an if it please you, master.

Glo. *Saunder*, fit there, the lying'it knave in Christendom.

If thou hadst been born blind,
Thou might'st as well know all our names, as thus
To name the several colours we do wear.

Sight may distinguish colours:

But suddenly to nominate them all,

It is impossible.

My Lords, Saint *Alban* here hath done a miracle:

Would ye not think that Cunning to be great,

That could restore this cripple to his legs?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint *Albans*,

Have you not beades in your town,

And things call'd whips?

Mayor. Yes, my lord, if it please your Grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

Mayor. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither. Now, Sirrah, if
you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over
this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas, master, I am not able to stand alone: you
go about to torture me in vain.

Enter a Beadle with Whips.

Glo. Well, Sir, we must have you find your legs. Sir-
rah, beadle, whip him 'till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord. Come on, Sirrah, off with
your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas, master, what shall I do? I am not able
to stand.

[*After the beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the
stool and runs away; and they follow and cry, A
miracle!*]

K. Henry. O God, see'st thou this, and bear'st so
long!

Queen. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas, Sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipt through every market town,
till they come to *Berwick*, from whence they came.

[*Exit Beadle with the Woman.*]

Car. Duke *Humphry* has done a miracle to day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I;
You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

S C E N E III.

Enter Buckingham.

K. Henry. What tidings with our cousin *Buckingham*?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold:
A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of lady *Eleanor*, the Protector's wife,
(The ring-leader and head of all this rout)
Have practis'd dangerously against your state;
Dealing with witches and with conjurers,
Whom we have apprehended in the fact,
Raising up wicked Spirits from under ground;
Demanding of King *Henry's* life and death,
And other of your Highness' privy-council,
As more at large your Grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord Protector, by this means
Your lady is forth coming, yet at *London*.

This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge:

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

[*Aside to Glo'ster.*]

Glo. Ambitious Church-man! leave t'afflict my heart!
Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers;
And vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Henry. O God, what mischiefs work the wicked ones,
Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby!

Queen. *Glo'ster*, see here the tainture of thy nest,
And look, thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to heav'n I do appeal,
How I have lov'd my King and common-weal:
And for my wife, I know not how it stands.

Sorry

Sorry am I to hear what I have heard;
 Noble she is; but if she have forgot
 Honour and Virtue, and convers'd with such
 As, like to pitch, defile Nobility;
 I banish her my bed and company:
 And give her as a prey to law and shame,
 That hath dishonour'd *Glo'ster's* honest name.

K. Henry. Well, for this night we will repose us here;
 To morrow toward *London* back again,
 To look into this business thoroughly.
 And call these foul offenders to their answers;
 And poise the Cause in Justice' equal scales,
 Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails.

[Flourish. Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Duke of York's Palace.

Enter York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

York. **N**OW, my good lords of *Salisbury* and *War-*
wick,
 Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
 In this close walk to satisfy myself;
 In craving your opinion of my Title,
 Which is infallible, to *England's* Crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it thus at full.

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy Claim be good,
 The *Nevills* are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
 The first, *Edward* the black Prince, Prince of *Wales*;
 The second, *William* of *Hatfield*; and the third,
Lionel Duke of *Clarence*; next to whom
 Was *John* of *Gaunt*, the Duke of *Lancaster*;
 The fifth, was *Edmond* Langley, Duke of *York*;
 The sixth, was *Thomas* of *Woodstock*, Duke of *Glo'ster*;
William of *Windsor* was the seventh and last.
Edward the black Prince dy'd before his father,
 And left behind him *Richard*, his only son,
 Who, after *Edward* the Third's death, reign'd King;

'Till *Henry Bolingbroke*, Duke of *Lancaster*,
 The eldest son and heir of *John of Gaunt*,
 Crown'd by the name of *Henry the Fourth*,
 Seiz'd on the realm ; depos'd the rightful King ;
 Sent his poor Queen to *France* from whence she came,
 And him to *Pomfret* ; where, as all you know,
 Harmless King *Richard* trait'rously was murther'd.

War. Father, the Duke hath told the truth ;
 Thus got the house of *Lancaster* the Crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right ;
 For *Richard*, the first son's heir being dead,
 The Issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But *William of Hatfield* dy'd without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of *Clarence*, from whose
 Line

I claim the Crown, had issue *Philip*, a daughter,
 Who married *Edmond Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.

Edmond had issue, *Roger* Earl of *March* :

Roger had issue, *Edmond*, *Anne*, and *Eleanor*.

Sal. This *Edmond*, in the reign of *Bolingbroke*,
 As I have read, laid Claim unto the Crown ;
 And, but for *Owen Glendour*, had been King ;
 Who kept him in captivity, 'till he dy'd.
 But, to the rest —————

York. His eldest sister, *Anne*,
 My mother, being heir unto the Crown,
 Married *Richard* Earl of *Cambridge*,
 Who was the son to *Edmond Langley*,
Edward the Third's fifth son. —————

By her I claim the Kingdom ; she was heir
 To *Roger* Earl of *March*, who was the son
 Of *Edmond Mortimer*, who married *Philip*,
 Sole daughter unto *Lionel* Duke of *Clarence*.
 So, if the issue of the elder son
 Succeed before the younger, I am King.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain than this ?
Henry doth claim the Crown from *John of Gaunt*,
 The fourth son ; *York* here claims it from the third.
 'Till *Lionel's* issue fail, his should not reign ;
 It fails not yet, but flourisheth in thee
 And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.

Then,

Then, father *Salisbury*, kneel we together,
And in this private Plot be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful Sovereign
With honour of his birth-right to the Crown.

Both. Long live our Sov'reign *Richard*, *England's*
King!

York. We thank you, lords: but I am not your King,
'Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the House of *Lancaster*:
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice and silent secrecy.
Do you, as I do, in these dang'rous days,
Wink at the Duke of *Suffolk's* Insolence,
At *Beauford's* Pride, at *Somerset's* Ambition,
At *Buckingham*, and all the crew of them;
'Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,
That virtuous Prince, the good Duke *Humphry*:
'Tis That they seek; and they in seeking That
Shall seek their deaths, if *York* can prophesie.

Sal. My lord, here break we off; we know your
mind.

War. My heart assures me, that the Earl of *War-*
wick

Shall one day make the Duke of *York* a King.

York. And, *Nevil*, this I do assure my self:
Richard shall live to make the Earl of *Warwick*
The greatest man in *England*, but the King. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Changes to a House near to Smithfield.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King Henry and Nobles; the
Dutcheß, Mother Jordan, Southwel, Hume, and
Bolingbrook, under guard.

K. Henry. **S**TAND forth, Dame *Eleanor Cobham*,
Glo'ster's wife,
In sight of God and us your guilt is great;
Receive the sentence of the law for sins,
Such as by God's Book are adjudg'd to death.
You four from hence to prison, back again;

From thence unto the place of execution ;
 The Witch in *Smithfield* shall be burn'd to ashes:
 And you three shall be strangled on the gallows.
 You, Madam, for you are more nobly born,
 Despoiled of your honour in your life,
 Shall after three days open Penance done,
 Live in your Country here, in Banishment,
 With Sir *John Stanley* in the *Isle of Man*.

Elean. Welcome is exile, welcome were my death.

Glo. The law, thou seest, hath judg'd thee, *Eleanor* ;
 I cannot justifie, whom law condemns.

[*Exeunt Eleanor, and the others, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of grief.
 Ah, *Humphry*! this dishonour in thine age
 Will bring thy head with sorrow to the ground.
 I beseech your Majesty, give me leave to go ;
 Sorrow would Solace, and my age would Ease.

K. Henry. Stay *Humphry*, Duke of *Glo'ster* ; ere thou
 go,

Give up thy staff ; *Henry* will to himself
 Protector be, and God shall be my hope,
 My stay, my guide, and lanthorn to my feet.
 And go in peace, *Humphry*, no less belov'd,
 Than when thou wert Protector to thy King.

Q. Mar. I see no reason, why a King of years
 Should be to be protected like a child :
 God and King *Henry* govern *England's* realm :
 Give up your staff, Sir, and the King his realm.

Glo. My staff? here, noble *Henry*, is my staff :
 As willingly do I the same resign,
 As e'er thy father *Henry* made it mine ;
 And even as willing at thy feet I leave it,
 As others would ambitiously receive it.
 Farewel, good King ; when I am dead and gone,
 May honourable peace attend thy throne.

[*Exit Glo'ster.*]

Q. Mar. Why, now is *Henry* King, and *Marg'ret*
 Queen.

And *Humphry*, Duke of *Glo'ster*, scarce himself,
 That bears so shrewd a maim ; two pulls at once ;
 His lady banish'd, and a limb lopt off :

This

This staff of honour raught, there let it stand,
Where best it fits to be, in *Henry's* hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs his
sprayes;

Thus *Eleanor's* pride dies in her younger days.

York. Lords, let him go. Please it your Majesty,
This is the day appointed for the combat,
And ready are th' appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the lists,
So please your Highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely therefore
Left I the court, to see this quarrel try'd.

K. Henry. A'God's name, see the lists and all things
fit;

Here let them end it, and God guard the right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bestead,
Or more afraid to fight, than is th' appellant!
The servant of the armourer, my lords.

SCENE VI.

Enter at one door the armourer and his neighbours, drinking to him so much, that he is drunk; and he enters with a drum before him, and his staff ⁷ with a sand-bag fastned to it; and at the other door his man, with a drum and sand-bag, and prentices drinking to him.

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour *Horner*, I drink to you in a cup of sack; and fear not, neighbour, you shall do well enough.

2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's ⁸ a cup of charneco.

3 Neigh.

7 with a Sand-bag fastned to it.] As, according to the old laws of duels, Knights were to fight with the lance and sword; so those of inferior rank fought with an *Ebon* staff or battoon, to the farther end of which was fix'd a bag cram'd hard with sand. To this custom *Hudibras* has alluded in these humorous lines.

*Engag'd with money bags, as bold
As men with Sand-bags did of old.*

8 a cup of charneco.] On which the *Oxford Editor* thus criticises, in his index. *This seems to have been a cant word for some strong liquor, which was apt to bring drunken fellows to the stocks, since in Spanish*

3 *Neigh.* And here's a pot of good double beer, neighbour; drink, and fear not your man.

Arm. Let it come, i'faith, and I'll pledge you all; and a fig for *Peter*.

1 *Pren.* Here, *Peter*, I drink to thee, and be not afraid.

2 *Pren.* Be merry, *Peter*, and fear not thy master; fight for the credit of the prentices.

Peter. I thank you all; drink and pray for me, I pray you; for, I think, I have taken my last draught in this world. Here, *Robin*: if I die, I give thee my apron; and, *Will*, thou shalt have my hammer; and here, *Tom*, take all the money that I have. O Lord, blefs me I pray God; for I am never able to deal with my master, he hath learn'd so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows. Sirrah, what's thy name?

Peter. *Peter*, forsooth.

Sal. *Peter*? what more?

Peter. *Thump*.

Sal. *Thump*? Then see thou thump thy master well.

Arm. Masters, I am come hither as it were upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave and my self an honest man: and touching the Duke of *York*, I will take my death I never meant him any ill, nor the King, nor the Queen; and therefore, *Peter*, have at thee with a downright blow, 9 as *Bevis of Southampton* fell upon *Ascapart*.

York.

Charniegos is a term used for the stocks. It was no cant word, but a common name for a sort of sweet wine, as appears from a passage in a pamphlet, intituled, *The discovery of a London Monster, called the black dog of Newgate*, printed 1612. Some drinking the neat wine of *Orleance*, some the *Gascony*, some the *Bourdeaux*. There wanted neither *sherry*, sack nor *charneco*, *maligo* nor *amber-colour'd* candy, nor *liquorish* *ipocras*, *brown beloved* *bastard*, *fat aligant*, or any quick-spirited liquor—— And as *charneca* is, in *Spanish*, the name of a kind of *terpentine tree*, I imagine the growth of it was in some district abounding with that tree; or that it had its name from a certain flavour resembling it.

9 as *Bevis of Southampton* fell upon *Ascapart*.] I have added this from the old quarto.

York. Dispatch: this knave's tongue begins to double.
Sound trumpets; alarum to the combatants.

[*They fight, and Peter strikes him down.*]

Arm. Hold, *Peter*, hold; I confess, I confess treason.

[*Dies.*]

York. Take away his weapon: fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God, have I overcome mine enemy in this presence?

O *Peter*, thou hast prevail'd in right.

K. Henry. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight,
1 For by his death we do perceive his guilt.

And God in justice hath reveal'd to us

The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,

Which he had thought to murder wrongfully.

Come, fellow, follow us for thy reward.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

The STREET.

Enter Duke Humphry and his Men, in Mourning Cloaks.

Glo. **T**HUS sometimes hath the brightest day a
cloud;

And, after summer, evermore succeeds

The barren winter with his nipping cold;

2 So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.

Sirs, what's a-clock?

Serv. Ten, my Lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me,

To watch the coming of my punish'd Dutchess:

3 Unneath may she endure the flinty streets,

To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Sweet *Nell*, ill can thy noble mind a-brook

The abject people gazing on thy face,

1 For by his death — death, for defeat. Because by the laws of duel he that was defeated was executed in consequence of it.

2 So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.] I imagine *Shakespeare* might write,

So cares and joys go round.

3 Unneath.] i. e. scarcely.

Mr. Pope.
With

With envious looks still laughing at thy shame ;
 That erst did follow thy proud chariot-wheels,
 When thou did'st ride in triumph thro' the streets.
 But soft ! I think, she comes ; and I'll prepare
 My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Dutches in a white Sheet, and a Taper burning in her hand, with Sir John Stanley, a Sheriff and Officers.

Serv. So please your Grace, we'll take her from the Sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not for your lives, let her pass by.

Elean. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame ?
 Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze !
 See, how the giddy multitude do point,
 And nod their heads, and throw their eyes on thee !
 Ah, *Glo'ster*, hide thee from their hateful looks ;
 And in thy closet pent up, rue my shame,
 And ban our enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle *Nell* ; forget this grief.

Elean. Ah ! *Glo'ster*, teach me to forget myself :
 For whilst I think I am thy married wife,
 And thou a prince, protector of this land ;
 Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
 Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back ;
 And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
 To see my tears, and hear my deep-fetch'd groans.
 The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet ;
 And when I start, the cruel people laugh :
 And bid me be advised how I tread.
 Ah ! *Humphry*, can I bear this shameful yoke ?
 Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world,
 Or count them happy that enjoy the sun ?
 No : dark shall be my light, and night my day.
 To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.
 Sometime I'll say, I am Duke *Humphry's* wife,
 And he a prince, and ruler of the land :
 Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
 That he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn Dutches,
 Was made a wonder and a pointing-stock
 To every idle, rascal follower.

But

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame,
 Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death
 Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will.
 For *Suffolk*, (he that can do all in all
 With her, that hateth thee and hates us all)
 And *York*, and impious *Beauford*, that false priest,
 Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;
 And fly thou, how thou can'st, they'll tangle thee:
 But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
 Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, *Nell*, forbear; thou aimest all awry.
 I must offend, before I be attainted:
 And, had I twenty times so many foes,
 And each of them had twenty times their power,
 All these could not procure me any scathe,
 So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
 Would'st have me rescue thee from this reproach?
 Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away;
 But I in danger for the breach of law.
 Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle *Nell*:
 I pray thee, fort thy heart to patience;
 These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your Grace to his Majesty's parliament holden at *Bury*, the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before?
 This is close dealing. Well, I will be there;

[Exit Herald.]

My *Nell*, I take my leave: and, master Sheriff,
 Let not her penance exceed the King's commission.

Sher. An't please your Grace, here my commission
 stays:

And Sir *John Stanley* is appointed now,
 To take her with him to the *Isle of Man*.

Glo. Must you, Sir *John*, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I giv'n in charge, may't please your
 Grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray
 You use her well; the world may laugh again;
 And I may live to do you kindness, if

You

You do it her : and so, Sir *John*, farewell.

Elean. What gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak.

[*Exit Gloucester.*]

Elean. Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee!
For none abides with me ; my joy is death ;
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.

Stanley, I pr'ythee, go and take me hence,
I care not whither, for I beg no favour ;
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, Madam, that is to the *Isle of Man* ;
There to be us'd according to your state.

Elean. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach :
And shall I then be us'd reproachfully ?

Stan. No ; like a Dutches, and Duke *Humphry's*
lady,
According to that state you shall be us'd.

Elean. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare ;
Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my office ; Madam, pardon me.

Elean. Ay, ay, farewell ; thy office is discharg'd.
Come, *Stanley*, shall we go ?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this
sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Elean. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet :
No, it will hang upon my richest robes,
And shew itself, attire me how I can.
Go, lead the way, I long to see my prison. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

At BURY.

*Enter King Henry, Queen, Cardinal, Suffolk, York,
Buckingham, Salisbury and Warwick, to the Par-
liament.*

K. Henry. I Muse, my lord of *Glo'ster* is not come :
'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe
 The strangeness of his alter'd countenance?
 With what a majesty he bears himself,
 How insolent of late he is become,
 How peremptory and unlike himself!
 We know the time, since he was mild and affable;
 And if we did but glance a far-off look,
 Immediately he was upon his knee;
 That all the court admir'd him for submission.
 But meet him now, and be it in the morn,
 When ev'ry one will give the time of day,
 He knits his brow and shews an angry eye;
 And passeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
 Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
 Small curs are not regarded, when they grin;
 But great men tremble, when the lion roars;
 And *Humphry* is no little man in *England*.
 First note, that he is near you in descent;
 And should you fall, he is the next will mount.
 Me seemeth then, it is no policy,
 (Respecting what a ranc'rous mind he bears,
 And his advantage following your decease)
 That he should come about your royal person,
 Or be admitted to your Highness' council.
 By flatt'ry hath he won the common hearts:
 And when he'll please to make commotion,
 'Tis to be fear'd, they all will follow him.
 Now 'tis the spring, and weeds are shallow-rooted,
 Suffer them now, and they'll o'er-grow the garden;
 And choak the herbs for want of husbandry.
 The reverent care, I bear unto my lord,
 Made me collect these dangers in the Duke.
 If it be fond, call it a woman's fear:
 Which fear, if better reasons can supplant,
 I will subscribe, and say, I wrong'd the Duke.
 My Lords of *Suffolk*, *Buckingham*, and *York*,
 Reprove my allegation, if you can;
 Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your Highness seen into this Duke.
 And, had I first been put to speak my mind,
 I think, I should have told your Grace's tale.

The Dutcheſs, by his ſubornation,
 Upon my life, began her devilish practices :
 Or if he were not privy to thoſe faults,
 Yet, by reputing of his high deſcent,
 As next the King he was ſucceſſive heir,
 And ſuch high vaunts of his nobility,
 Did inſtigate the bedlam brain-ſick Dutcheſs
 By wicked means to frame our ſov'reign's fall.
 Smooth runs the water, where the brook is deep ;
 And in his ſimple ſhew he harbours treaſon.
 The fox barks not, when he would ſteal the lamb.
 No, no, my ſovereign ; *Glo'ſter* is a man
 Unfounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
 Deviſe ſtrange deaths for ſmall offences done ?

York. And did he not, in his protectorſhip,
 Levy great ſums of money through the realm
 For ſoldiers' pay in *France*, and never ſent it ?
 By means whereof, the towns each day revolted.

Buck. Tut, theſe are petty faults to faults unknown ;
 Which time will bring to light in ſmooth Duke *Humphry*.

K. Henry. My lords, at once ; the care you have of us,
 To mow down thorns that would annoy our foot,
 Is worthy praiſe ; but ſhall I ſpeak my conſcience ?
 Our kinsman *Glo'ſter* is as innocent
 From meaning treaſon to our royal perſon,
 As is the ſucking lamb or harmleſs dove :
 The Duke is virtuous, mild, and too well given
 To dream on evil, or to work my downfal.

Q. Mar. Ah ! what's more dang'rous than this fond
 affiance ?

Seems he a dove ? his feathers are but borrow'd ;
 For he's diſpoſed as the hateful Raven.
 Is he a lamb ? his ſkin is, ſurely, lent him ;
 For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
 Who cannot ſteal a ſhape, that means deceit ?
 Take heed, my Lord ; the welfare of us all
 Hangs on the cutting ſhort that fraudulent man.

Enter Somerſet.

Som. All health unto my gracious Sovereign !

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Welcome, Lord *Somerſet*; what news from *France*?

Som. That all your int'reſt in thoſe territories Is utterly bereft you; all is loſt.

K. Henry. Cold news, Lord *Somerſet*; but God's will be done!

York. Cold news for me: for I had hope of *France*, As firmly as I hope for fertile *England*. Thus are my bloſſoms blaſted in the bud, And caterpillars eat my leaves away. But I will remedy this gear ere long, Or ſell my title for a glorious grave.

[*Aſide*.]

S C E N E II.

Enter Glouceſter.

Glo. All happineſs unto my Lord the King! Pardon, my Liege, that I have ſtaid ſo long.

Suf. Nay, *Glo'ſter*, know, that thou art come too ſoon, Unleſs thou wert more loyal than thou art; I do arreſt thee of high treaſon here.

Glo. Well, *Suffolk*, yet thou ſhalt not ſee me bluſh, Nor change my countenance for this Arreſt: A heart unſpotted is not eaſily daunted. The pureſt ſpring is not ſo free from mud, As I am clear from treaſon to my Sovereign. Who can accuſe me? wherein am I guilty?

York. 'Tis thought, my Lord, that you took bribes of *France*;

And, being protector, ſtaid the ſoldiers' pay; By means whereof his Highneſs hath loſt *France*.

Glo. Is it but thought ſo? what are they, that think it? I never robb'd the ſoldiers of their pay, Nor ever had one penny bribe from *France*. So help me God! as I have watch'd the night, Ay, night by night, in ſtudying good for *England*. That doit that e'er I wreſted from the King, Or any groat I hoarded to my uſe, Be brought againſt me at my trial day! No; many a pound of my own proper ſtore, Becauſe I would not tax the needy commons,

Have

Have I dis-purged to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my Lord, to say so much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of;
That *England* was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known that, whiles I was protector,
Pity was all the fault that was in me:
For I should melt at an offender's tears;
And lowly words were ransom for their fault:
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor passengers,
I never gave them condign punishment.
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My Lord, these faults are easie, quickly answer'd:
But mightier crimes are laid unto your charge,
Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his Highness' name,
And here commit you to my Lord Cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Henry. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, 'tis my special hope,
That you will clear yourself from all suspicion;
My conscience tells me, you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious Lord, these days are dangerous:
Virtue is choak'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancor's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your Highness' Land.
I know, their complot is to have my life:
And, if my death might make this island happy,
And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness.
But mine is made the prologue to their play:
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.

Beauford's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's malice,
And *Suffolk's* cloudy brow his storm'd hate;
Sharp *Buckingham* unburthens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart:

And

And dogged *York*, that reaches at the moon,
Whose over-weening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life.

And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head;
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest Liege to be mine enemy:

Ay, all of you have laid your heads together;
(Myself had notice of your conventicles)

And all to make away my guiltless life:

I shall not want false witness to condemn me,

Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt:

The antient proverb will be well effected,

A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My Liege, his railing is intolerable.

If those, that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife and traitor's rage,

Be thus upbraided, chid and rated at,

And the offender granted scope of speech,

'Twill make them cool in zeal unto your Grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady here

With ignominious words, though clarkly coucht?

As if she had suborned some to swear

False allegations, to o'erthrow his state.

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to chide.

Glo. Far truer spokè, than meant; I lose, indeed;

Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false;

And well such losers may have leave to speak.]

Buck. He'll wrest the sence, and hold us here all day.

Lord Cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the Duke, and guard him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King *Henry* throws away his crutch,

Before his legs be firm to bear his body;

Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side;

And wolves are gnarling, who shall gnaw thee first.

Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!

For, good King *Henry*, thy decay I fear. [*Exit guarded.*]

SCENE III.

K. Henry. My Lords, what to your wisdom seemeth
best, Do,

Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What, will your Highness leave the Parliament?

K. Henry. Ay, *Margaret*; my heart is drown'd with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within my eyes;

My body round engirt with misery:

For what's more miserable than discontent?

Ah, uncle *Humphry*! in thy face I see

The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;

And yet, good *Humphry*, is the hour to come,

That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith;

What low'ring star now envies thy estate?

That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queen,

Do seek subversion of thy harmless life,

That never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong.

And as the butcher takes away the calf,

And binds the wretch, and beats it when it (a) strives,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house:

Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence:

And as the dam runs lowing up and down,

Looking the way her harmless young one went,

And can do nought but wail her darling loss:

Even so myself bewail good *Glo'ster's* case

With sad unhelpful tears; and with dim'd eyes

Look after him, and cannot do him good:

So mighty are his vowed enemies.

His fortunes I will weep, and 'twixt each groan

Say, who's a traitor? *Glo'ster* he is none. [Exit.

Q. Mar. Free Lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

Henry my Lord is cold in great affairs,

Too full of foolish pity: *Glo'ster's* shew

Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile

With sorrow snares relenting passengers:

Or as the snake, roll'd in a flow'ry bank,

[Free Lords, &c.—] By this she means, (as may be seen by the sequel) you, who are not bound up to such precise regards of religion as is the King; but are men of the world, and know how to live.

[(a) Strives. Dr. Thirlby.—Vulg. strays.]

With

With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child
That for the beauty thinks it excellent.

Believe me, Lords, were none more wise than I,
(And yet herein I judge my own wit good)
This *Glo'ster* should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die, is worthy policy;
But yet we want a colour for his death:
'Tis meet, he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind, that were no policy:
The King will labour still to save his life,
The commons haply rise to save his life,
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than mistrust, that shews him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah, *York*, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis *York*, that hath more reason for his death.
But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of *Suffolk*,
Say as you think, and speak it from your souls:
Wer't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke *Humphry* for the King's protector?

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true; and wer't not madness, then
To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who being accus'd a crafty murtherer,
His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.
No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By Nature prov'd an enemy to the flock;
Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,
As *Humphry* prov'd by reasons to my Liege;
And do not stand on quilllets how to slay him:
Be it by ginns, by snares, by subtilty,
Sleeping or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit
Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice noble *Suffolk*, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done;
For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;
But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,

Seeing

Seeing the deed is meritorious,
And to preserve my Sovereign from his foe.
Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my lord of *Suffolk*,
Ere you can take due orders for a priest:
Say you content, and censure well the deed,
And I'll provide his executioner,
I tender so the safety of my Liege.

Suf. Here is my hand, the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I: And now we three have spoke it,
It skills not greatly, who impugns our doom.

S C E N E IV.

Enter a Post.

Post. Great lords, from *Ireland* am I come amain,
To signifie that Rebels there are up,
And put the *Englishmen* unto the sword:
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach, that craves a quick expedient Stop!
What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That *Somerſet* be ſent a Regent thither:
'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd:
Witness the fortune he hath had in *France* —

Som. If *York*, with all his far-fetch'd policy,
Had been the Regent there inſtead of me,
He never would have ſtaid in *France* ſo long.

York. No, not to loſe it all, as thou haſt done:
I rather would have loſt my life betimes,
Than bring a burthen of diſhonour home,
By ſtaying there ſo long, 'till all were loſt.
Shew me one ſcar, character'd on thy ſkin:
Men's fleſh preſerv'd ſo whole, do ſeldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this ſpark will prove a raging fire,
If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with:
No more, good *York*; ſweet *Somerſet*, be ſtill.
Thy fortune, *York*, haſt thou been Regent there,
Might happily have prov'd far worſe than his.

York.

York. What, worse than nought? nay, then a shame
take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee that wishest shame!

Car. My lord of *York*, try what your fortune is;
Th' uncivil Kerns of *Ireland* are in arms,
And temper clay with blood of *Englishmen*.
To *Ireland* will you lead a band of men,
Collected choicely from each county some,
And try your hap against the *Irishmen*?

York. I will, my lord, so please his Majesty.

Suf. Why, our Authority is his consent;
And what we do establish, he confirms;
Then, noble *York*, take thou this task in hand.

York. I am content: provide me foldiers, lords,
Whilst I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, lord *York*, that I will see perform'd:
But now return we to the false Duke *Humphry*.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with him,
That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off: the day is almost spent:
Lord *Suffolk*, you and I must talk of that event.

York. My lord of *Suffolk*, within fourteen days
At *Bristol* I expect my foldiers;
For there I'll ship them all for *Ireland*.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my lord of *York*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E V.

Manet York.

York. Now, *York*, or never, steel thy fearful thoughts,
And change misdoubt to resolution:
Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death, it is not worth th' enjoying:
Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born man,
And find no harbour in a royal heart.
Faster than spring-time show'rs, comes thought on
thought,
And not a thought, but thinks on dignity.
My brain, more busie than the lab'ring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.
Well, Nobles, well; 'tis politickly done,

To

To send me packing with an host of men :
 I fear me, you but warm the starved Snake,
 Who, cherish'd in your breast, will sting your hearts.
 'Twas men I lack'd, and you will give them me ;
 I take it kindly : yet be well assur'd,
 You put sharp weapons in a mad-man's hands.
 Whilst I in *Ireland* nourish a mighty band,
 I will stir up in *England* some black storm,
 Shall blow ten thousand souls to heav'n or hell.
 And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,
 Until the golden circuit on my head,
 (Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,)
 Do calm the fury of this mad-brain'd flaw.
 And, for a minister of my intent,
 I have seduc'd a headstrong *Kentish* man,
John Cade of *Ashford*,
 To make commotion, as full well he can,
 Under the title of *John Mortimer*.
 In *Ireland* have I seen this stubborn *Cade*
 Oppose himself against a troop of Kerns ;
 And fought so long, till that his thighs with darts
 Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porcupine :
 And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen
 Him caper upright like a wild *Morisco*,
 Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.
 Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty Kern,
 Hath he conversed with the enemy ;
 And undiscover'd come to me again,
 And giv'n me notice of their villanies.
 This devil here shall be my substitute ;
 For that *John Mortimer*, which now is dead,
 In face, in gait, in speech he doth resemble.
 By this, I shall perceive the Commons' mind ;
 How they affect the House and Claim of *York*.
 Say, he be taken, rack'd and tortured ;
 I know, no pain, they can inflict upon him,
 Will make him say, I mov'd him to those arms.
 Say, that he thrive ; as 'tis great like, he will ;
 Why, then, from *Ireland* come I with my strength,
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd ;

For

For *Humphry* being dead, as he shall be,
And *Henry* put a-part, the next for me.

[Exit.]

S C E N E VI.

An Apartment in the Palace.

*Enter two or three, running over the Stage, from the
murther of Duke Humphry.*

1. **R**UN to my lord of *Suffolk*; let him know,
We have dispatch'd the Duke, as he com-
manded.

2. Oh, that it were to do! what have we done!
Didst ever hear a man so penitent!

Enter Suffolk.

1. Here comes my lord.

Suf. Now, Sir, have you dispatch'd this thing?

1. Ay, my good lord, he's dead.

Suf. Why, that's well said. Go, get you to my
house;

I will reward you for this vent'rous deed:

The King and all the Peers are here at hand. —

Have you laid fair the bed? are all things well,
According as I gave directions?

1. Yes, my good lord.

Suf. Away, be gone.

[Exeunt Murtherers.]

*Enter King Henry, the Queen, Cardinal, Somerset,
with Attendants.*

K. Henry. Go, call our Uncle to our presence strait:
Say, we intend to try his Grace to day,
If he be guilty, as 'tis published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble Lord. [Exit.]

K. Henry. Lords, take your places: and, I pray you
all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle *Glo'ster*,
Than from true evidence, of good esteem,
He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid, any malice should prevail,
That faultless may condemn a Nobleman!
Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion!

K. Henry. I thank thee : (a) Well, these words content me much.

Enter Suffolk.

How now ? why look'st thou pale ? why tremblest thou ?
Where is our Uncle ? what's the matter, *Suffolk* ?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord ; *Glo'ster* is dead.

Q. Mar. Marry, God forefend !

Car. God's secret judgment : I did dream to night,
The Duke was dumb, and could not speak a word.

[*King swoons.*

Q. Mar. How fares my lord ? help, lords, the King
is dead.

Som. ² Rear up his body, wring him by the nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help : oh, *Henry*, ope thine
eyes.

Suf. He doth revive again ; Madam, be patient.

K. Henry. O heav'nly God !

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord ?

Suf. Comfort, my Sovereign ; gracious *Henry*,
comfort.

K. Henry. What, doth my lord of *Suffolk* comfort me ?
Came he right now to sing a raven's note,
Whose dismal tune bereft my vital pow'rs :
And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,
By crying comfort from a hollow breast,
Can chase away the first-conceived sound ?
Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words ;
Lay not thy hands on me ; forbear, I say ;
Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.
Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight !
Upon thy eye-balls murd'rous tyranny
Sits in grim majesty to fright the world.
Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wounding !
Yet do not go away ; come, basilisk :
And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight :
For in the shade of death I shall find joy ;
In life, but double death, now *Glo'ster's* dead.

² *Rear up his body, &c.*] This line is not in the old edition.

Mr. Pope.

[(a) *Well.* Mr. Theobald.—*Valg. Nell.*]

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my lord of *Suffolk* thus?
Although the Duke was enemy to him,
Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his death.
And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans,
Or blood-consuming sighs recall his life;
I would be blind with weeping, sick with groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking sighs,
And all to have the noble Duke alive.

What know I, how the world may deem of me?
For, it is known, we were but hollow friends:
It may be judg'd, I made the Duke away;
So shall my name with slander's tongue be wounded,
And Princes' Courts be fill'd with my reproach:
This get I by his death: ah, me unhappy!
To be a Queen, and crown'd with infamy.

K. Henry. Ah, woe is me for *Glo'ster*, wretched man!

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched than he is.
What, dost thou turn away and hide thy face?
I am no loathsome leper; look on me.
What, art thou like the adder waxen deaf?
Be pois'nous too, and kill thy forlorn Queen.
Is all thy comfort shut in *Glo'ster's* tomb?
Why, then, dame *Margaret* was ne'er thy joy.
Erect his statue, and do worship to it,
And make my image but an ale-house sign.
Was I for this nigh wreckt upon the sea,
And twice by adverse winds from *England's* bank
Drove back again unto my native clime?
What boaded this? but well-fore-warning winds
Did seem to say, seek not a scorpion's nest;
Nor set no footing on this unkind shoar.
What did I then? but curst the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen caves;
And bid them blow towards *England's* blessed shoar,
Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock:
Yet *Æolus* would not be a murtherer;
But left that hateful office unto thee.
The pretty vaulting sea refus'd to drown me;
Knowing, that thou wouldst have me drown'd on shoar
With tears as salt as sea, through thy unkindness.

The splitting rocks cow'r'd in the sinking sands,
 And would not dash me with their ragged sides;
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy Palace perish *Margaret*.
 As far as I could ken the chalky cliffs,
 When from thy shoar the tempest beat us back,
 I stood upon the hatches in the storm;
 And when the dusky sky began to rob
 My earnest-gaping sight of thy Land's view,
 I took a costly jewel from my neck,
 (A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,)
 And threw it tow'rds thy land; the sea receiv'd it,
 And so, I wish'd, thy body might my heart.
 And ev'n with this I lost fair *England's* view,
 And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart;
 And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
 For losing ken of *Albion's* wished Coast.
 How often have I tempted *Suffolk's* tongue
 (The agent of thy foul inconstancy)
 To sit and (a) witch me, as *Ascanius* did,
 When he to madding *Dido* would unfold
 His father's acts, commenc'd in burning *Troy*?
 Am I not witch'd like her? or thou not false like him?
 Ah me, I can no more: dye, *Margaret*!
 For *Henry* weeps, that thou do'st live so long.

Noise within. Enter Warwick, Salisbury, and many Commons.

War. It is reported, mighty Sovereign,
 That good Duke *Humphry* traiterously is murther'd
 By *Suffolk*, and the Cardinal *Beauford's* means:
 The Commons, like an angry hive of bees
 That want their leader, scatter up and down;
 And care not who they sting in their revenge.
 My self have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
 Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Henry. That he is dead, good *Warwick*, 'tis too
 true;
 But how he died, God knows, not *Henry*:

[(a) witch. Mr. Theobald — Vulg. watch.]

Enter

Enter his chamber, view his breathless corps,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege: stay, *Salisbury*,
With the rude multitude, 'till I return. [*Warwick goes in.*]

K. Henry. O thou, that judgest all things, stay my
thoughts;

My thoughts, that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on *Humphry's* life:
If my suspect be false, forgive me, God!
For judgment only doth belong to thee,
Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain
Upon his face an ocean of salt tears:
To tell my love upon his dumb deaf trunk,
And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling:
But all in vain are these mean obsequies.

[*Bed with Glo'ster's body put forth.*]

And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it, but to make my sorrow greater?

War. Come hither, gracious Sovereign, view this
body.

K. Henry. That is to see how deep my grave is made:
For, with his soul fled all my worldly solace;
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state upon him,
To free us from his father's wrathful curse,
I do believe, that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed Duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn tongue!
What instance gives lord *Warwick* for his vow?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his face:
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meager, pale, and bloodless;
Being all descended to the lab'ring heart,
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the enemy;
Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er returneth
To blush and beautify the cheek again.
But see, his face is black and full of blood;
His eye-balls farther out than when he liv'd;

Staring full ghastly, like a strangled man ;
 His hair up-rear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with struggling :
 His hands abroad display'd, as one that graspt
 And tugg'd for life ; and was by strength subdu'd.
 Look on the sheets ; his hair, you see, is sticking ;
 His well-proportion'd beard made rough and rugged,
 Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd :
 It cannot be, but he was murther'd here :
 The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, *Warwick*, who should do the Duke to death ?

Myself and *Beauford* had him in protection ;
 And we, I hope, Sirs, are no murtherers.

War. But both of you have vow'd Duke *Humphry's* death,

And you, forsooth, had the good Duke to keep :
 'Tis like, you would not feast him like a friend ;
 And 'tis well seen, he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these Noblemen,
 As guilty of Duke *Humphry's* timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead and bleeding fresh,
 And sees fast by a butcher with an ax,
 But will suspect, 'twas he that made the slaughter ?
 Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
 But may imagine how the bird was dead,
 Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak ?
 Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, *Suffolk* ? where's your knife ?

Is *Beauford* term'd a kite ? where are his tallons ?

Suf. I wear no knife to slaughter sleeping men ;
 But here's a 'vengeful sword, rusted with ease,
 That shall be scoured in his ranc'rous heart,
 That flanders me with murther's crimson badge.
 Say, if thou dar'st, proud lord of *Warwickshire*,
 That I am faulty in Duke *Humphry's* death.

War. What dares not *Warwick*, if false *Suffolk* dare him ?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious spirit,
 Nor cease to be an arrogant controller,
 Though *Suffolk* dare him twenty thousand times.

War.

War. Madam, be still; with rev'rence may I say;
For ev'ry word, you speak in his behalf,
Is slander to your royal Dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in demeanour,
If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,
Thy mother took into her blameful bed
Some stern untutor'd churl; and noble stock
Was graft with crab-tree slip, whose fruit thou art;
And never of the *Nevills'* noble Race.

War. But that the guilt of murther bucklers thee,
And I should rob the death's-man of his fee,
Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my Sovereign's presence makes me mild,
I would, false murd'rous Coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,
And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st; —
That thou thy self wast born in bastardy:
And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious blood-sucker of sleeping men!

Suf. Thou shalt be waking, while I shed thy blood,
If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away ev'n now, or I will drag thee hence;
Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee;
And do some service to Duke *Humphry's* ghost.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

K. Henry. What stronger breast-plate than a heart
untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd, that hath his quarrel just;
And he but naked, (though lock'd up in steel)
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

Q. Mar. What noise is this?

Enter Suffolk and Warwick, with their weapons drawn.

K. Henry. Why, how now, lords? your wrathful
weapons drawn

Here in our presence! dare you be so bold?

Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here?

Suf. The trait'rous *Warwick* with the men of *Bury*
Set all upon me, mighty Sovereign.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Sirs, stand apart; the King shall know your
mind.

Dread lord, the Commons send you word by me,
Unless lord *Suffolk* strait be done to death,
Or banished fair *England's* territories,
They will by violence tear him from your Palace,
And torture him with grievous lingring death.
They say, by him the good Duke *Humphry* died;
They say, in him they fear your Highness' death;
And mere instinct of love and loyalty,
(Free from a stubborn opposite intent,
As being thought to contradict your liking)
Makes them thus forward in his Banishment.
They say, in care of your most royal Person,
That if your Highness should intend to sleep,
And charge that no man should disturb your rest,
In pain of your dislike, or pain of death;
Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen with forked tongue,
That slyly glided tow'rs your Majesty,
It were but necessary you were wak'd;
Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal.
And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you whe're you will or no,
From such fell serpents as false *Suffolk* is;
With whose invenomed and fatal sting
Your loving Uncle, twenty times his worth,
They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons within. An answer from the King, my lord
of *Salisbury*.

Suf. 'Tis like, the Commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,
Could send such message to their Sovereign:
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,
To shew how queint an orator you are.
But all the honour *Salisbury* hath won,
Is, that he was the lord Ambassador

Sent from a sort of tinkers to the King.

Within. An answer from the King, or we will all break in.

K. Henry. Go, *Salisbury*, and tell them all from me, I thank them for their tender loving care;
And had I not been cited so by them,
Yet did I purpose as they do entreat;
For, sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesie
Mischance unto my State by *Suffolk's* means.
And therefore by his Majesty I swear,
Whose far unworthy Deputy I am,
He shall not breathe infection in this air
But three days longer, on the pain of death.

Q. Mar. Oh *Henry*, let me plead for gentle *Suffolk*!

K. Henry. Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle *Suffolk*.
No more, I say: if thou dost plead for him,
Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.
Had I but said, I would have kept my word;
But, when I swear, it is irrevocable;
If after three days space thou here be'st found,
On any ground that I am ruler of,
The world shall not be ransom for thy life.
Come, *Warwick*; come, good *Warwick*; go with me;
I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt* *K. Henry*, *Warwick*, &c.]

SCENE VIII.

Manent *Suffolk*, and *Queen*.

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you!
Heart's Discontent and sour Affliction
Be play-fellows to keep you company!
There's two of you, the devil make a third,
And threefold vengeance tend upon your steps!

Suf. Cease, gentle Queen, these execrations;
And let thy *Suffolk* take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-hearted wretch,
Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy?

Suf. A plague upon them! Wherefore should I curse
them?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,

I would invent as bitter searching terms,
 As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
 Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
 With full as many signs of deadly hate,
 As lean-fac'd envy in her loathsome cave.
 My tongue should stumble in mine earnest words,
 Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint,
 Mine hair be fixt on end like one distract:
 Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and ban.
 And even now my burthen'd heart would break,
 Should I not curse them. Poison be their drink!
 Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest meat they taste!
 Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees!
 Their chiefest prospect murd'ring basilisks!
 Their softest touch, as smart as lizards' stings!
 Their musick frightful as the serpent's hiss!
 And boading screech-owls make the concert full!
 All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell——

Q Mar. Enough, sweet *Suffolk*, thou torment'st
 thyself;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst glass,
 Or like an over-charged gun, recoil,
 And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bad me ban, and will you bid me leave?
 Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
 Well could I curse away a winter's night,
 Though standing naked on a mountain top,
 Where biting Cold would never let grass grow.
 And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q Mar. Oh, let me entreat thee cease; give me thy
 hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
 Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
 To wash away my woful monuments.
 Oh, could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
 That thou might'st think upon these, by the seal,
 Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee.
 So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief;
 'Tis but surmis'd, whilst thou art standing by:
 As one that surfeits, thinking on a Want.

I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,

Adventure to be banished myself:
 And banished I am, if but from thee.
 Go, speak not to me; even now be gone——
 Oh, go not yet——Ev'n thus two friends condemn'd
 Embrace and kiss, and take ten thousand leaves,
 Loather a hundred times to part than die:
 Yet now farewell, and farewell life with thee!

Suf. Thus is poor *Suffolk* ten times banished,
 Once by the King and three times thrice by thee.
 'Tis not the Land I care for, wert thou hence;
 A wilderness is populous enough,
 So *Suffolk* had thy heav'nly company.
 For where thou art, there is the World itself;
 With ev'ry sev'ral pleasure in the world:
 And where thou art not, Desolation.
 I can no more——Live thou to joy thy life;
 Myself no joy in aught but that thou liv'st.

S C E N E IX.

Enter Vaux.

Q. Mar. Whither goes *Vaux* so fast? what news, I
 pr'ythee?

Vaux. To signifie unto his Majesty,
 That Cardinal *Beauford* is at point of death:
 For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
 That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch the air,
 Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
 Sometimes he talks, as if Duke *Humphry's* ghost
 Were by his side; sometimes, he calls the King;
 And whispersto his pillow, as to him,
 The secrets of his over-charged soul:
 And I am sent to tell his Majesty,
 That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go tell this heavy message to the King.

[*Exit Vaux.*]

Ay me! what is this world? what news are these?
 But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
 Omitting *Suffolk's* exile, my soul's treasure?
 Why only, *Suffolk*, mourn I not for thee,
 And with the southern clouds contend in tears?

Theirs

Theirs for the earth's increase ; mine for my sorrows.
 Now, get thee hence ; the King, thou know'st, is coming ;
 If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live ;
 And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
 But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ?
 Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
 As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
 Dying with mother's dug between its lips.
 Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
 And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes ;
 To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth :
 So, shouldst thou either turn my flying soul ;
 Or I should breathe it so into thy body ;
 And then it liv'd in sweet *Elysium*.
 To die by thee, were but to die in jest :
 From thee to die, were torture more than death ;
 Oh ! let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away ; though Parting be a fretful corrosive,
 It is applied to a deathful wound.

To *France*, sweet *Suffolk* ; let me hear from thee :
 For whereso'er thou art in this world's globe,
 I'll have an *Iris*, that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel lock'd into the woful'st casket
 That ever did contain a thing of worth.
 Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we ;
 This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me. [Exeunt severally.]

S C E N E X.

The Cardinal's Bedchamber.

*Enter King Henry, Salisbury, and Warwick, to the
 Cardinal in Bed.*

K. Henry. **H**OW fares my lord ? speak, *Beauford*,
 to thy Sovereign.

Car. If thou beest Death, I'll give thee *England's*
 treasure,

Enough

Enough to purchase such another Island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

War. Beauford, it is thy Sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. "Bring me unto my Tryal, when you will.

"Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?

"Can I make men live whe're they will or no?

"Oh, torture me no more, I will confess —

"Alive again? then shew me, where he is:

"I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him —

"He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them:

"Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,

"Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul:

"Give me some drink, and bid th' apothecary

"Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Henry. O thou eternal Mover of the heav'ns,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch;

Oh, beat away the busie, meddling, fiend,

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,

And from his bosom purge this black despair.

War. See, how the pangs of death do make him
grin!

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably.

K. Henry. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure
be!

Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.

He dies, and makes no sign! O God, forgive him.

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.

K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are finners all.

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,

And let us all to meditation.

[*Exeunt.*

A C T

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

The Coast of Kent.

Alarum. Fight at sea. Ordnance goes off. Enter Captain, Whitmore, and other Pirates, with Suffolk and other Prisoners.

Cap. “ **T**HE gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful day
“ Is crept into the bosom of the sea :

“ And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades,

“ That drag the tragick melancholy night ;

“ Who with their drowfie, flow, and flagging wings

“ Clip dead men’s graves ; and from their misty jaws

“ Breathe foul contagious darknes in the air.

Therefore bring forth the soldiers of our prize :

For whilst our Pinnace anchors in the *Downs*,

Here shall they make their ransom on the sand ;

Or with their blood stain this discolour’d shore.

Master, this prisoner freely give I thee ;

And thou, that art his mate, make boot of this :

The other, *Walter Whitmore*, is thy share.

1 Gent. What is my ransom, master, let me know ?

Mast. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Whit. What, think you much to pay two thousand
crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen ?

Cut both the villains’ throats, for die you shall :

Nor can those lives, which we have lost in fight,

Be counter-pois’d with such a petty sum.

1 Gent. I’ll give it, Sir, and therefore spare my life.

2 Gent. And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,
And therefore, to revenge it, shalt thou die ;

[*To Suffolk.*

And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash, take ransom, let him live.

Suf. 1 Look on my *George*, I am a gentleman ;

1 Look on my George,] In the first Edition it is *my ring*.

Rate

Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid.——

Whit. And so am I; my name is *Walter Whitmore*.
How now? why start'st thou? what, doth death
affright?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.
A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me, that by *Water* I should die:
Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded,
Thy name is *Gualtier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gualtier* or *Walter*, which it is, I care not;
Ne'er yet did base Dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot.
Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge,
Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,
And I proclaim'd a Coward through the world!

Suf. Stay, *Whitmore*; for thy prisoner is a Prince;
The Duke of *Suffolk*, *William de la Pole*.

Whit. The Duke of *Suffolk* muffled up in rags?

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the Duke.

² *Jove* sometimes went disguis'd, and why not I?

Cap. But *Jove* was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King *Henry's* blood,
The honourable blood of *Lancaster*,
Must not be shed by such a jaded groom:
Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrop?
Bare-headed, plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head?
How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,
When I have feasted with Queen *Margaret*?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fal'n;
Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride.
How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,
And duly waited for my coming forth?
This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

² *Jove sometimes went disguis'd, &c.*] This verse is omitted in
all but the first old Edition, without which what follows is not sense.
The next line also,

Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood!
was falsely put in the captain's mouth.

Mr. Pope.
Whit.

Whit. Speak, Captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt; and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side,
Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. *Poole*, Sir *Poole*? lord?

Ay, kennel — puddle — sink, whose filth and dirt
Troubles the silver Spring where *England* drinks:
Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing up the treasure of the Realm;
Thy lips, that kiss'd the Queen, shall sweep the ground;
And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke *Humphry*'s death;
Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,
Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again.
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affie a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless King,
Having nor Subject, Wealth, nor Diadem!
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious *Sylla*, over-gorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee *Anjou* and *Maine* were sold to *France*;
The false revolting *Normans*, thorough thee,
Disdain to call us lord; and *Picardie*
Hath slain their Governors, surpriz'd our Forts,
And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely *Warwick*, and the *Nevills* all,
(Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in vain)
As hating thee, are rising up in arms.
And now the House of *York* (thrust from the Crown
By shameful murder of a guiltless King,
And lofty proud incroaching tyranny,)
Burns with revenging fire; whose hopeful Colours
Advance a half-fac'd Sun striving to shine;
Under the which is writ, *Invitis nubibus*.
The Commons here in *Kent* are up in arms:
And to conclude, Reproach, and Beggary
Is crept into the Palace of our King,
And all by thee. Away! convey him hence. —

Suf. O, that I were a God, to shoot forth thunder

Upon

Upon these paultry, servile, abject drudges!
 Small things make base men proud. This villain here,
 Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
 3 Than *Bargulus* the strong *Illyrian* Pirate.
 Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-hives.
 It is impossible that I should die
 By such a lowly vassal as thy self.
 Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me:
 I go of message from the Queen to *France*;
 I charge thee waft me safely cross the channel.

Cap. *Walter*——

Whit. Come, *Suffolk*, I must waft thee to thy death.

Suf. *Pænæ gelidus timor occupat artus*: it's thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before I leave thee.

What, are ye daunted now? now will ye stoop?

1 *Gent.* My gracious lord, intreat him; speak him fair.

Suf. *Suffolk's* imperial tongue is stern and rough,
 Us'd to command, untaught to plead for favour.

Far be it, we should honour such as these
 With humble suit; no; rather let my head
 Stoop to the block, than these knees bow to any,
 Save to the God of heav'n, and to my King;

And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
 Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
 True Nobility is exempt from fear:
 More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hale him away, and let him talk no more.

(a) *Suf.* Come, Soldiers, shew what cruelty ye can,
 That this my death may never be forgot.
 Great men oft die by vile *Bezonians*.

A *Roman* sworder and *Bandetto* slave
 Murther'd sweet *Tully*; *Brutus'* bastard hand

3 Than *Bargulus* the strong *Illyrian* Pirate.] Mr. *Theobald* says, This wight I have not been able to trace, or discover from what LEGEND our author derived his acquaintance with him. And yet he is to be met with in *Tully's* Offices; and the Legend is the famous *Theopompus's* history. *Bargulus Illyrius latro, de quo est apud Theopompum, magnas opes habuit. lib. 2. cap. 11.*

[(a) *Suf.* Come, soldiers, &c. Oxford Editor—Vulg. Cap. Come, soldiers.]

Stabb'd

Stabb'd *Julius Cæsar*; savage Islanders
Pompey the Great: And *Suffolk* dies by Pirates.

[*Exit Walter Whitmore with Suffolk.*]

Cap. And as for these, whose ransom we have set,
 It is our pleasure one of them depart;
 Therefore come you with us, and let him go.

[*Ex. Captain and the rest.*]

Manet the first Gent. Enter *Whitmore*, with the body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body lye,
 Until the Queen his mistress bury it. [*Exit Whit.*]

1 Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle!
 His body will I bear unto the King:
 If he revenge it not, yet will his friends;
 So will the Queen, that living held him dear. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Changes to Southwark.

Enter Bevis and John Holland.

Bevis. COME, and get thee a sword though made
 of a lath; they have been up these two
 days.

Hol. They have the more need to sleep now then.

Bevis. I tell thee, *Jack Cade* the clothier means to
 dress the commonwealth, and turn it, and set a new nap
 upon it.

Hol. So he had need, for 'tis thread-bare, Well, I
 say, it was never merry world in *England* since Gentle-
 men came up.

Bevis. O miserable age! virtue is not regarded in
 handy-crafts-men.

Hol. The Nobility think scorn to go in leather
 aprons.

Bevis. Nay more, the King's Council are no good
 workmen.

Hol. True, and yet it is said, *Labour in thy vocation*;
 which is as much as to say, let the magistrates be la-
 bouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Bevis.

Bevis. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

Hol. I see them, I see them; there's *Best's* son, the Tanner of *Wingham*.

Bevis. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's leather of.

Hol. And *Dick* the butcher: ———

Bevis. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

Hol. And *Smith* the weaver: ———

Bevis. Argo, their thread of life is spun.

Hol. Come, come, let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter *Cade*, *Dick the butcher*, *Smith the weaver*, and a sawyer, with infinite numbers.

Cade. We *John Cade*, so term'd of our supposed Father ———

Dick. Or rather of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down Kings and Princes; command silence.

Dick. Silence.

Cade. My father was a *Mortimer* ———

Dick. He was an honest man and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a *Plantagenet* ———

Dick. I knew her well, she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the *Lacies* ———

Dick. She was indeed a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

Weav. But, now of late, not able to travel with her furr'd pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house.

Dick. Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable; and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Weav. A' must needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. No question of that; for I have seen him whipt three market days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire.

Weav.

Weav. He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. But, methinks he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt i'th' hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then, for your Captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in *England* seven half-penny loaves sold for a penny; the three hoop'd pot shall have ten hoops, and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in *Cheapside* shall my palfry go to grafs; and when I am King, as King I will be ———

All. God save your Majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people. There shall be no money; all shall eat and drink upon my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment; that parchment being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis bee's wax; for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never my own man since. How now? who is there?

Enter a Clerk.

Weav. The clerk of *Chatham*; he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Weav. We took him setting boys copies.

Cade. Here's a villain!

Weav. He's a book in his pocket with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he's a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die. Come hither, firrah, I must examine thee; what is thy name?

Clerk. *Emanuel.*

Dick.

Dick. 4 They use to write it on the top of letters :
'twill go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone. Dost thou use to write thy name? or hast thou a mark to thyself like an honest plain dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confest; away with him; he's a villain and a traitor.

Cade. Away with him, I say; hang him with his pen and ink horn about his neck.

[*Exit one with the clerk.*]

Enter Michael.

Mich. Where is our General?

Cade. Here I am, thou particular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly; Sir *Humphry Stafford* and his brother are hard by with the King's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I'll fell thee down; he shall be encounter'd with a man as good as himself. He is but a knight, is a'?

Mich. No.

Cade. To equal him, I will make my self a knight presently? rise up, Sir *John Mortimer*. Now have at him. Is there any more of them that be knights?

Mich. Ay, his brother.

Cade. Then kneel down, *Dick Butcher*. Rise up, Sir *Dick Butcher*. Now sound up the drum.

S C E N E III.

Enter Sir Humphry Stafford, and young Stafford, with drum and soldiers.

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the filth and skum of *Kent*, Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons down, Home to your cottages, forsake this groom; The King is merciful, if you revolt.

Y. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd to blood, If you go forward; therefore yield, or die.

4 They use to write it on the top of letters:] i. e. of letters mis-five, and such like publick acts. See *Mabillon's Diplomata*.

Cade.

Cade. As for these filken-coated slaves, ⁵ I pass not;
It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom (in time to come) I hope to reign;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain, thy father was a plaisterer,
And thou thy self a shearman, art thou not?

Cade. And *Adam* was a gardener.

Y. Staf. And what of that?

Cade. Marry, this. ——— *Edmund Mortimer* Earl of
March married the Duke of *Clarence's* daughter, did
he not?

Staf. Ay, Sir.

Cade. By her he had two children at one birth.

Y. Staf. That's false.

Cade. Ay, there's the question; but I say, 'tis true:
The elder of them being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age:
His son am I; deny it if you can.

Dick. Nay, 'tis too true, therefore he shall be King.

Weav. Sir, he made a chimney in my father's house,
and the bricks are alive at this day to testify it; there-
fore deny it not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's words,
That speaks he knows not what?

All. Ay, marry, will we; therefore get you gone.

Y. Staf. *Jack Cade*, the Duke of *York* hath taught
you this.

Cade. He lies, for I invented it my self. Go to,
sirrah, tell the King from me, that for his father's sake
Henry the fifth (in whose time boys went to spancounter
for *French* crowns) I am content he shall reign; but I'll
be protector over him.

Dick. And furthermore we'll have the Lord *Say's*
head, for selling the Dukedom of *Maine*.

Cade. And good reason; for thereby is *England*
maim'd, and fain to go with a staff, but that my puis-

⁵ ——— *I pass not;*] i. e. I regard not. A common phrase of
that time. The *Oxford Editor* reads, *I pass them*.

ance holds it up. Fellow-Kings, I tell you, that that Lord *Say* hath gelded the common-wealth, and made it an eunuch; and more than that, he can speak *French*, and therefore he is a traitor.

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance!

Cade. Nay, answer if you can: the *Frenchmen* are our enemies: go to then; I ask but this; can he, that speaks with the tongue of the enemy, be a good counselor or no?

All. No, no, and therefore we'll have his head.

Y. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will not prevail, Affail them with the army of the King.

Staf. Herald, away, and throughout every town Proclaim them traitors that are up with *Cade*; That those, which fly before the battle ends, May (even in their wives' and childrens' fight) Be hang'd up for example at their doors; And you, that be the King's friends, follow me.

[*Exeunt the two Staffords with their Train.*]

Cade. And you that love the commons, follow me. Now shew yourselves men, 'tis for liberty. We will not leave one lord, one gentleman; Spare none, but such as go in clouted shoone, For they are thrifty honest men, and such As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march towards us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come, march forward.

[*Exeunt Cade and his party.*]

[*Alarum to fight, wherein both the Staffords are slain.*]

Re-enter Cade and the rest.

Cade. Where's *Dick*, the butcher of *Ashford*?

Dick. Here, Sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behaved'st thy self as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter house; therefore thus I will reward thee: the lent shall be as long as it is, and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And to speak truth, thou deserv'st no less.

This

This monument of the victory will I bear, and the bodies shall be dragg'd at my horse's heels, 'till I do come to *London*, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the goals, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come, let's march towards *London*. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Black-Heath.

Enter King Henry with a supplication, and Queen Margaret with Suffolk's head, the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Say.

Q. Mar. **O**F T have I heard, that grief softens the mind,

And makes it fearful and degenerate;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.
But who can cease to weep, and look on this?
Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast:
But where's the body, that I should embrace?

Buck. What answer makes your Grace to the rebels' supplication?

K. Henry. I'll send some holy bishop to intreat;
For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword. And I my self,
Rather than bloody war should cut them short,
Will parly with *Jack Cade* their general.
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains! hath this lovely face

Rul'd like a wandring planet over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same?

K. Henry. Lord *Say*, *Jack Cade* hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Henry. How now, Madam?
Lamenting still, and mourning *Suffolk's* death?

I fear

I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. My love, I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Henry. How now? what news? why com'st thou in such haste?

Mes. The rebels are in *Southwark*; fly, my Lord: *Jack Cade* proclaims himself Lord *Mortimer*, Descended from the Duke of *Clarence*' house, And calls your Grace usurper openly, And vows to crown himself in *Westminster*. His army is a ragged multitude Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless: Sir *Humphry Stafford* and his brother's death Hath given them heart, and courage to proceed: All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen, They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Henry. O graceless men! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious Lord, retire to *Killingworth*, Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah! were the Duke of *Suffolk* now alive, These *Kentish* rebels should be soon appeas'd.

K. Henry. Lord *Say*, the traitors hate thee, Therefore away with us to *Killingworth*.

Say. So might your Grace's person be in danger: The sight of me is odious in their eyes; And therefore in this city will I stay, And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mes. *Jack Cade* hath gotten *London-bridge*, The citizens fly him, and forsake their houses; The rascal people, thirsting after prey, Join with the traitor; and they jointly swear To spoil the city and your royal court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord; away, take horse.

K. Henry. Come, *Marg'ret*, God our hope will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now *Suffolk* is deceas'd.

Vo L. V.

E

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Farewel, my Lord; trust not to *Kentish* rebels.

Buck. Trust no body, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence,
And therefore am I bold and resolute. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Changes to London.

*Enter Lord Scales upon the Tower walking. Then enter
two or three citizens below.*

Scales. **H**OW now? is *Jack Cade* slain?

i Cit. No, my Lord, nor like to be slain: for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them: the Lord Mayor craves aid of your honour from the *Tower* to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid, as I can spare, you shall command; But I am troubled here with them my self.

The rebels have assay'd to win the *Tower*.

But get you into *Smithfield*, gather head,

And thither will I send you *Matthew Goff*.

Fight for your King, your country and your lives,

And so farewell, for I must hence again. [Exeunt.

S C E N E *changes to Cannon-Street.*

*Enter Jack Cade and the rest, and strikes his staff on
London-Stone.*

Cade **N**OW is *Mortimer* Lord of this city, and here sitting upon *London-Stone*, I charge and command that of the city's cost the pissing conduit run nothing but claret wine the first year of our reign. And now hence-forward it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord *Mortimer*.

Enter a soldier running.

Sol. *Jack Cade, Jack Cade!*

Cade. Knock him down there. [They kill him.

Weav. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you *Jack Cade* more; I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick.

Dick. My Lord, there's an army gathered together in *Smithfield*.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them: but first go and set *London-bridge* on fire, and if you can, burn down the *Tower* too. Come, let's away. [*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E *changes to Smithfield.*

Alarum. Matthew Goff is slain, and all the rest. Then enter Jack Cade with his company.

Cade. SO, Sirs: Now go some and pull down the *Savoy*: others to the inns of courts, down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your Lordship.

Cade. Be it a Lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only that the laws of *England* may come out of your mouth.

John. Mafs, 'twill be fore law then, for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 'tis not whole yet.

Smith. Nay, *John*, it will be stinking law, for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it, it shall be so. Away, burn all the records of the realm; my mouth shall be the parliament of *England*.

John. Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pull'd out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

S C E N E VI.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, a prize, a prize! here's the Lord *Say* which sold the town in *France*; he that made us pay one and twenty fifteens and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter George with the Lord Say.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.— Ah, thou *Say*, thou serge, nay, thou buckram Lord, now art thou within point-blank of our jurisdiction regal.

gal. What canst thou answer to my Majesty for giving up of *Normandy* unto Monsieur *Bafimecu*, the Dauphin of *France*? be it known unto thee by these presents, even the presence of Lord *Mortimer*, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art: thou hast most traiterously corrupted the youth of the Realm in erecting a grammar-school; and whereas before, our fore-fathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be us'd; and contrary to the King, his crown and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be prov'd to thy face that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a *Noun* and a *Verb*, and such abominable words, as no christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed Justices of the peace to call poor men before them, about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hang'd them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride on a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou ought'st not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets.

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of *Kent*——

Dick. What say you of *Kent*?

Say. Nothing but this: 'Tis *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him, away with him, he speaks latin.

Say. Hear me but speak, and bear me where you will.
Kent, in the commentaries *Cæsar* writ,
 Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle;
 Sweet is the country, because full of riches.
 The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy,
 Which makes me hope thou art not void of pity.
 I sold not *Maine*; I lost not *Normandy*;
 Yet, to recover them, would lose my life:
 Justice with favour have I always done;
 Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never:

When

When have I aught exacted at your hands?
Kent to maintain, the King, the realm and you,
 Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks;
 Because my book preferr'd me to the King:
 And seeing, ignorance is the curse of God,
 Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heav'n,
 Unless you be possess'd with dev'lish spirits,
 Ye cannot but forbear to murther me:
 This tongue hath parlied unto foreign Kings
 For your behoof.

Cade. Tut, when struck'st thou one blow in the field?

Say. Great men have reaching hands; oft have I
 struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

George. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind
 folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale with watching for your
 good.

Cade. Give him a box o'th' ear, and that will make
 'em red again.

Say. Long sitting to determine poor men's Causes
 Hath made me full of sickness and diseases.

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the
 help of a hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palfie, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us, as who should say, I'll be
 even with you. I'll see, if his head will stand steadier
 on a pole or no: take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offended most?
 Have I affected wealth or honour? speak.

Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless blood-shedding;

This breast from harb'ring foul deceitful thoughts.

O, let me live! —————

Cade. I feel remorse in my self with his words; but
 I'll bridle it; he shall die, and it be but for pleading so
 well for his life. Away with him, he has a Familiar
 under his tongue, he speaks not o' God's name. Go,
 take

take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently ; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir *James Cromer*, and strike off his head, and bring them Both upon two poles hither.

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, Country-men, if when you make your pray'rs,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls ?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye : the proudest Peer of the Realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me tribute ; there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay me her maidenhead ere they have it ; men shall hold of me in *Capite*. And we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to *Cheapside*, and take up commodities upon our bills ?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O brave !

Enter one with the heads.

Cade. But is not this braver ? Let them kiss one another ; for they lov'd well when they were alive : Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in *France*. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the City until night ; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets, and at every corner have them kiss. Away. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Southwark.

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter again *Cade*, and all his Rabblement.

Cade. UP *Fish-street*, down *St. Magnus' Corner*, kill and knock down ; throw them into *Thames*.
[*A Parley sounded.*

What noise is this I hear ?

Dare

Dare any be so bold to found retreat or parley,
When I command them kill?

Enter Buckingham and old Clifford, attended.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee:
Know, *Cade*, we come Ambassadors from the King
Unto the Commons, whom thou hast mis-led;
And here pronounce free pardon to them All,
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, Country-men, will ye relent,
And yield to mercy, whilst 'tis offer'd you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?
Who loves the King, and will embrace his Pardon,
Fling up his cap, and say, *God save his Majesty!*
Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the fifth, that made all *France* to quake,
Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Cade. What, *Buckingham* and *Clifford*, are ye so
brave? and you, base peasants, do ye believe 'em? will
you needs be hang'd with your pardons about your
necks? hath my sword therefore broke through *London'*
gates, that you should leave me at the *White-hart* in
Southwark? I thought, you would never have given out
these arms, 'till you had recovered your ancient Freedom:
but you are all recreants and dastards, and delight to
live in slavery to the Nobility. Let them break your
backs with burthens, take your houses over your heads,
ravish your wives and daughters before your faces. For
me, I will make shift for one, and so God's curse light
upon you all!

All. We'll follow *Cade*, we'll follow *Cade*.

Clif. Is *Cade* the son of *Henry* the fifth,
That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him?
Will he conduct you through the heart of *France*,
And make the meanest of you Earls and Dukes?
Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to:
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil;
Unless by robbing of your friends and us.
Were't not a shame, that, whilst you live at jar,
The fearful *French*, whom you late vanquished,

Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?
 Methinks, already in this civil broil
 I see them lording it in *London* streets,
 Crying, *Villageois!* unto all they meet.
 Better, ten thousand base-born *Cades* miscarry;
 Than you should stoop unto a *Frenchman's* mercy.
 To *France*, to *France*, and get what you have lost;
 Spare *England*, for it is your native coast.
⁶ *Henry* hath mercy, you are strong and manly:
 God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A *Clifford!* a *Clifford!* we'll follow the King
 and *Clifford*.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro,
 as this multitude? the name of *Henry* the fifth hales
 them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me
 desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprize
 me. My sword make way for me, for here is no staying;
 in despite of the devils and hell, have through the very
 midst of you; and heavens and honour be witness, that
 no want of resolution in me, but only my followers base
 and ignominious treasons make me betake me to my
 heels. [Exit.

Buck. What, is he fled? go some, and follow him.
 And he, that brings his head unto the King,
 Shall have a thousand crowns for his reward.

[Exeunt some of them.

Follow me, soldiers; we'll devise a mean
 To reconcile you All unto the King. [Exeunt omnes.

S C E N E VIII.

The Palace at Killingworth.

Sound trumpets. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret,
and Somerset on the Terras.

K. Henry. **W**AS ever King that joy'd an earthly
 throne,
 And could command no more content than I?
 No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,

⁶ *Henry bath MONEY,*] We should read *MERCY*.

But

But I was made a King at nine months old:
Was never Subject long'd to be a King,
As I do long and wish to be a Subject.

Enter Buckingham and Clifford.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings to your Majesty!

K. Henry. Why, *Buckingham*, is the traitor *Cade* surpriz'd?

Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

Enter multitudes with halters about their necks.

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his pow'rs do yield;
And humbly thus with halters on their necks
Expect your highness' doom of life or death.

K. Henry. Then, heav'n, set open thy everlasting gates,
To entertain my vows of thanks and praise.
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your lives,
And shew'd how well you love your Prince and Country:
Continue still in this so good a mind,
And *Henry*, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so with thanks, and pardon to you all,
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the King! God save the King!

Enter Messenger.

Mes. Please it your Grace to be advertised,
The Duke of *York* is newly come from *Ireland*:
And with a puissant and mighty pow'r
Of Gallow-glasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array:
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His Arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of *Somerset*, whom he terms a traitor.

K. Henry. Thus stands my state, 'twixt *Cade* and
York distressed;
Like to a ship, that, having 'scap'd a tempest,
7 Is straitway claim'd and boarded with a pirate.

But

7 *Is straitway claim'd and boarded with a pirate.*] So the Editions read; and one would think it plain enough; alluding to *York's* claim to the crown. *Cade's* head-long tumult was well compared to a tem-

But now is *Cade* driv'n back, his men dispers'd;
 And now is *York* in arms to second him.
 I pray thee, *Buckingham*, go and meet with him,
 And ask him what's the reason of these arms:
 Tell him, I'll send Duke *Edmund* to the *Tower*;
 And, *Somerſet*, we will commit thee thither,
 Until his army be diſmiſt from him.

Som. My lord,
 I'll yield myſelf to priſon willingly,
 Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Henry. In any caſe be not too rough in terms,
 For he is fierce and cannot brook hard language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not ſo to deal,
 As all things ſhall redound unto your good.

K. Henry. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to govern
 better;

For yet may *England* curſe my wretched Reign.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

A Garden in KENT.

Enter Jack Cade.

Cade. **F**IE on ambitions; fie on myſelf, that have
 a ſword, and yet am ready to famiſh. Theſe
 five days have I hid me in theſe woods and durſt not
 peep out, for all the Country is laid for me: but now
 am I ſo hungry, that if I might have a leaſe of my life
 for a thouſand years, I could ſtay no longer. Where-
 fore on a brick-wall have I climb'd into this garden to
 ſee if I can eat graſs, or pick a ſallet another while,
 which is not amiſs to cool a man's ſtomach this hot
 weather; and, I think, this word ſallet was born to do

peſt, as *York*'s premeditated rebellion to a *piracy*. But ſee what
 it is to be critical; Mr. *Theobald* ſays, *claim'd* ſhould be *calm'd*,
 becauſe a *calm* frequently ſucceeds a *tempeſt*. It may be ſo; but
 not here, if the King's word may be taken: who expreſſly ſays,
 that no ſooner was *Cade* driven back, but *York* appear'd in
 arms.

*But now is Cade driv'n back, his men diſpers'd;
 And now is York in arms to ſecond him.*

me good; for many a time,⁸ but for a sallet, my brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill; and many a time when I have been dry, and bravely marching, it hath serv'd me instead of a quart-pot to drink in; and now the word sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter Iden.

Iden. Lord! who would live turmoiled in the Court,
And may enjoy such quiet Walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and's worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax Great by others' waining;
Or gather wealth, I care not with what envy;
Sufficeth, That I have maintains my state;
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to seize me
for a stray, for entring his fee-simple without leave.
Ah villain, thou wilt betray me and get a thousand
crowns of the King by carrying my head to him; but
I'll make thee eat iron like an ostridge, and swallow
my sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er thou be,
I know thee not; why then should I betray thee?
Is't not enough to break into my garden,
And, like a thief, to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these sawcy terms?

Cade. Brave thee? by the best blood that ever was
broach'd, and beard thee too. Look on me well, I
have eat no meat these five days, yet come thou and thy
five men, and if I do not leave you as dead as a door nail,
I pray God, I may never eat grass more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said while *England* stands,
That *Alexander Iden*, an Esquire of *Kent*,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy stedfast gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst out-face me with thy looks:
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser:

⁸ but for a sallet, my brain-pan, &c.] A sallet by corruption
from *cælata*, a helmet, (says Skinner) *quia galeæ cælatae fuerunt.*
Mr. Pope.

Thy hand is but a finger to my fist;
 Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon.
 My foot shall fight with all the strength thou hast;
 And if mine arm be heaved in the air,
 Thy grave is digg'd already in the earth:

(a) As for more words, let this my sword report
 (Whose greatness answers words) what speech forbears.

Cade. By my valour, the most compleat champion that
 ever I heard. Steel, if thou turn thine edge, or cut not out
 the burly-bon'd Clown in chines of beef ere thou sleep in
 thy sheath, I beseech *Jove* on my knees thou may'st be
 turned into hobnails. [*Here they fight.*] O I am slain! fa-
 mine, and no other, hath slain me; let ten thousand devils
 come against me, and give me but the ten meals I have lost,
 and I'd defy them all. Wither garden, and be henceforth
 a burying-place to all that do dwell in this house; because
 the unconquer'd soul of *Cade* is fled.

Iden. Is't *Cade* that I have slain, that monstrous traitor?
 Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
 And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am dead.
 Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy point,
 But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
 T' emblaze the honour which thy master got.

Cade. *Iden*, farewell, and be proud of thy victory: tell
Kent from me, she hath lost her best man; and exhort all
 the world to be cowards; for I, that never fear'd any, am
 vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*]

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me, heaven be my
 judge!

Die damned wretch, the Curse of her that bare thee:
 And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
 So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
 Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
 Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave;
 And there cut off thy most ungracious head,
 Which I will bear in triumph to the King,
 Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[(a) As for more words, let this my sword report, &c. Oxford
 Editor — Vulg. As for more words, whose greatness answers
 words, &c.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

*In the Fields near London.**Enter York, and his army of Irish, with drum and colours.*

York. FROM Ireland thus comes York to claim his
 Right,
 And pluck the Crown from feeble Henry's head.
 Ring, bells, aloud; burn, bonfires, clear and bright,
 To entertain great England's lawful King!
 Ah Majesty! who would not buy thee dear?
 Let them obey, that know not how to rule.
 This hand was made to handle nought but gold.
 I cannot give due action to my words,
 Except a sword, or scepter, ballance it.
 A scepter shall it have, have I a soul,
 On which I'll toss the Flower-de-luce of France.

Enter Buckingham.

Whom have we here? *Buckingham* to disturb me?
 The King hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphry of *Buckingham*, I accept thy greeting.
 Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry our dread Liege,
 To know the reason of these Arms in Peace?
 Or why, thou, being a Subject as I am,
 Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
 Should'st raise so great a power without his leave?
 Or dare to bring thy force so near the Court?

York. Scarce can I speak, my choler is so
 great.

Oh! I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,
 I am so angry at these abject terms.

And now, like *Ajax Telamonius*,

On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.

I am far better born than is the King:

More like a King, more kingly in my
 thoughts.

But I must make fair weather yet a while

'Till Henry be more weak and I more strong.

*Aside.*O *Buck-*

O *Buckingham*! I pr'ythee, pardon me,
That I have giv'n no answer all this while;
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause, why I have brought this army hither,
Is to remove proud *Somerſet* from the King,
Seditious to his Grace and to the State.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;
But if thy arms be to no other end,
The King hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of *Somerſet* is in the *Tower*.

York. Upon thine Honour is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine Honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, *Buckingham*, I do diſmiſs my Powers.
Soldiers, I thank you all; diſperſe yourſelves;
Meet me to morrow in *St. George's* field,
You ſhall have Pay, and every thing you wiſh.
And let my Sovereign, virtuous *Henry*,
Command my eldeſt ſon, nay, all my ſons,
As pledges of my fealty and love,
I'll ſend them all as willing as I live;
Lands, goods, horſe, armour, any thing I have
Is his to uſe, ſo *Somerſet* may die.

Buck. *York*, I commend this kind ſubmiſſion,
We twain will go into his Highneſs' tent. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

Changes to the King's Pavilion.

*Enter King Henry, and Attendants. Re-enter Buck-
ingham and York, attended.*

K. Henry. **B**uckingham, doth *York* intend no Harm
to us,

That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all ſubmiſſion, and humility,

York doth preſent himſelf unto your Highneſs.

K. Henry. Then what intend theſe forces thou doſt
bring?

York. To heave the traitor *Somerſet* from hence,
And fight againſt that monſtrous Rebel *Cade*;
Whom, ſince, I heard to be diſcomfited.

Enter

Enter Iden with Cade's head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,
May pass into the presence of a King,
Lo, I present your Grace a traitor's head;
The head of *Cade*, whom I in combat slew.

K. Henry. The head of *Cade*? great God! how just
art thou?

O, let me view his visage being dead,
That, living, wrought me such exceeding trouble.
Tell me, my friend; art thou the man, that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your Majesty.

K. Henry. How art thou call'd? and what is thy
degree?

Iden. *Alexander Iden*, that's my name,
A poor Esquire of *Kent*, that loves the King.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 'twere not amiss
He were created Knight for his good service.

K. Henry. *Iden*, kneel down; rise up a Knight:
We give thee for reward a thousand marks,
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May *Iden* live to merit such a bounty,
And never live but true unto his Liege!

S C E N E III.

Enter Queen Margaret and Somerset.

K. Henry. See, *Buckingham*, *Somerset* comes with the
Queen;

Go, bid her hide him quickly from the Duke.

Q. Mar. For thousand *Yorks* he shall not hide his
head,

But boldly stand and front him to his face.

York. How now? is *Somerset* at liberty?

Then, *York*, unloose thy long imprison'd thoughts,
And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.

Shall I endure the sight of *Somerset*?

False King! why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art no King:

Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which durst not, no, nor canst not rule a traitor.

That

That head of thine doth not become a Crown:
 Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
 And not to grace an awful princely scepter.
 That gold must round engirt these brows of mine,
 Whose smile and frown (like to *Achilles'* spear)
 Is able with the change to kill and cure.
 Here is a hand to hold a scepter up,
 And with the same to act controlling laws:
 Give place; by heaven, thou shalt rule no more
 O'er him, whom heav'n created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor! I arrest thee, *York*,
 Of capital treason 'gainst the King and Crown;
 Obey, audacious traitor, kneel for grace.

York. Sirrah, call in my Sons to be my bail;
 'Would'st have me kneel? First, let me ask of these,
 If they can brook I bow a knee to man.
 I know, ere they will let me go to Ward,
 They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchisement.

Q. Mar. Call hither *Clifford*, bid him come amain,
 To say, if that the bastard boys of *York*
 Shall be the Surety for their traitor father.

York. O blood-bespotted *Neapolitan*,
 Out-cast of *Naples*, *England's* bloody scourge!
 The Sons of *York*, thy Betters in their Birth,
 Shall be their father's bail, and bane to those
 That for my surety will refuse the boys.

Enter Edward and Richard.

See, where they come; I'll warrant, they'll make it
 good.

Enter Clifford.

Q. Mar. And here comes *Clifford*, to deny their bail.

Clif. Health and all Happiness to my lord the King!

York. I thank thee, *Clifford*; say, what news with
 thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:

*1 Would'st have me kneel? First, let me ask of these,
 If they can brook I bow a knee to man,
 Sirrah, call in my Sons to be my bail.]* As these lines have hitherto
 stood, I think the sense perplex'd and obscure. I have ventur'd to
 transpose them, and make a slight alteration.

We

We are thy Sovereign, *Clifford*, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my King, *York*, I do not mistake;
But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do;
To *Bedlam* with him, is the man grown mad?

K. Henry. Ay, *Clifford*, a *Bedlam* and ambitious
humour
Makes him oppose himself against his King.

Clif. He is a traitor, let him to the *Tower*,
And crop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey:
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

E. Plan. Ay, noble father, if our words will serve.

R. Plan. And if words will not, then our weapons
shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have we here?

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so.
I am thy King, and thou a false-heart traitor;
Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs;
Bid *Salisbury* and *Warwick* come to me.

S C E N E IV.

Enter the Earl of Warwick and Salisbury.

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy bears to
death,
And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

R. Plan. Oft have I seen a hot o'er-weening cur
Run back and bite, because he was with-held;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapt his tail betwixt his legs and cry'd:
And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match lord *Warwick*.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested lump,
As crooked in thy manners, as thy shape.

York. Nay, we shall heat you thorowly anon.

Clif.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn your selves.

K. Henry. Why, *Warwick*, hath thy knee forgot to bow?

Old Salisbury, shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad mis-leader of thy brain-sick son,
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the ruffian,
And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
Oh, where is faith? oh, where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,
Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why, art thou old, and want'st experience?
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame, in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with myself
The Title of this most renowned Duke;
And in my conscience do repute his Grace
The rightful heir to *England's* royal Seat.

K. Henry. Hast thou not sworn allegiance unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Henry. Canst thou dispense with heav'n for such an oath?

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin;
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath:
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murd'rous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for his wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no sophister.

K. Henry. Call *Buckingham*, and bid him arm himself.

York. Call *Buckingham* and all the friends thou hast,
I am resolv'd for death or dignity.

Old Clif. The first I warrant thee; if dreams prove true.

War. You were best go to bed and dream again,

To

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Old Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm
Than any thou canst conjure up to day:
And that I'll write upon thy Burgonet,
Might I but know thee by thy House's Badge.

War. Now by my father's Badge, old *Nevil's* Crest,
The rampant bear chain'd to the rugged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my Burgonet,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shews,
That keeps his leaves in spight of any storm,)
Ev'n to affright thee with the view thereof.

Old Clif. And from thy Burgonet I'll rend thy bear,
And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despight the bear-ward, that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to Arms, victorious noble father,
To quell the rebels and their complices.

R. Plan. Fie, charity for shame, speak not in
spight,
For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatick, that's more than thou
canst tell.

R. Plan. If not in heav'n, you'll surely sup in hell.
[*Exeunt, severally.*]

SCENE V.

Changes to a Field of Battle at St. Albans.

Enter Warwick.

War. **C**lifford of Cumberland, 'tis *Warwick* calls;
And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
(Now when the angry trumpet sounds alarum,
And dying men's cries do fill the empty air,)
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me;
Proud northern lord, *Clifford* of Cumberland,
Warwick is hoarse with calling thee to arms.

Enter York.

War. How now, my noble lord? what all a-foot?

York. The deadly-handed *Clifford* slew my Steed:
But match to match I have encountred him,

And

And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Ev'n of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter Clifford.

War. Of one or both of us the time is come.

York. Hold, *Warwick*: seek thee out some other
chace,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then nobly, *York*; 'tis for a Crown thou
fight'st:

As I intend, *Clifford*, to thrive to day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[Exit War.]

Clif. What seest thou in me, *York*? why dost thou
pause?

York. With thy brave Bearing should I be in love,
But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy Prowess want praise and
esteem,

But that 'tis shewn ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy sword,
As I in Justice and true Right expresses it.

Clif. My soul and body on the action both!—

York. A dreadful lay, address thee instantly.

[Fight.]

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

[Dies.]

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for thou art
still;

Peace with his soul, heav'n, if it be thy will. *[Exit.]*

Enter young Clifford.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion! all is on the rout:
Fear frames disorder; and disorder wounds,
Where it should guard. O war! thou son of hell,
Whom angry heav'ns do make their minister,
Throw in the frozen bosoms of our part
Hot coals of vengeance. Let no soldier flie.
He, that is truly dedicate to war,
Hath no self-love; for he, that loves himself,
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,
The name of valour.—O let the vile world end,

[Seeing his dead father.]

2 And

2 And the premised flames of the last day
 Knit earth and heav'n together!
 Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
 Particularities and petty sounds
 To cease! Wast thou ordained, O dear father,
 To lose thy youth in peace, and to atchieve
 The silver livery of advised age;
 And in thy reverence, and thy chair-days, thus
 To die in ruffian battle? Even at this fight
 My heart is turn'd to stone; and while 'tis mine,
 It shall be stony. *York* not our old men spares:
 No more will I their babes: Tears virginal
 Shall be to me even as the dew to fire;
 And Beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,
 Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.
 Henceforth I will not have to do with pity.
 Meet I an Infant of the House of *York*,
 Into as many gobbets will I cut it,
 As wild *Medea* young *Abfyrthus* did.
 In cruelty will I seek out my fame.
 Come, thou new ruin of old *Clifford's* House:
 As did *Æneas* old *Anchises* bear,
 So I bear thee upon my manly shoulders;
 But then *Æneas* bare a living load,
 Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[Exit, bearing off his Father.]

Enter Richard Plantagenet and Somerset, to fight.

R. Plan. So, lye thou there: [Somerset is kill'd.
 For underneath an ale-house' paltry Sign,
 The Castle in St. *Albans*, Somerset
 Hath made the Wizard famous in his death;
 Sword, hold thy temper; heart, be wrathful still:
 Priests pray for enemies, but Princes kill.

[Exit Richard Plantagenet.]

2 And the premised flames——] Premised, for sent before their
 time. The sense is, let the flames reserved for the last day be sent
 now.

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Fight. Excursions. Enter King Henry, Queen Margaret, and others.

Q. Mar. Away, my lord, you are slow; for shame, away.

K. Henry. Can we out-run the heav'ns! good *Marg'ret*, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of? you'll not fight, nor fly:

Now is it manhood, wisdom and defence,
To give the enemy way, and to secure us
By what we can, which can no more but fly.

[Alarum afar off.]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the bottom
Of all our fortunes; but if we haply scape,
(As well we may, if not through your neglect,)
We shall to *London* get, where you are lov'd;
And where this breach, now in our fortunes made,
May readily be stopt.

Enter Clifford.

Clif. But that my heart's on future mischief set,
I would speak blasphemy, ere bid you fly;
But fly you must: incurable discomfit
Reigns in the hearts³ of all our present party.
Away, for your relief; and we will live
To see their day, and them our fortune give.
Away, my lord, away! *[Exeunt.]*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter York, Richard Plantagenet, Warwick, and Soldiers, with Drum and Colours.

York. Of *Salisbury*, who can report of him?
That winter lion, who in rage forgets
Aged contusions⁴ and all bruise of time;
And, like a Gallant in the brow of youth,
Repairs him with occasion. This happy day

³ — of all our present PARTS.] We should read, PARTY.

⁴ — and all BRUSH of time;] We should read, BRUISE.

Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,
If *Salisbury* be lost.

R. Plan. My noble father,
Three times to day I holp him to his horse,
Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
Persuaded him from any further act:
But still, where danger was, still there I met him;
And, like rich Hangings in an homely house,
So was his Will in his old feeble body.
But noble as he is, look, where he comes.

Enter Salisbury.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou fought to
day;

By th' Mass, so did we all. I thank you, *Richard*.
God knows, how long it is I have to live;
And it hath pleas'd him, that three times to day
You have defended me from imminent death.
Well, lords, we have not got That which we have;
'Tis not enough our foes are this time fled,
Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know, our safety is to follow them;
For, as I hear, the King is fled to *London*,
To call a present Court of Parliament.
Let us pursue him, ere the Writs go forth.
What says lord *Warwick*, shall we after them?

War. After them! nay, before them, if we can.
Now by my hand, lords, 'twas a glorious day.
St. Albans' battle, won by famous *York*,
Shall be eterniz'd in all age to come.
Sound drum and trumpets, and to *London* all,
And more such days as these to us befall! [Exeunt.

T H E

The THIRD PART of
K. HENRY VI.

With the DEATH of the
DUKE of YORK.



Vol. V.

F

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry VI.

Edward, *Son to the King, and Prince of Wales.*

Duke of Somerset,

Earl of Northumberland,

Earl of Oxford,

Earl of Exeter,

Earl of Westmorland,

Lord Clifford,

Earl of Richmond, a Youth, afterwards King Henry VII.

Richard, Duke of York.

*Edward, Eldest Son to the Duke of York, afterwards
King Edward IV.*

George, Duke of Clarence, second Son to the Duke of York.

*Richard, Duke of Gloucester, third Son to the Duke of
York, afterwards King Richard III.*

Edmund, Earl of Rutland, youngest Son to the Duke of York.

Duke of Norfolk,

Marquiss of Montague,

Earl of Warwick,

Earl of Salisbury,

Earl of Pembroke,

Lord Hastings,

Lord Stafford,

Sir John Mortimer,

Sir Hugh Mortimer,

Sir William Stanley, afterwards Earl of Derby.

Lord Rivers, Brother to the Lady Gray.

Sir John Montgomery.

Lieutenant of the Tower.

Mayor of Coventry.

Mayor and Aldermen of York.

Somerville.

Humphry and Sinklo, two Huntsmen.

Lewis, King of France.

Bourbon, Admiral of France.

Queen Margaret.

Bona, Sister to the French King.

*Lady Gray, Widow of Sir John Gray, afterwards Queen
to Edward IV.*

*Soldiers and other Attendants on King Henry, and
King Edward.*

*In Part of the Third Act, the S C E N E is laid in
France; during all the rest of the Play, in England.*

The THIRD PART of
King *HENRY VI.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

LONDON.

Alarum. Enter Duke of York, Edward, Richard, Norfolk, Montague, Warwick, and Soldiers.

WARWICK.

I Wonder, how the King escap'd our hands!
York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of the
north,
He slyly stole away and left his men:
Whereat the great lord of *Northumberland*,
Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
Chear'd up the drooping army; and himself,
Lord *Clifford*, and lord *Stafford*, all a-breast,
Charg'd our main battle's front; and, breaking in,
Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord *Stafford's* father, Duke of *Buckingham*,
Is either slain or wounded dang'rously.
I cleft his beaver with a down-right blow:
That this is true, father, behold his blood.

Mont. And, brother, here's the Earl of *Wiltshire's*
blood;
Whom I encounter'd, as the battles join'd;

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them what I did.—

[*Throwing down the Duke of Somerset's Head.*]

York. *Richard* hath best deserv'd of all my Sons:

1. *The third part*] First printed under the title of *the true tragedy of Richard Duke of York, and the good King Henry the sixth, or the second part of the Contention between York and Lancaster*, 1590. Mr. Pope.

Is his Grace dead, my lord of *Somerset*?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of *John of Gaunt*!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake *King Henry's* head.

War. And so do I. Victorious Prince of *York*,
Before I see thee seated in that Throne,
Which now the House of *Lancaster* usurps,
I vow by heav'n, these eyes shall never close.

This is the Palace of that fearful King,
And this the regal Seat; possess it, *York*;
For this is thine, and not *King Henry's* heirs'.

York. Assist me then, sweet *Warwick*, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.

Norf. We'll all assist you; he, that flies, shall die.

York. Thanks, gentle *Norfolk*; stay by me, my lords;
And, soldiers, stay and lodge by me this night.

[*They go up.*]

War. And when the King comes, offer him no
violence;

lest he seek to thrust you out by force.

York. The Queen this day here holds her Parliament,
But little thinks, we shall be of her Council;
By words or blows here let us win our Right.

Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.

War. The bloody Parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless *Plantagenet*, Duke of *York*, be King;
And bashful *Henry* depos'd; whose cowardise
Hath made us By-words to our enemies.

York. Then leave me not; my lords, be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my Right.

War. Neither the King, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up *Lancaster*,
Dares stir a wing, if *Warwick* shake his bells.
I'll plant *Plantagenet*; root him up, who dare:
Resolve thee, *Richard*; claim the *English* Crown.

S C E N E II.

Enter King Henry, Clifford, Northumberland, West-
morland, Exeter, and others.

K. Henry. My lords, look where the sturdy Rebel sits,
Even in the chair of State; belike, he means

(Back'd

(Back'd by the Power of *Warwick*, that false Peer,) T'aspire unto the Crown, and reign as King. Earl of *Northumberland*, he slew thy father; And thine, Lord *Clifford*; and you vow'd revenge On him, his sons, his fav'rites, and his friends.

North. If I be not, heav'ns be reveng'd on me!

Clif. The hope thereof makes *Clifford* mourn in steel.

West. What, shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down;

My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Earl of *Westmorland*.

Clif. Patience is for poltroons, and such is he: He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd. My gracious lord, here in the Parliament Let us assail the Family of *York*.

North. Well hast thou spoken, Cousin, be it so.

K. Henry. Ah! know you not, the City favours them, And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?

Exe. But when the Duke is slain, they'll quickly—

K. Henry. Far be the thought of this from *Henry's* heart,

To make a Shambles of the Parliament-house.

Cousin of *Exeter*, frowns, words and threats,

Shall be the war that *Henry* means to use.

Thou factious Duke of *York*, descend my Throne;

[*To the Duke.*

And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet:

I am thy Sovereign.

York. Thou'rt deceiv'd, I'm thine.

Exe. For shame come down: he made thee Duke of *York*.

York. 'Twas my inheritance, as the Kingdom is.

Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.

War. *Exeter*, thou art a traitor to the crown, In following this usurping *Henry*.

Clif. Whom should he follow, but his natural King?

War. True, *Clifford*; and that's *Richard* Duke of *York*.

K. Henry. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my Throne?

York. It must and shall be so, content thyself.

War. Be Duke of *Lancaster*, let him be King.

West. He is both King, and Duke of *Lancaster* ;
And that the lord of *Westmorland* shall maintain.

War. And *Warwick* shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those, which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with Colours spread
March'd through the city to the Palace-gates.

North. No, *Warwick*, I remember it to my grief,
And, by his soul, thou and thy House shall rue it.

West. *Plantagenet*, of thee and these thy sons,
Thy kinsmen and thy friends, I'll have more lives,
Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more ; lest that, instead of words,
I send thee, *Warwick*, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor *Clifford* ! how I scorn his worthless
threats.

York. Will you, we shew our Title to the Crown ?
If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Henry. What Title hast thou, traitor, to the
crown ?

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of *York* ;
Thy grandfather *Roger Mortimer*, Earl of *March*.
I am the son of *Henry* the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the *French* to stoop,
And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of *France*, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Henry. The lord Protector lost it, and not I ;
When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks,
you lose :

Father, tear the Crown from the Usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so ; set it on your head.

Mont. Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st
arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the King will
fly. —————

York. Sons, peace.

K. Henry. Peace thou, and give King *Henry* leave to
speak.

War.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords,
And be you silent and attentive too;
For he, that interrupts him, shall not live.

K. Henry. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly
Throne,

Wherein my grandfire and my father sat?
No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;
Ay, and their Colours, often borne in *France*,
And now in *England* to our heart's great sorrow,
Shall be my winding sheet: why faint you, lords?
My Title's good, and better far than his.

War. But prove it, *Henry*, and thou shalt be King.

K. Henry. *Henry* the Fourth by conquest got the
crown.

York. 'Twas by Rebellion against his King.

K. Henry. I know not what to say, my Title's weak:
Tell me, may not a King adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Henry. And if he may, then am I lawful King:
For *Richard*, in the view of many lords,
Resign'd the Crown to *Henry* the Fourth;
Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his Sovereign,
And made him to resign his Crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,
Think you, 'twere prejudicial to his Crown?

Exe. No, for he could not so resign his Crown,
But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Henry. Art thou against us, Duke of *Exeter*?

Exe. His is the Right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me, he is lawful King.

K. Henry. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the Claim thou lay'st,
Think not, that *Henry* shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be, in despite of thee.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 'tis not thy southern
Power

Of *Essex*, *Norfolk*, *Suffolk*, nor of *Kent*,
Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,
Can set the Duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King *Henry*, be thy Title right or wrong,
Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence;
 May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
 Where I shall kneel to him, that slew my father!

K. Henry. Oh *Clifford*, how thy words revive my heart!

York. *Henry of Lancaster*, resign thy Crown:
 What matter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of *York*,
 Or I will fill this House with armed men;
 And, o'er the Chair of State, where now he sits,
 Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the soldiers shew themselves.*]

K. Henry. My lord of *Warwick*, hear me but one word;

Let me but reign in Quiet, while I live.

York. Confirm the Crown to me and to mine heirs,
 And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou liv'st.

K. Henry. I am content: *Richard Plantagenet*,
 Enjoy the Kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the Prince your son?

War. What good is this to *England* and himself?

West. Base, fearful and despairing *Henry*!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I.

Clif. Come, Cousin, let us tell the Queen these news.

West. Farewel, faint-hearted and degen'rate King,
 In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of *York*;
 And die in bands for this unmanly deed! ———

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be overcome,
 Or live in peace abandon'd and despis'd! ———

[*Exeunt Nor. Clif. Westm.*]

S C E N E III.

War. Turn this way, *Henry*, and regard them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will not yield.

K. Henry. Ah, *Exeter*! ———

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Not for myself, Lord *Warwick*, but my son ;

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it, as it may ; I here entail

The Crown to thee, and to thine heirs for ever ;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath

To cease this Civil War ; and, whilst I live,

To honour me as thy King and Sovereign :

Neither by treason nor hostility

To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.

York. This oath I willingly take, and will perform.

War. Long live King *Henry* ! *Plantagenet*, embrace him.

K. Henry. And long live thou, and these thy forward sons !

York. Now *York* and *Lancaster* are reconcil'd.

Exe. Accurst be he, that seeks to make them foes !

[*Sonet*. Here they come down.

York. Farewel, my gracious lord, I'll to my Castle.

War. And I'll keep *London* with my soldiers.

Norf. And I to *Norfolk* with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea, from whence I came.

[*Exeunt York. War. Norf. and Mont.*

K. Henry. And I with grief and sorrow to the Court.

Enter the Queen, and the Prince of Wales.

Exe. Here comes the Queen, whose looks bewray her anger :

I'll steal away.

K. Henry. So, *Exeter*, will I. [Going.

Queen. Nay, go not from me ; I will follow thee —

K. Henry. Be patient, gentle Queen, and I will stay.

Queen. Who can be patient in such extreams ?

Ah, wretched man ! would I had dy'd a maid,

And never seen thee, never borne thee son,

Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father.

Hath he deserv'd to lose his birth-right thus ?

Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I,

Or felt that pain which I did for him once,

Or nourisht him, as I did with my blood ;

Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-blood there,

Rather than made that savage Duke thine heir,
And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me:
If you be King, why should not I succeed?

K. Henry. Pardon me, *Marg'ret*; pardon me, sweet son;
The Earl of *Warwick* and the Duke enforc'd me.

Queen. Enforc'd thee? art thou King, and wilt be
forc'd?

I shame to hear thee speak; ah, tim'rous wretch!

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me;
And given unto the House of *York* such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.

To entail him and's heirs unto the Crown,

What is it but to make thy Sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time?

Warwick is Chancellor, and the lord of *Calais*;

Stern *Faulconbridge* commands the narrow Seas;

The Duke is made Protector of the Realm;

And yet shalt thou be safe?—such safety finds
The trembling lamb, invironed with wolves.

Had I been there, which am a silly woman,

The soldiers should have tofs'd me on their pikes,
Before I would have granted to that Act.

But thou preferr'st thy life before thine honour:

And, seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself

Both from thy table, *Henry*, and thy bed;

Until that act of Parliament be repealed,

Whereby my son is disinherited.

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy Colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread:

And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,

And utter ruin of the House of *York*.

Thus I do leave thee; come, Son, let's away;

Our army's ready; come, we'll after them.

K. Henry. Stay, gentle *Margaret*, and hear me speak.

Queen. Thou hast spoke too much already; get thee
gone.

K. Henry. Gentle son *Edward*, thou wilt stay with
me?

Queen. Ay, to be murther'd by his enemies.—

Prince. When I return with victory from the field,

I'll

I'll see your Grace ; 'till then I'll follow her.

Queen. Come, son, away ; we may not linger thus.
[*Exeunt Queen and Prince.*]

K. Henry. Poor Queen, how love to me and to her son

Hath made her break out into terms of rage !

Reveng'd may she be on that hateful Duke,

Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,

^a Will coast my crown ; and, like an empty eagle,

Tire on the flesh of me and of my son !

The loss of those three lords torments my heart ;

I'll write unto them, and intreat them fair ;

Come, Cousin, you shall be the messenger.

Exe. And, as I hope, shall reconcile them all.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Sandal-Castle, near Wakefield, in Yorkshire.

Enter Richard, Edward, and Montague.

Rich. **B**ROTHER, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter the Duke of York.

York. Why how now, sons and brother, at a strife ?
What is your quarrel ? how began it first ?

Edw. No quarrel, but a sweet contention.

York. About what ?

Rich. About that which concerns your Grace and us,
The Crown of *England*, father ; which is yours.

York. Mine, boy ? not 'till King *Henry* be dead.

Rich. Your Right depends not on his life or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now :
By giving th' House of *Lancaster* leave to breathe,
It will out-run you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a Kingdom any oath may be broken :

^a Will cost my crown ;—] Read COAST, i. e. hover over it.

I'd break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No ; God forbid, your Grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak.

York. Thou can'st not, son ; it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took
Before a true and lawful magistrate ;

That hath authority o'er him, that swears.

Henry had none ; but did usurp the place.

Then, seeing 'twas he that made you to depose,

Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous ;

Therefore, to arms : and, father, do but think

How sweet a thing it is to wear a Crown ;

Within whose circuit is *Elysium*,

And all that Poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus ? I cannot rest,

Until the white Rose, that I wear, be dy'd

Even in the lukewarm blood of *Henry's* heart.

York. *Richard*, enough : I will be King, or die.

Brother, thou shalt to *London* presently,

And whet on *Warwick* to this enterprize.

Thou, *Richard*, shalt to th' Duke of *Norfolk* go,

And tell him privily of our intent.

You, *Edward*, shall unto my lord *Cobham*,

With whom the *Kentishmen* will willingly rise.

In them I trust ; for they are soldiers,

Wealthy and courteous, liberal, full of spirit.

While you are thus employ'd, what resteth more

But that I seek occasion how to rise ?

And yet the King not privy to my drift,

Nor any of the House of *Lancaster*.

Enter Messenger.

But stay, what news ? why com'st thou in such post ?

Gab. The Queen, with all the northern Earls and
Lords,

Intend here to besiege you in your castle.

She is hard by, with twenty thousand men ;

And therefore fortifie your Hold, my lord.

York.

York. Ay, ——— with my sword. What! think'st thou that we fear them?

Edward and *Richard*, you shall stay with me;
My brother *Montague* shall post to *London*.
Let noble *Warwick*, *Cobham*, and the rest,
Whom we have left Protectors of the King,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple *Henry* nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear it not.
And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[*Exit Montague.*]

Enter Sir John Mortimer, and Sir Hugh Mortimer.

York. Sir *John* and Sir *Hugh Mortimer*, mine uncles,
You are come to *Sandal* in a happy hour.

The army of the Queen means to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a need.

A woman's General; what should we fear?

[*A March afar off.*]

Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our men in order,
And issue forth and bid them battle strait.

York. Five men to twenty! though the odds be great,
I doubt not, Uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in *France*,

When as the enemy hath been ten to one:

Why should I not now have the like success?

[*Alarm. Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

A Field of Battle betwixt Sandal-Castle and Wakefield.

Enter Rutland and his Tutor.

Rut. **A**H, whither shall I fly, to 'scape their hands?
Ah, Tutor, look, where bloody *Clifford*
comes.

Enter Clifford, and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life;
As

As for the Brat of this accursed Duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tutor. And I, my lord, will bear him company.

Clif. Soldiers, away, and drag him hence perforce.

Tutor. Ah! *Clifford*, murther not this innocent child,
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[*Exit, drag'd off.*]

Clif. How now? is he dead already? or, is it fear
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up Lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.
Ah gentle *Clifford*, kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet *Clifford*, hear me speak before I die:
I am too mean a Subject of thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy: my father's
blood

Hath stopt the passage where thy words should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open't again:
He is a man, and, *Clifford*, coope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives and thine
Were not Revenge sufficient for me:
No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not flake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the House of *York*
Is as a Fury to torment my soul:
And 'till I root out their accursed Line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore——

Rut. O let me pray, before I take my death:
To thee I pray——sweet *Clifford*, pity me.

Clif. Such pity, as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm; why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 'twas, ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest in revenge thereof, (sith God is just)

He

He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah, let me live in prison all my days,

And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause!

Thy father slew my father, therefore die. [*Clif. stabs him.*

Rut. ³ *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!* [*Dies.*

Clif. *Plantagenet*, I come, *Plantagenet*!

And this thy son's blood cleaving to my blade

Shall rust upon my weapon, 'till thy blood,

Congeval'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

Alarum. Enter Richard Duke of York.

York. The Army of the Queen hath got the field:

My Uncles both are slain in rescuing me,

And all my followers to the eager foe

Turn Back, and fly like ships before the wind,

Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starved wolves.

My Sons, God knows, what hath bechanced them:

But this I know, they have demean'd themselves

Like men born to Renown, by life or death.

Three times did *Richard* make a lane to me,

And thrice cry'd, Courage, father! fight it out:

And full as oft came *Edward* to my side,

With purple falchion painted to the hilt

In blood of those, that had encounter'd him:

And when the hardiest warriors did retire,

Richard cry'd, Charge! and give no foot of ground;

And cry'd, a Crown, or else a glorious tomb,

A Scepter or an earthly Sepulchre.

With this we charg'd again; but out! alas,

We bodg'd again; as I have seen a Swan

With bootless labour swim against the tide,

And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[*A short alarum within.*

Ah! hark, the fatal followers do pursue,

And I am faint and cannot fly their fury,

³ *Dii faciant, &c.—*] Ovid.

And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.
The sands are number'd, that make up my life;
Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

*Enter the Queen, Clifford, Northumberland, the Prince
of Wales, and Soldiers.*

Come, bloody *Clifford*, rough *Northumberland*,
I dare your quenchless fury to more Rage:
I am your Butt, and I abide your Shot.

North. Yield to our Mercy, proud *Plantagenet*.

Clif. Ay, to such Mercy as his ruthless arm
With downright payment shew'd unto my father.
Now *Phaeton* hath tumbled from his Car,
And made an evening at the noon-tide prick.

York. My ashes, as the Phoenix, may bring forth
A bird that will revenge upon you all:
And in that Hope I throw mine eyes to heav'n,
Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not? what! multitudes and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no farther;
So Doves do peck the Falcon's piercing talons;
So desp'rate thieves, all hopeles of their lives,
Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. Oh *Clifford*, but bethink thee once again,
And in thy thought o'er-run my former time;
And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue that flanders him with cowardise,
Whose frown hath made thee faint, and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,
But buckle with thee blows twice two for one.

Queen. Hold, valiant *Clifford*; for a thousand causes
I would prolong a while the traitor's life:
Wrath makes him deaf; speak thou, *Northumberland*.

North. Hold, *Clifford*; do not honour him so much,
To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.
What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?

4 It is war's praise to take all vantages;

4 *It is war's PRIZE*——] Read PRAISE.

And

And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

Clif. Ay, ay, so strives the woodcock with the gin:

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[*In the Struggle York is taken Prisoner.*]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty;
So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-matcht.

North. What would your Grace have done unto him
now?

Queen. Brave warriors, *Clifford* and *Northumberland*,
Come make him stand upon this mole-hill here;
That raught at mountains with out-stretched arms,
Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.
What! was it you, that would be *England's* King?
Was't you, that revell'd in our Parliament,
And made a preachment of your high Descent?
Where are your mess of sons to back you now,
The wanton *Edward*, and the lusty *George*?
And where's that valiant crook-back'd Prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that with his grumbling voice
Was wont to cheer his Dad in mutinies?

Or, with the rest, where is your darling *Rutland*?
Look, *York*; I stain'd this napkin with the blood,
That valiant *Clifford* with his rapier's point
Made issue from the bosom of the boy:

And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas! poor *York*; but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.

I pr'ythee, grieve, to make me merry, *York*.

What, hath thy fiery heart so parcht thine Entrails,
That not a tear can fall for *Rutland's* death?

Why art thou patient, man? thou should'st be mad;
And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus:

Stamp, rave and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou would'st be fee'd, I see, to make me sport:

York cannot speak, unless he wear a Crown.

A Crown for *York*—and, lords, bow low to him:

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

[*Putting a Paper Crown on his head.*]

Ay, marry, Sir, now looks he like a King:

Ay, this is he, that took King *Henry's* chair;

And

And this is he, was his adopted heir.
 But how is it, that great *Plantagenet*
 Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath?
 As I bethink me, you should not be King
 'Till our King *Henry* had shook hands with death.
 And will you pale your head in *Henry's* Glory,
 And rob his Temples of the Diadem,
 Now in his life, against your holy oath?
 Oh, 'tis a fault too too unpardonable:
 Off with the Crown; and with the Crown, his head;
 And whilst we breathe, take him to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Queen. Nay, stay, let's hear the Oraisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of *France*, but worse than wolves of
France,

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth!
 How ill beseeming is it in thy sex
 To triumph, like an *Amazonian* trull,
 Upon their woes, whom fortune captivates?
 But that thy face is, vizor-like, unchangeing,
 Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
 I would assay, proud Queen, to make thee blush.
 To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,
 Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shame-
 less:

Thy father bears the type of King of *Naples*,
 Of both the *Sicils* and *Jerusalem*,
 Yet not so wealthy as an *English* yeoman.
 Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult?
 It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud Queen,
 Unless the adage must be verify'd,
 "That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death."
 'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
 But, God, he knows, thy share thereof is small.
 'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admir'd;
 The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.
 'Tis government, that makes them seem divine;
 The want thereof makes thee abominable.
 Thou art as opposite to every good,
 As the Antipodes are unto us,
 Or as the south to the *Septentrion*.

Oh,

Oh, tyger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide !
 How could'st thou drain the life-blood of the child,
 To bid the father wipe his eyes withal,
 And yet be seen to wear a woman's face ?
 Women are soft, mild, pitiful and flexible ;
 Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.
 Bidst thou me rage ? why, now thou hast thy will.
 Would'st thou have me weep ? why, now thou hast thy will.
 For raging wind blows up incessant show'rs,
 And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
 These tears are my sweet *Rutland's* obsequies ;
 And ev'ry drop cries vengeance for his death,
 'Gainst thee, fell *Clifford* ; and thee, false *French* woman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move me so ;
 That hardly can I check mine eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry Canibals
 Would not have touch'd, ⁵ would not have stain'd with
 blood :

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
 Oh ten times more, than tygers of *Hyrkania*.
 See, ruthless Queen, a hapless father's tears :
 This cloth thou dip'dst in blood of my sweet boy,
 And I with tears do wash the blood away.
 Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this :
 And if thou tell'st the heavy story right,
 Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears,
 Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears.
 And say, " Alas, it was a piteous deed !——"
 There, take the crown ; and, with the crown my curse :

⁵ *Would not have stain'd the roses just WITH BLOOD :*] So the second folio nonsensically reads the passage ; but the old quarto, and first folio editions of better authority have it thus,

That face of his the hungry canibals

Would not have touch'd, would not have stain'd with blood.

And this is sense. Could any one now have believed that an editor of common understanding should reject this, and fasten upon the nonsense of a later edition only because it afforded matter for conjecture : And yet Mr. *Theobald* will needs correct, *roses just with blood*, to *roses juic'd with blood*, that is, change one blundering Editor's nonsense for another's. But if there ever was any meaning in the line, it was thus expressed,

Would not have stain'd the roses just in bud.

And this the *Oxford Editor* hath espoused.

And

And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!

Hard-hearted *Clifford*, take me from the world,
My soul to heav'n, my blood upon your heads.

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all my kin,
I should not for my life but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul.

Queen. What, weeping-ripe, my Lord *Northumberland*?
Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath, here's for my father's death.
[*Stabbing him.*]

Queen. And here's to right our gentle-hearted King.

York. Open the gate of mercy, gracious God!
My soul flies through these wounds, to seek out thee.

[*Dies.*]

Queen. Off with his head and set it on *York* gates;
So *York* may overlook the Town of *York*. [*Exeunt.*]

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Near Mortimer's Cross in Wales.

A March. Enter Edward, Richard, and their Power.

Edw. **I** Wonder, how our princely father 'scap'd;
Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From *Clifford's* and *Northumberland's* pursuit?
Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the news;
Had he been slain, we should have heard the news;
Or had he 'scap'd, methinks, we should have heard
The happy tidings of his good escape.
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right-valiant father is become.
I saw him in the battle range about;
And watch'd him, how he singled *Clifford* forth;
Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a Lion in a herd of neat;
Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs,
Who having pinch'd a few and made them cry,

The

The rest stand all aloof and bark at him.
 So far'd our father with his enemies,
 So fled his enemies my warlike father;
 ' Methinks, 'tis pride enough to be his son.
 See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
 And takes her farewell of the glorious sun;
 How well resembles it the prime of youth,
 Trim'd like a yonker prancing to his love?

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes? or do I see three suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a perfect sun;
 Not separated with the racking clouds,
 But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.
 See, see, they join, embrace, and seem to kiss;
 As if they vow'd some league inviolable:
 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one sun.
 In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet never heard
 of.

I think, it cites us, brother to the field;
 That we the sons of brave *Plantagenet*,
 Each one already blazing by our meeds,
 Should, notwithstanding, join our lights together,
 And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
 Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
 Upon my target three fair shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters:—by your leave, I
 speak it,
 You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretel
 Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mes. Ah! one that was a woful looker on,
 When as the noble Duke of *York* was slain;
 Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. Oh, speak no more! for I have heard too much.

Rich. Say, how he dy'd; for I will hear it all.

Mes. Environed he was with many foes,

[*Methinks, 'tis PRIZE enough to be his son.*] The old quarto
 reads PRIDE, which is right, for ambition. i. e. We need not aim
 at any higher glory than this.

And

And stood against them, as the hope of *Troy*
 Against the *Greeks* that would have entred *Troy*.
 But *Hercules* himself must yield to odds ;
 And many stroaks, though with a little ax,
 Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
 By many hands your father was subdu'd,
 But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
 Of unrelenting *Clifford* and the Queen ;
 Who crown'd the gracious Duke in high despight ;
 Laugh'd in his face ; and, when with grief he wept,
 The ruthless Queen gave him, to dry his cheek,
 A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
 Of sweet young *Rutland*, by rough *Clifford* slain :
 And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
 They took his head, and on the gates of *York*
 They set the same ; and there it doth remain
 The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet duke of *York*, our prop to lean upon !
 Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
 Oh *Clifford*, boist'rous *Clifford* ! thou hast slain
 The flower of *Europe* for his chivalry,
 And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him ;
 For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd thee.
 Now my soul's palace is become a prison :
 Ah, would she break from hence, that this my body
 Might in the ground be closed up in rest !
 For never henceforth shall I joy again,
 Never, oh never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep ; for all my body's moisture
 Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning heart :
 Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great burthen :
 For self-same wind, that I should speak withal,
 Is kindling coals that fire up all my breast ;
 And burn me up with flames, that tears would quench.
 To weep, is to make less the depth of grief :
 Tears then for babes ; blows and revenge for me !
Richard, I bear thy name ; I'll venge thy death ;
 Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant Duke hath left with thee :
 His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely Eagle's bird,
 Shew

Shew thy descent, by gazing 'gainst the sun:
 For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom say;
 Either that's thine, or else thou wert not his.

S C E N E II.

March. Enter Warwick, Marquiss of Montague, and
 their army.

War. How now, fair Lords? what fare? what news
 abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of *Warwick*, if we should recount
 Our baleful news, and at each word's deliv'rance
 Stab poniards in our flesh 'till all were told;
 The words would add more anguish than the wounds.
 O valiant Lord, the Duke of *York* is slain.

Edw. O *Warwick*! *Warwick*! That *Plantagenet*,
 Which held thee dearly as his soul's redemption,
 Is by the stern Lord *Clifford* done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news in tears;
 And now, to add more measure to your woes,
 I come to tell you things sith then befalln.
 After the bloody fray at *Wakefield* fought,
 Where your brave father breath'd his latest gasp,
 Tidings, as swiftly as the post could run,
 Were brought me of your loss and his depart.
 I then in *London*, keeper of the King,
 Muster'd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends;
 March'd towards *St. Albans* t'intercept the Queen;
 Bearing the King in my behalf along;
 For by my scouts I was advertised
 That she was coming, with a full intent
 To dash our late decree in parliament,
 Touching King *Henry's* oath, and your succession:
 Short tale to make, we at *St. Albans* met,
 Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely fought:
 But whether 'twas the coldness of the King,
 Who look'd full gently on his warlike Queen,
 That robb'd my soldiers of their hated spleen;
 Or whether 'twas report of her success,
 Or more than common fear of *Clifford's* rigour,
 Who thunders to his captives blood and death,

I cannot

I cannot judge: but to conclude with truth,
 Their weapons, like to lightning, came and went;
 Our soldiers, like the night-owl's lazy flight,
 Or like a lazy thrasher with a flail,
 Fell gently down, as if they struck their friends.
 I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
 With promise of high pay and great reward;
 But all in vain, they had no heart to fight;
 And we, in them, no hope to win the day;
 So that we fled; the King, unto the Queen;
 Lord *George* your brother, *Norfolk* and myself,
 In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you:
 For in the marches here we heard you were,
 Making another head to fight again.

Edw. Where is the Duke of *Norfolk*, gentle *War-*
wick?

And when came *George* from *Burgundy* to *England*?

War. Some six miles off the Duke is with his power;
 And for your brother, he was lately sent
 From your kind aunt, *Dutchess* of *Burgundy*,
 With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'Twas odds, belike, when valiant *Warwick*
 fled;

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
 But ne'er, 'till now, his scandal of retire.

War. Nor now my scandal, *Richard*, dost thou hear:
 For thou shalt know, this strong right hand of mine
 Can pluck the Diadem from faint *Henry's* head,
 And wring the awful scepter from his fist;
 Were he as famous and as bold in war,
 As he is fam'd for mildness, peace and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord *Warwick*; blame me
 not;

'Tis love, I bear thy glories, makes me speak.
 But in this troublous time what's to be done?
 Shall we go throw away our coats of steel,
 And wrap our bodies in black mourning gowns,
 Numbring our *Ave Marias* with our beads?
 Or shall we on the helmets of our foes
 Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?
 If for the last, say, ay; and to it, Lords.

War.

War. Why, therefore *Warwick* came to seek you out:

And therefore comes my brother *Montague*.
Attend me, Lords: the proud insulting Queen,
With *Clifford*, and the haught *Northumberland*,
And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easie-melting King, like wax.
He swore consent to your succession,
His oath inrolled in the parliament:
And now to *London* all the crew are gone,
To frustrate both his oath, and what beside
May make against the house of *Lancaster*.
Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong:
Now if the help of *Norfolk* and myself,
With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of *March*,
Amongst the loving *Welshmen* canst procure,
Will but amount to five and twenty thousand:
Why, *Via!* to *London* will we march amain;
And once again bestride our foaming steeds,
And once again cry, Charge upon our foes! —
But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great *Warwick* speak:

Ne'er may he live to see a sun-shine-day,
That cries, retire, ——— if *Warwick* bid him stay.

Edw. Lord *Warwick*, on thy shoulder will I lean,
And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the hour!)
Must *Edward* fall, which peril heav'n forefend!

War. No longer Earl of *March*, but Duke of *York*;
The next degree is *England's* royal throne:
For King of *England* shalt thou be proclaim'd
In ev'ry borough as we pass along:
And he, that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.
King *Edward*, valiant *Richard*, *Montague*,
Stay we no longer, dreaming of renown;
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, *Clifford*, were thy heart as hard as steel,
As thou hast shewn it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums ; God and St. George
for us !

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now ? what news ?

Mes. The Duke of *Norfolk* sends you word by me,
The Queen is coming with a puissant host ;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts ; brave warriors, let's away.
[*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E III.

Changes to YORK.

*Enter King Henry, the Queen, Clifford, Northumber-
land, and the Prince of Wales, with Drums, and
Trumpets.*

Queen. **W**elcome, my Lord, to this brave town of
York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That fought to be encompast with your crown.
Doth not the object cheer your heart, my Lord ?

K. Henry. Ay, as the rocks cheer them, that fear
their wreck ;

To see this fight, it irks my very soul :
With-hold revenge, dear God ; 'tis not my fault,
Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious Liege, this too much lenity
And harmful pity must be laid aside :

To whom do Lions cast their gentle looks ?
Not to the beast, that would usurp their den.
Whose hand is that the forest Bear doth lick ?
Not his, that spoils her young before her face.
Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal sting ?
Not he, that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on ;
And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood.

Ambitious *York* did level at thy crown ;
Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows.
He but a Duke, would have his son a King ;
And raise his issue, like a loving fire ;

Thou

Thou being a King, blest with a goodly son,
 Didst yield consent to disinherit him ;
 Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.
 Unreasonable creatures feed their young ;
 And tho' man's face be fearful to their eyes,
 Yet, in protection of their tender ones,
 Who hath not seen them (even with those wings,
 Which sometimes they have us'd with fearful flight)
 Make war with him that climb'd unto their nest,
 Offering their own lives in their young's defence ?
 For shame, my Liege, make them your president.
 Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
 Should lose his birth-right by his father's fault ;
 And long hereafter say unto his child,
 What my great grandfather and grandfire got,
 My careless father fondly gave away !
 Ah, what a shame was this ! look on the boy,
 And let his manly face, which promiseth
 Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart
 To hold thine own, and leave thine own with him.

K. Henry. Full well hath *Clifford* plaid the orator,
 Inferring arguments of mighty force :
 But, *Clifford*, tell me, didst thou never hear,
 2 That things ill-got had ever bad success ?
 And happy always was it for that son,
 Whose father for his hoarding went to hell ?
 I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind ;
 And 'would, my father had left me no more !
 For all the rest is held at such a rate,
 As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
 Than in possession any jot of pleasure.
 Ah, Cousin York ; 'would, thy best friends did know,
 How it doth grieve me that thy head is here !

Queen. My Lord, cheer up your spirits, our foes are
 nigh ;
 And this soft courage makes your followers faint ;
 You promis'd knighthood to our forward son,

2 *That things ill-got had ever bad success ?*] The Oxford Editor
 is scandalized at the harshness of this maxim, and therefore softens
 it thus,

That things ill-gotten have had bad success.

Unsheath your sword, and dub him presently.

Edward, kneel down.

K. Henry. *Edward Plantagenet*, arise a Knight;
And learn this lesson, draw thy sword in right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,
I'll draw it as Apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward Prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. Royal commanders, be in readiness;
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes *Warwick*, backing of the Duke of *York*:
And in the towns, as they do march along,
Proclaims him King; and many fly to him.
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field:
The Queen hath best success, when you are absent.

Queen. Ay, good my Lord, and leave us to our
fortune.

K. Henry. Why, that's my fortune too; therefore
I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,
And hearten those that fight in your defence:
Unsheath your sword, good father; cry, *St. George*.

S C E N E IV.

March. *Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Clarence,
Norfolk, Montague, and Soldiers.*

Edw. Now, perjur'd *Henry*, wilt thou kneel for
grace,
And set thy Diadem upon my head;
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field?

Queen. Go rate thy minions, proud insulting boy,
Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms
Before thy sovereign and thy lawful King?

Edw. I am his King, and he shall bow his knee;
I was adopted heir by his consent;
Since when, his oath is broke; for, as I hear,

You

You that are King, though he doth wear the crown,
Have caus'd him by new act of parliament
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too :

Who should succeed the father, but the son?

Rich. Are you there, butcher? O, I cannot speak.

Clif. Ay, crook-back, here I stand to answer thee,
Or any he the proudest of thy fort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young *Rutland*, was it
not?

Clif. Ay, and old *York*, and yet not satisfy'd.

Rich. For God's sake, Lords, give signal to the fight.

War. What say'st thou, *Henry*, wilt thou yield the
crown?

Queen. Why, how now, long-tongu'd *Warwick*,
dare you speak?

When you and I met at *St. Albans* last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 'twas my turn to fly, and now 'tis thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet you fled.

War. 'Twas not your valour, *Clifford*, drove me
thence.

North. No, nor your manhood; that durst make you
stay.

Rich. *Northumberland*, I hold thee reverently.—
Break off the parle, for scarce I can refrain
The Execution of my big-swoln heart
Upon that *Clifford*, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father, call'st thou him a child?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard and a treacherous coward,
As thou did'st kill our tender brother *Rutland*:
But, ere sun-set, I'll make thee curse the deed.

K. Henry. Have done with words, my Lords, and
hear me speak.

Queen. Defie them then, or else hold close thy lips.

K. Henry. I pr'ythee, give no limits to my tongue;
I am a King, and privileg'd to speak.

Clif. My Liege, the wound, that bred this meeting
here,

Cannot be cur'd by words; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheath thy sword:

By him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That *Clifford's* manhood lyes upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, *Henry*, shall I have right, or no?
A thousand men have broke their fasts to day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy head!
For *York* in justice puts his armour on.

Prince. If that be right, which *Warwick* says is right,
There is no wrong, but every thing is right.

Rich. Who ever got thee, there thy mother stands,
For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Queen. But thou art neither like thy fire or dam,
But like a foul mis-shapen stigmatick,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided;
As venomous toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of *Naples* hid with *English* guilt,
Whose father bears the title of a King,
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art extraught,
To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless Callat know herself.

Helen of *Greece* was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be *Menelaus*;
And ne'er was *Agamemnon's* brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this King by thee.

His Father revell'd in the heart of *France*,
And tam'd the King, and made the Dauphin stoop:
And had he match'd according to his State,
He might have kept that glory to this day.

But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor Sire with his bridal day,
Even then that sun-shine brew'd a show'r for him,
That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of *France*,
And heap'd sedition on his Crown at home:

For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy pride?
Hadst thou been meek, our Title still had slept;
And we, in pity of the gentle King,
Had slipt our claim until another age.

Cla. But when we saw, our sun-shine made thy
spring,

And

And that thy summer bred us no increase,
 We set the ax to thy usurping root;
 And though the edge hath something hit ourselves,
 Yet know thou, since we have begun to strike,
 We'll never leave 'till we have hewn thee down,
 Or bath'd thy Growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution I defie thee;
 Not willing any longer conference,
 Since thou deny'st the gentle King to speak.
 Sound trumpets, let our bloody Colours wave,
 And either victory, or else a Grave.

Queen. Stay, *Edward* ———

Edw. No, wrangling Woman, we'll no longer stay:
 These words will cost ten thousand lives this day.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

S C E N E V.

Changes to a Field of Battle at Ferribridge in Yorkshire.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Warwick.

War. **F**Ore-spent with toil, as runners with a race,
 I lay me down a little while to breathe:
 For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
 Have robb'd my strong knit sinews of their strength;
 And, spight of spight, needs must I rest a while.

Enter Edward running.

Edw. Smile, gentle heav'n! or strike, ungentle death!
 For this world frowns, and *Edward's* Sun is clouded.

War. How now, my lord, what hap? what hope of good?

Enter Clarence.

Cla. Our hap is loss, our hope but sad despair;
 Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us.
 What counsel give you? whither shall we fly?

Edw. Bootless is flight, they follow us with wings;
 And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter Richard.

Rich. Ah, *Warwick*, why hast thou withdrawn thyself?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath drunk,
 Broach'd with the steely point of *Clifford's* lance :
 And in the very pangs of death he cry'd,
 (Like to a dismal clangor heard from far)
Warwick, revenge ; brother, revenge my death.
 So underneath the belly of their steeds,
 That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoaking blood,
 The noble Gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with our blood ;
 I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly :
 Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
 Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage ;
 And look upon, as if the Tragedy
 Were plaid in jest by counterfeiting Actors ?
 Here on my knee I vow to God above,
 I'll never pause again, never stand still,
 'Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
 Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O *Warwick*, I do bend my knee with thine,
 And in this vow do chain my soul with thine.
 And ere my knee rise from the earth's cold face,
 I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,
 Thou setter up, and plucker down of Kings !
 Beseeching thee, (if with thy will it stands
 That to my foes this body must be prey)
 Yet that thy brazen gates of heav'n may ope,
 And give sweet passage to my sinful soul ! —
 Now, lords, take leave until we meet again ;
 Where-e'er it be, in heaven or on earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand ; and, gentle
Warwick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms :
 I, that did never weep, now melt with woe ;
 That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away : once more, sweet lords, farewell.

Cl. Yet let us all together to our troops ;
 And give them leave to fly, that will not stay ;
 And call them pillars, that will stand to us ;
 And, if we thrive, promise them such rewards,
 As Victors wear at the *Olympian* Games.
 This may plant courage in their quailing breasts,

For

For yet is hope of life and victory ;
Fore-flow no longer, make we hence amain. [*Exeunt.*

Excursions. Enter Richard, and Clifford.

Rich. Now, *Clifford*, I have singled thee alone ;
Suppose, this arm is for the Duke of *York*,
And this for *Rutland*, both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, *Richard*, I am with thee here alone,
This is the hand, that stabb'd thy father *York*,
And this the hand, that slew thy brother *Rutland* ;
And here's the heart, that triumphs in their death ;
And cheers these hands, that slew thy fire and brother,
To execute the like upon thyself :
And so, have at thee.

They fight. Warwick enters, Clifford flies.

Rich. Nay, *Warwick*, single out some other chase,
For I myself will hunt this wolf to death. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Alarum. Enter King Henry alone.

K. Henry. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light ;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind ;
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind.
Sometime, the flood prevails ; and then, the wind ;
Now, one the better ; then, another best ;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered ;
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down :
To whom God will, there be the victory !
For *Margaret* my Queen and *Clifford* too
Have chid me from the battle ; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
Would I were dead, if God's good will were so :

For what is in this world but grief and woe?

' O God! methinks, it were a happy life
 ' To be no better than a homely swain;
 ' To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
 ' To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
 ' Thereby to see the minutes how they run:
 ' How many makes the hour full compleat,
 ' How many hours bring about the day,
 ' How many days will finish up the year,
 ' How many years a mortal man may live.
 ' When this is known, then to divide the time;
 ' So many hours, must I tend my flock;
 ' So many hours, must I take my rest;
 ' So many hours, must I contemplate;
 ' So many hours, must I sport myself;
 ' So many days, my ewes have been with young;
 ' So many weeks, ere the poor fools will yeave;
 ' So many months, ere I shall shear the fleece:
 ' So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months and years,
 ' Past over, to the end they were created,
 ' Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
 Ah! what a life were this! how sweet, how lovely!
 Gives not the haw-thorn bush a sweeter shade
 To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
 Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
 To Kings, that fear their subjects' treachery?
 O, yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
 And, to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
 His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
 His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
 All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
 Is far beyond a Prince's delicates,
 His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
 His body couched in a curious bed,
 When care, mistrust and treasons wait on him.

S C E N E VII.

Alarum. Enter a Son, that had kill'd his Father.

Son. Ill blows the wind, that profits no body.—
 This man whom hand to hand I slew in fight

May

May be possessed with some store of crowns ;
 And I that, haply, take them from him now,
 May yet, ere night, yield both my life and them
 To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
 Who's this? oh God! it is my father's face,
 Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd :
 Oh heavy times, begetting such events !
 From *London* by the King was I prest forth ;
 My father, being the Earl of *Warwick's* man,
 Came on the part of *York*, prest by his master ;
 And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
 Have by my hands of life bereaved him.
 Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did ;
 And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.
 My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks :
 And no more words, 'till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
 Whiles lions war and battle for their dens,
 Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
 Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear ;
 And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
 Be blind with tears, and break o'er-charg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, bearing his Son.

Fath. Thou, that so stoutly hast resisted me,
 Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold :
 For I have bought it with an hundred blows.
 But let me see : is this our foe-man's face?
 Ah, no, no, no, it is my only son!
 Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
 Throw up thine eyes ; see, see, what showers arise,
 Blown with the windy tempest of my heart
 Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart.
 O pity, God, this miserable age!
 What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
 Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
 This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!
 3 O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,

And

3 O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,] Because had he been
 born later he would not now have been of years to engage in this quarrel.

And

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. Henry. Woe above woe; grief, more than common grief;

O, that my death would stay these rueful deeds!

O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!

The red rose and the white are on his face,

The fatal colours of our striving houses.

The one his purple blood right well resembles,

The other his pale cheek, methinks, presenteth:

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!

If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd?

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd?

K. Henry. How will the country, for these woful
chances,

Mis-think the King, and not be satisfy'd?

Son. Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father, so bemoan'd his son?

K. Henry. Was ever King, so griev'd for subjects'
woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.

[*Exit.*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet,
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre;
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell:

And so obsequious will thy father be,

Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,

As *Priam* was for all his valiant sons.

I'll bear thee hence, and let them fight that will;

For I have murther'd, where I should not kill. [*Exit.*

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.] i. e. he should have done it by not bringing thee into being, to make both father and son thus miserable. This is the sense, such as it is, of the two lines; however an indifferent sense was better than none, as it is brought to by the *Oxford* Editor by reading the lines thus,

*O boy! thy father gave thee life too late,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too soon.*

K. Henry.

K. Henry. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here fits a King more woful than you are.

S C E N E VIII.

*Alarums. Excursions. Enter the Queen, Prince of
Wales, and Exeter,*

Prince. Fly, father, fly, for all your friends are fled;
And *Warwick* rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Queen. Mount you, my lord, toward *Berwick* post
amain.

Edward and *Richard*, like a brace of grey-hounds
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel graspt in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs; and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away; for vengeance comes along with them.
Nay, stay not to expostulate, make speed:
Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet
Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the Queen intends. Forward, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

A loud Alarum. Enter Clifford wounded:

Clif. Here burns my candle out; ay, here it dies,
Which, while it lasted, gave King *Henry* light.
O *Lancaster*! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love and fear glew'd many friends to thee.

[*Falling.*]

And, now I fall, thy tough commixtures melt,
Impairing *Henry*, strength'ning mis-proud *York*.
The common People swarm like summer flies;
And whither fly the gnats, but to the Sun?
And who shines now, but *Henry's* enemies?
O *Phœbus*! hadst thou never giv'n consent

That

That *Phaeton* should check thy fiery steeds,
 Thy burning Car had never scorch'd the earth :
 And *Henry*, hadst thou sway'd as Kings should do,
 Or as thy father and his father did,
 Giving no ground unto the House of *York*,
 They never then had sprung like summer flies.
 I, and ten thousand in this luckless Realm,
 Had left no mourning widows for our death ;
 And thou this day hadst kept thy Chair in peace.
 For what doth cherish Weeds, but gentle air ?
 And what makes robbers bold, but too much lenity ?
 Bootless are complaints, and cureless are my wounds ;
 No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight.
 The foe is merciless, and will not pity :
 For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
 The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
 And much Effuse of blood doth make me faint :
 Come *York*, and *Richard* ; *Warwick*, and the rest ;
 I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms ; split my breast.

[*He faints.*

Alarum, and Retreat. Enter Edward, Warwick, Richard, Montague, Clarence, and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords, good fortune bids us pause,

And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful looks.
 Some troops pursue the bloody-minded Queen,
 That led calm *Henry*, though he were a King,
 As doth a Sail, fill'd with a fretting gulf,
 Command an Argosie to stem the waves.

But think you, lords, that *Clifford* fled with them ?

War. No, 'tis impossible he should escape :
 For though before his face I speak the word,
 Your brother *Richard* mark'd him for the grave ;
 And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead.

[*Clifford groans.*

Rich. Whose soul is that which takes her hearty leave ?
 A deadly groan, like (a) life, in death, departing.
 See who it is.

[(a) life, in death. Oxford Editor.—Vulg. life and death.]

Edw.

Edw. And now the battle's ended,
If friend or foe, let him be gently used.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 'tis *Clifford*;
Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch,
In hewing *Rutland* when his leaves put forth;
But set his murth'ring knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly spring;
I mean, our princely father, Duke of *York*.

War. From off the gates of *York* fetch down the head,
Your father's head, which *Clifford* placed there:
Instead whereof, let his supply the room.
Measure for Measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to our House,
That nothing sung but death to us and ours:
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening sound,
And his ill-boading tongue no more shall speak.

War. I think, his understanding is bereft:
Speak, *Clifford*, dost thou know who speaks to thee?
Dark cloudy death o'er-shades his beams of life,
And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, would he did! and so, perhaps, he doth.
'Tis but his policy to counterfeit;
Because he would avoid such bitter taunts,
As in the time of death he gave our father.

Cla. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. *Clifford*, ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edw. *Clifford*, repent in bootless penitence.

War. *Clifford*, devise excuses for thy faults.

Cla. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love *York*, and I am son to *York*.

Edw. Thou pitied'st *Rutland*, I will pity thee.

Cla. Where's Captain *Margaret* to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, *Clifford*, swear as thou wast
wont.

Rich. What, not an oath! nay, then the world goes
hard,

When *Clifford* cannot spare his friends an oath:
I know by that, he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy but two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the issuing blood
Stifle

Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young *Rutland* could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,
 And rear it in the place your father's stands.
 And now to *London* with triumphant March,
 There to be crowned *England's* royal King:
 From whence shall *Warwick* cut the sea to *France*,
 And ask the lady *Bona* for thy Queen.
 So shalt thou sinew both these lands together.
 And having *France* thy friend, thou shalt not dread
 The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again:
 For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,
 Yet look to have them buz t'offend thine ears.
 First, will I see the Coronation;
 And then to *Britany* I'll cross the sea,
 T' effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edw. Ev'n as thou wilt, sweet *Warwick*, let it be;
 For on thy shoulder do I build my Seat:
 And never will I undertake the thing,
 Wherein thy counsel, and consent is wanting.
Richard, I will create thee Duke of *Glo'ster*;
 And *George*, of *Clarence*; *Warwick* as our self
 Shall do and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of *Clarence*; *George*, of
Glo'ster;
 For *Glo'ster's* Dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut, that's a foolish observation:
Richard, be Duke of *Glo'ster*: now to *London*,
 To see these honours in possession. [Exeunt

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Wood in Lancashire.

Enter Sinklo and Humphry, with cross bows in their hands.

Sink. **U**nder this thick-grown brake we'll shroud
 ourselves,
 For through this laund anon the Deer will come;
 And

And in this covert we will make our Stand,
Culling the principal of all the Deer.

Hum. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

Sink. That cannot be: the noise of thy cross-bow
Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost:
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best.
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befel me on a day,
In this self-place where now we mean to stand.

Hum. Here comes a man, let's stay 'till he be past.

Enter King Henry with a prayer-book.

K. Henry. From *Scotland* am I stol'n ev'n of pure love,
To greet mine own land with my wishful sight:
No, *Harry, Harry*, 'tis no land of thine,
Thy place is fill'd, thy scepter wrung from thee;
Thy balm washt off, wherewith thou wast anointed:
No bending knee will call thee *Cæsar* now,
No humble suitors press to speak for Right:
No, not a man comes for redress to thee;
For how can I help them, and not myself?

Sink. Ay, here's a deer, whose skin's a keeper's fee:
This is the *quondam* King, let's seize upon him.

K. Henry. Let me embrace these four Adversities;
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

Hum. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

Sink. Forbear a while, we'll hear a little more.

K. Henry. My Queen and Son are gone to *France* for
aid:

And, as I hear, the great commanding *Warwick*
Is thither gone to crave the *French* King's Sister
To wife for *Edward*. If this news be true,
Poor Queen and Son! your labour is but lost:
For *Warwick* is a subtle orator:
And *Lewis*, a Prince soon won with moving words.
By this account, then, *Margaret* may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much:
Her sighs will make a batt'ry in his breast;
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart;
The Tyger will be mild, while she doth mourn;
And *Nero* would be tainted with remorse,

To

To hear, and see her plaints, her brinish tears.
 Ay, but she's come to beg, *Warwick* to give:
 She, on his left side, craving aid for *Henry*;
 He, on his right, asking a wife for *Edward*.
 She weeps, and says, her *Henry* is depos'd;
 He smiles, and says, his *Edward* is install'd;
 That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more!
 While *Warwick* tells his Title, smooths the wrong,
 Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
 And in conclusion wins the King from her;
 With promise of his sister, and what else,
 To strengthen, and support King *Edward's* place.
 O *Marg'ret*, thus 'twill be, and thou (poor soul)
 Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

Hum. Say, what art thou that talk'st of Kings and
 Queens?

K. Henry. More than I seem, and less than I was
 born to;

A man at least, for less I should not be;
 And men may talk of Kings, and why not I?

Hum. Ay, but thou talk'st, as if thou wert a King.

K. Henry. Why, so I am in mind, and that's enough.

Hum. But if thou be a King, where is thy Crown?

K. Henry. My crown is in my heart, not on my head:
 Not deck'd with Diamonds and *Indian* Stones;
 Not to be seen: my Crown is call'd *Content*;
 A Crown it is, that seldom Kings enjoy.

Hum. Well, if you be a King crown'd with *Content*,
 Your Crown *Content*, and you must be contented
 To go along with us. For, as we think,
 You are the King, King *Edward* hath depos'd:
 And we his Subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
 Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Henry. But did you never swear, and break an oath?

Hum. No, never such an oath; nor will not now.

K. Henry. Where did you dwell, when I was King
 of *England*?

Hum. Here, in this country, where we now remain.

K. Henry. I was anointed King at nine months old,
 My father and my grandfather were Kings;
 And you were sworn true Subjects unto me:

And

And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths?

Sink. No, we were subjects but while you were King.

K. Henry. Why, am I dead? do I not breathe, a man?

Ah, simple men, you know not what you swear.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,

And as the air blows it to me again,

Obeying with my wind when I do blow,

And yielding to another when it blows,

Commanded always by the greater gust;

Such is the lightness of You common men.

But do not break your oaths, for of that sin

My mild intreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the King shall be commanded;

And be you Kings, command, and I'll obey.

Sink. We are true Subjects to the King, King
Edward.

K. Henry. So would you be again to *Henry*,
If he were seated as King *Edward* is.

Sink. We charge you in God's name, and in the
King's,

To go with us unto the officers.

K. Henry. In God's name lead, your King's name be
obey'd;

And what God will, that let your King perform;

And what he will, I humbly yield unto. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Changes to the Palace.

*Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, and
Lady Gray.*

K. Edw. **B** Rother of *Glo'ster*, at *St. Albans* field
This lady's husband, ¹ *Sir John Gray*,
was slain,
His land then seiz'd on by the Conqueror:
Her suit is now to repossess those lands,

¹ *Sir John Gray.*] Vid. *Hall*, 3d year of *Edw. IV.* folio 5. It
was hitherto falsely printed *Richard*.
Mr. Pope.
Which

Which we in justice cannot well deny ;
 Because, in quarrel of the House of *York*,
 The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your Highness shall do well to grant her suit :
 It were dishonour to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less ; but yet I'll make a pause.

Glo. Yea ! is it so ?
 I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,
 Before the King will grant her humble suit.

Clar. He knows the game ; how true he keeps the
 wind !

Glo. Silence.

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit,
 And come some other time to know our mind.

Gray. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay.
 May't please your Highness to resolve me now ?
 And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

Glo. Ay, widow ? then I'll warrant you all your
 lands,
 An if what pleases him, shall pleasure you :
 Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glo. God forbid That ! for he'll take vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow ? tell
 me.

Clar. I think, he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. Nay, whip me then : he'll rather give her two.

Gray. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him.

K. Edw. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's
 lands.

Glo. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave ; I'll try this widow's
 wit.

Glo. Ay, good leave have you, for you will have
 leave ;

'Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

K. Edw. Now tell me, Madam, do you love your
 children ?

Gray. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. And would you not do much to do them good?

Gray. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.

Gray. Therefore I came unto your Majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

Gray. So shall you bind me to your Highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?

Gray. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon?

Gray. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

Gray. Why, then I will do what your Grace commands.

Glo. He plies her hard, and much rain wears the marble.

Clar. As red as fire! nay, then her wax must melt.

Gray. Why stops my lord? shall I not hear my task?

K. Edw. An easie task, 'tis but to love a King.

Gray. That's soon perform'd, because I am a Subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

Gray. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. The match is made, she seals it with a curtsie.

K. Edw. But stay thee, 'tis the fruits of love I mean.

Gray. The fruits of love I mean, my loving Liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but I fear me, in another sense.

What love, think'st thou, I sue so much to get?

Gray. My love 'till death, my humble thanks, my prayers;

That love, which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

Gray. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

Gray. My mind will never grant what I perceive Your Highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lye with thee.

Gray. To tell you plain, I'd rather lye in prison.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

Gray. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower ;
For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

Gray. Herein your Highness wrongs both them and me :

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the sadness of my suit ;
Please you dismiss me, or with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay ; if thou wilt say, Ay, to my request :
No ; if thou dost say, No, to my demand.

Gray. Then, No, my lord ; my suit is at an end.

Glo. The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Clar. He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

K. Edw. Her looks do argue her replete with modesty.

Her words do shew her wit incomparable,
All her perfections challenge Sovereignty ;
One way, or other, she is for a King ;
And she shall be my love, or else my Queen.
Say, that King *Edward* take thee for his Queen ?

Gray. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord ;
I am a Subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a Sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet Widow, by my State I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends ;
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

Gray. And that is more than I will yield unto :
I know, I am too mean to be your Queen ;
And yet too good to be your Concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, Widow ; I did mean my Queen.

Gray. 'Twill grieve your Grace, my sons should call
you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call
thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children ;
And, by God's mother, I, being but a batchelor,
Have other Some : why, 'tis a happy thing,
To be the father unto many sons.

Answer

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my Queen.

Glo. The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. When he was made a shriver, 'twas for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what Chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange, if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, *Clarence*, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' Wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a Wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the Wonder in extreams.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, Brothers; I can tell you both,

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, *Henry* your foe is taken,
And brought your prisoner to your Palace-gate.

K. Edw. See, that he be convey'd unto the *Tower*:
And go we, Brothers, to the man that took him,
To question of his Apprehension.
Widow, go you along; Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

Manet Gloucester.

Glo. Ay, *Edward* will use women honourably.
'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,
That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,
To cross me from the golden time I look for.

And yet between my soul's desire and me,

(The lustful *Edward's* Title buried)

Is *Clarence*, *Henry*, and his son young *Edward*;

And all th' unlook'd-for issue of their bodies,

To take their rooms ere I can place myself.

A cold premeditation for my purpose!

Why, then I do but dream on Sov'reignty,

Like one that stands upon a promontory,

And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,

Wishing

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye,
And chides the Sea that funders him from thence,
Saying, he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish, the Crown being so far off,
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;
And so (I say) I'll cut the causes off,
Flatt'ring my mind with things impossible.
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,
Unless my hand and strength could equal them.
Well, say there is no Kingdom then for *Richard*:
What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And 'witch sweet ladies with my words and looks.
Oh miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden Crowns.
Why, Love forswore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail Nature with some bribe
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub,
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits Deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part:
Like to a Chaos, or unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.
And am I then a man to be belov'd?
Oh, monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then since this earth affords no joy to me,
But to command, to check, to o'er-bear such
As are of better person than myself;
I'll make my heav'n to dream upon the Crown;
And, while I live, t'account this world but Hell,
Until the mis-shap'd trunk that bears this head,
Be round-impaled with a glorious Crown.
And yet I know not how to get the Crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I, (like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rends the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,
Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,

But

But toiling desp'rately to find it out)
 Torment myself to catch the *English* Crown.
 And from that torment I will free myself,
 Or hew my way out with a bloody ax.
 Why, I can smile, and murther while I smile;
 And cry, Content, to that which grieves my heart;
 And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
 And frame my face to all occasions:
 I'll drown more sailors, than the Mermaid shall;
 I'll slay more gazers, than the Basilisk;
 I'll play the orator, as well as *Nestor*;
 Deceive more sily, than *Ulysses* could;
 And, like a *Sinon*, take another *Troy*:
 I can add colours ev'n to the Camelion;
 Change shapes with *Proteus*, for advantages;
 2 And set th' aspiring *Catiline* to school.
 Can I do this, and cannot get a Crown?
 Tut, were it farther off, I'll pluck it down. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to France.

Flourish. Enter King Lewis, Lady Bona, Bourbon, Edward Prince of Wales, Queen Margaret, and the Earl of Oxford. Lewis sits, and riseth up again.

K. Lew. **F**AIR Queen of *England*, worthy *Margaret*,
 Sit down with us; it ill befits thy State,
 And Birth, that thou should'st stand, while *Lewis* sits.

Queen. No, mighty King of *France*; now *Margaret*
 Must strike her sail, and learn a while to serve,
 Where Kings command. I was, I must confess,
 Great *Albion's* Queen in former golden days:
 But now mischance hath trod my Title down,
 And with dishonour laid me on the ground;
 Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
 And to my humble Seat conform myself.

2 *And set the murth'rous Machiavel to school.] As this is an Anachronism, and the old quarto reads,*

And set th' aspiring Catiline to school,
 I don't know why it should not be prefer'd.

K. Lew. Why, say, fair Queen, whence springs this deep despair?

Queen. From such a cause as fills mine eyes with tears;
And stops my tongue, while my heart's drown'd in cares.

K. Lew. Whate'er it be, be thou still like thyself,
And sit thee by our side. Yield not thy neck

[*Sits her by him.*]

To fortune's yolk, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.

Be plain, Queen *Margaret*, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if *France* can yield relief.

Queen. Those gracious words revive my drooping thoughts,

And give my tongue-ty'd sorrows leave to speak.

Now therefore be it known to noble *Lewis*,

That *Henry*, sole possessor of my love,

Is, of a King, become a banish'd man,

And forc'd to live in *Scotland* a forlorn;

While proud ambitious *Edward*, Duke of *York*,

Usurps the regal Title, and the Seat

Of *England's* true-anointed lawful King.

This is the cause, that I, poor *Margaret*,

With this my son Prince *Edward*, *Henry's* heir,

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid:

And, if thou fail us, all our hope is done.

Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help:

Our People and our Peers are both mis-led,

Our Treasure seiz'd, our Soldiers put to flight,

And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned Queen, with patience calm the storm;

While we bethink a means to break it off.

Queen. The more we stay, the stronger grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll succour thee.

Queen. O, but impatience, waiting, rues to morrow.
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.

S C E N E

3 O, but impatience WAITETH ON TRUE SORROW.

[*And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.*] How does impatience, more particularly, wait on true sorrow? On the contrary, such sorrow as the Queen's, which came gradually on, through a long

SCENE V.

Enter Warwick.

K. *Lew.* What's he, approacheth boldly to our Presence?

Queen. Our Earl of *Warwick*, *Edward's* greatest friend.

K. *Lew.* Welcome, brave *Warwick*, what brings thee to *France*? [*He descends. She ariseth.*]

Queen. Ay, now begins a second storm to rise;
For this is he, that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy *Edward*, King of *Albion*,
My Lord and Sov'reign, and thy vowed friend,
I come (in kindness and unfeigned love)
First to do greetings to thy royal person,
And then to crave a league of amity;
And lastly, to confirm that amity
With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant
That virtuous lady *Bona*, thy fair sister,
To *England's* King in lawful marriage.

Queen. If That go forward, *Henry's* hope is done!

War. And, gracious Madam, in our King's behalf,
[*Speaking to Bona.*]

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand; and with my tongue
To tell the passion of my Sov'reign's heart;
Where fame, late ent'ring at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image and thy virtue.

Queen. King *Lewis*, and lady *Bona*, hear me speak,
Before you answer *Warwick*. His demand
Springs not from *Edward's* well-meant honest love,

long course of misfortunes, is generally less impatient than that of
those who have fallen into sudden miseries. The true reading seems
to be,

*O, but impatience, WAITING, RUES TO MORROW:
And see, where comes the breeder of my sorrow.*

i. e. When impatience waits and solicits for redress, there is nothing
she so much dreads as being put off 'till to *morrow*, (a proverbial ex-
pression for procrastination.) This was a very proper reply to what
the King said last, and in a sentiment worthy of the poet. A rhyme
too is added as was customary with him, at the closing a scene.

But from deceit bred by necessity :
 For how can tyrants safely govern home,
 Unless abroad they purchase great alliance ?
 To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,
 That *Henry* liveth still ; but were he dead,
 Yet here Prince *Edward* stands, King *Henry's* son.
 Look therefore, *Lewis*, that by this league and marriage
 Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour :
 For tho' Usurpers sway the Rule a while,
 Yet heav'ns are just, and time suppresseth wrongs.

War. Injurious *Margaret* ! ———

Prince. And why not *Queen* ?

War. Because thy father *Henry* did usurp,
 And thou no more art Prince, than she is *Queen*.

Oxf. Then *Warwick* disannuls great *John* of *Gaunt*,
 Which did subdue the greatest part of *Spain* ;
 And, after *John* of *Gaunt*, *Henry* the fourth,
 Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest ;
 And, after that wise Prince, *Henry* the fifth,
 Who by his Prowess conquered all *France* :
 From these our *Henry* lineally descends.

War. *Oxford*, how haps it, in this smooth discourse,
 You told not, how *Henry* the sixth hath lost
 All That which *Henry* the fifth had gotten ?
 Methinks, these Peers of *France* should smile at That.
 But, for the rest ; you tell a Pedigree
 Of threescore and two years, a silly time
 To make Prescription for a Kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, *Warwick*, canst thou speak against thy
 Liege,

Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,
 And not bewray thy treason with a blush ?

War. Can *Oxford*, that did ever fence the Right,
 Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree ?
 For shame, leave *Henry*, and call *Edward* King.

Oxf. Call him my King, by whose injurious doom
 My elder brother, the lord *Aubrey Vere*,
 Was done to death ? and more than so, my father ;
 Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,
 When nature brought him to the door of death ?
 No, *Warwick*, no ; while life upholds this arm,

This

This arm upholds the House of *Lancaster*.

War. And I the House of *York*.

K. *Lew.* Queen *Margaret*, Prince *Edward*, and
Oxford

Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,

While I use farther conference with *Warwick*.

Queen. Heav'ns grant, that *Warwick's* words bewitch
him not! [They stand aloof.

K. *Lew.* Now, *Warwick*, tell me even upon thy
conscience,

Is *Edward* your true King? for I were loth

To link with him, that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit and mine honour.

K. *Lew.* But is he gracious in the people's eyes?

War. The more, that *Henry* was unfortunate.

K. *Lew.* Then further; all dissembling set aside,
Tell me for truth the measure of his love
Unto our sister *Bona*.

War. Such it seems,

As may beseem a Monarch like himself:

Myself have often heard him say, and swear,

4 That this his love was an eternal plant,

Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,

The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's sun;

Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,

Unless the lady *Bona* quit his pain.

K. *Lew.* Now, sister, let us hear your firm resolve.

Bona. Your Grant, or your Denial, shall be mine.

Yet I confess, that often ere this day, [Speaks to *War.*

When I have heard your King's desert recounted,

Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. *Lew.* Then, *Warwick*, this: our sister shall be
Edward's.

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn

Touching the jointure that your King must make,

Which with her dowry shall be counterpois'd.

Draw near, Queen *Margaret*, and be a witness,

That *Bona* shall be wife to th' *English* King.

4 That this his love was an EXTERNAL plant,] The old quarto reads rightly eternal: Alluding to the plants of Paradise.

Prince. To *Edward*, but not to the *English* King.

Queen. Deceitful *Warwick*, it was thy device
By this alliance to make void my suit;
Before thy Coming, *Lewis* was *Henry*'s friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and *Margaret*;
But if your Title to the Crown be weak,
As may appear by *Edward*'s good success;
'Then 'tis but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid, which late I promised.
Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can yield.

War. *Henry* now lives in *Scotland* at his ease,
Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* Queen,
You have a father able to maintain you;
And better 'twere, you troubled him than *France*.

Queen. Peace, impudent and shameless *Warwick*,
peace!

Proud setter-up and puller-down of Kings!
I will not hence, 'till with my talk and tears
(Both full of truth) I make King *Lewis* behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love:

[*Post*, blowing a horn within.

For both of you are birds of self-same feather.

K. Lew. *Warwick*, this is some *Post* to us, or thee.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Post.

Post. My lord Ambassador, these letters are for you;
[*To Warwick.*

Sent from your brother, Marquis *Montague*.
These, from our King unto your Majesty.

[*To King Lewis.*

And, Madam, these for you; from whom I know not.

[*To the Queen. They all read their Letters.*

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair Queen and Mistress
Smiles at her news, while *Warwick* frowns at his.

Prince, Nay, mark, how *Lewis* stamps as he were
nettled.

I hope, all's for the best.

K. Lew.

K. Lew. *Warwick*, what are thy news? and yours,
fair Queen?

Queen. Mine such, as fills my heart with unhop'd joys.

War. Mine full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lew. What! has your King marry'd the lady
Gray?

And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to perswade me patience?
Is this th' alliance, that he seeks with *France*?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Queen. I told your Majesty as much before;
This proveth *Edward's* love and *Warwick's* honesty.

War. King *Lewis*, I here protest in sight of heav'n,
And by the hope I have of heav'nly blifs,
That I am clear from this misdeed of *Edward's*:
No more my King; for he dishonours me,
But most himself, if he could see his shame.
Did I forget, that by the House of *York*
My father came untimely to his death?
5 Did I let pass th' abuse done to my Niece?
Did I impale him with the regal Crown?
Did I put *Henry* from his native Right?
And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?
Shame on himself, for my desert is honour!
And to repair my honour lost for him,
I here renounce him, and return to *Henry*.
My noble Queen, let former grudges pass,
And henceforth, I am thy true servitor:
I will revenge his wrong to lady *Bona*,
And replant *Henry* in his former state.

Queen. *Warwick*, these words have turn'd my hate to
love,

And I forgive and quite forget old faults;
And joy, that thou becom'st King *Henry's* friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,
That if King *Lewis* vouchsafe to furnish us
With some few bands of chosen foldiers,
I'll undertake to land them on our coast,

5 Did I let pass th' abuse done to my Niece?] Whom King *Edward*
attempted in the Earl of *Warwick's* house. *Holingshed.*

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him;

And, as for *Clarence*, as my letters tell me,

He's very likely now to fall from him,

For matching more for wanton lust than honour,

Or than for strength and safety of our Country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall *Bona* be reveng'd,
But by thy help to this distressed Queen?

Queen. Renowned Prince, how shall poor *Henry* live,
Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this *English* Queen's, are one.

War. And mine, fair lady *Bona*, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine with hers, and thine, and *Margaret's*.
Therefore at last I firmly am resolv'd
You shall have aid.

Queen. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, *England's* messenger, return in post,
And tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King,
That *Lewis* of *France* is sending over maskers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.

Thou seest what's past, go fear thy King withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I wear the willow garland for his sake.

Queen. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside;
And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong;
And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone. — [Exit Post.

K. Lew. But, *Warwick*,
Thyself and *Oxford* with five thousand men
Shall cross the seas, and bid false *Edward* battle:
And, as occasion serves, this noble Queen
And Prince shall follow with a fresh supply.
Yet ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:
What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty,
That if our Queen and this young Prince agree,
I'll join my younger daughter and my joy
To him forthwith, in holy wedlock' bands.

Queen. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.
Son *Edward*, she is fair and virtuous;

Therefore

Therefore delay not, give thy hand to *Warwick*,
And, with thy hand, thy faith irrevocable,
That only *Warwick's* daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it:
And here to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to Warwick.*]

K. Lew. Why stay we now? these soldiers shall be
levy'd,

And thou, lord *Bourbon*, our High Admiral,
Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.
I long, 'till *Edward* fall by war's mischance,
For mocking marriage with a Dame of *France*.

[*Exeunt. Manet Warwick.*]

War. I came from *Edward* as ambassador,
But I return his sworn and mortal foe:
Matter of marriage was the Charge he gave me,
But dreadful war shall answer his demand.
Had he none else to make a Stale, but me?
Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.
I was the chief that rais'd him to the Crown,
And I'll be chief to bring him down again:
Not that I pity *Henry's* misery,
But seek revenge on *Edward's* mockery.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Palace in England.

Enter Gloucester, Clarence, Somerset and Montague.

Glo. **N**OW tell me, brother *Clarence*, what think you
Of this new marriage with the lady *Gray*?
Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas, you know, 'tis far from hence to *France*:
How could he stay 'till *Warwick* made Return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk: here comes the King.

*Flourish. Enter King Edward, Lady Gray as Queen,
Pembroke, Stafford, and Hastings: Four stand on one
side, and four on the other.*

Glo. And his well chosen bride.

Clar. I mind to tell him plainly what I think.

K. Edw. Now, brother *Clarence*, how like you our choice,

That you stand pensive, as half malecontent?

Clar. As well as *Lewis* of *France*, or th' Earl of *Warwick*,

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,

That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause:
They are but *Lewis* and *Warwick*, and I am *Edward*,
Your King and *Warwick's*, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our King.
Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother *Richard*, are you offended too?

Glo. Not I; no: God forbid, that I should wish
Them severed whom God hath join'd together:
Pity to sunder them, that yolk so well.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns and your mislike aside,
Tell me some reason, why the lady *Gray*
Should not become my wife, and *England's* Queen?
And you too, *Somerfet* and *Montague*,
Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is my opinion; that King *Lewis*
Becomes your enemy for mocking him
About the marriage of the lady *Bona*.

Glo. And *Warwick*, doing what you gave in charge,
Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What if both *Lewis* and *Warwick* be appeas'd,
By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with *France* in such alliance,
Would more have strengthen'd this our Common-wealth
'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not *Montague*, that of itself
England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer, when 'tis back'd with
France.

Hast. 'Tis better using *France*, than trusting *France*.
Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,
Which he hath given for fence impregnable,
And with their helps alone defend ourselves:

In

In them, and in ourselves, our safety lyes.

Clar. For this one speech, lord *Hastings* well deserves
To have the Heir of the lord *Hungerford*.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will and
Grant,
And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks, your Grace hath not done
well,
To give the heir and daughter of lord *Scales*
Unto the brother of your loving bride;
She better would have fitted me, or *Clarence*;
But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir
Of the lord *Bonvill* on your new wife's son,
And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor *Clarence*! is it for a wife
That thou art malecontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In chusing for yourself, you shew'd your judgment;
ment;

Which being shallow, you shall give me Leave
To play the broker in mine own behalf;
And, to that end, I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, *Edward* will be King,
And not be ty'd unto his brother's will.

Queen. My lords, before it pleas'd his Majesty
To raise my state to Title of a Queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of Descent;
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this Title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom I would be pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My Love, forbear to fawn upon their
frowns;

What danger, or what sorrow, can befall thee,
So long as *Edward* is thy constant friend,
And their true Sovereign, whom they must obey?
Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands:
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe;
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo.

Glo. I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

S C E N E II.

Enter a Post.

K. Edw. Now, Messenger, what letters or what news from *France*?

Post. My Sovereign Liege, no letters, and few words; But such as I (without your special pardon) Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee: So tell their words, as near as thou canst guess them. What answer makes King *Lewis* to our letters?

Post. At my Depart, these were his very words; Go tell false *Edward*, thy supposed King, That *Lewis* of *France* is sending over maskers To revel it with him and his new bride.

K. Edw. Is *Lewis* so brave? belike, he thinks me *Henry*.

But what said lady *Bona* to my Marriage?

Post. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain:

Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly, I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less; She had the wrong. But what said *Henry's* Queen? For so I heard, that she was there in place.

Post. Tell him, (quoth she) my mourning weeds are done;

And I am ready to put armour on.

K. Edw. Belike, she means to play the *Amazon*. But what said *Warwick* to these injuries?

Post. He, more incens'd against your Majesty Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words; Tell him from me, that he hath done me Wrong; And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.

K. Edw. Ha! durst the Traitor breath out so proud words?

Well, I will arm me, being thus fore-warn'd: They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption. But say, is *Warwick* friends with *Margaret*?

Post.

Post. Ay, gracious Sov'reign, they're so link'd in friendship,

That young Prince *Edward* marries *Warwick's* daughter.

Clar. Belike, the younger; *Clarence* will have the elder.

Now, brother King, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to *Warwick's* other daughter;
That though I want a Kingdom, yet in Marriage
I may not prove inferior to yourself.

You, that love me and *Warwick*, follow me.

[*Exit Clarence; and Somerset follows.*]

Glo. Not I: my thoughts aim at a further matter:
I stay not for love of *Edward*, but the Crown. [*Aside.*]

K. Edw. *Clarence* and *Somerset* both gone to *Warwick*?

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen;
And haste is needful in this desp'rate case:
Pembroke and *Stafford*, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war;
They are already, or will soon be landed;
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[*Exeunt Pembroke and Stafford.*]

But ere I go, *Hastings* and *Montague*,
Resolve my doubt: you twain, of all the rest,
Are near to *Warwick* by blood and by alliance;
Tell me, if you love *Warwick* more than me?
If it be so, then both depart to him:
I rather wish you foes, than hollow friends.
But if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mon. So God help *Montague*, as he proves true!

Hast. And *Hastings*, as he favours *Edward's* Cause!

K. Edw. Now, brother *Richard*, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so, then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence, and lose no hour,
Till we meet *Warwick* with his foreign Power.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

*In Warwickshire.**Enter Warwick and Oxford, with French Soldiers.*

War. **T**RUST me, my lord, all hitherto goes well;
The common people swarm by numbers
to us.

Enter Clarence and Somerset.

But see, where *Somerset* and *Clarence* come;
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?

Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle *Clarence*, welcome unto *War-*
wick;

And welcome, *Somerset*: I hold it cowardise

To rest mistrustful, when a noble heart

Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love.

Else might I think, that *Clarence*, *Edward's* brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings.

But welcome, friend, my daughter shall be thine.

And now what rests, but in night's coverture,

Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,

His soldiers lurking in the (a) towns about,

And but attended by a simple guard,

We may surprize and take him at our pleasure?

Our scouts have found th' adventure very easie:

That as *Ulysses* and stout *Diomedes*

With flight and manhood stole to *Rhesus's* Tents,

And brought from thence the *Thracian* fatal steeds;

So we, well cover'd with the night's black mantle,

At unawares may beat down *Edward's* guard,

And seize himself: I say not, slaughter him;

For I intend but only to surprize him;

You, that will follow me to this attempt,

Applaud the name of *Henry* with your leader.

[*They all cry, Henry!*]

Why then, let's on our way in silent sort,

For *Warwick* and his friends, God and Saint *George*!

[*Exeunt.*]

[(a) Towns. Dr. Thirlby—Vulg. Town.]

S C E N E

SCENE IV.

Enter the Watchmen to guard the King's Tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man take his Stand:

The King by this has set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a solemn vow,

Never to lye and take his natural Rest,

'Till *Warwick* or himself be quite suppress.

2 *Watch.* To morrow then, belike, shall be the day;
If *Warwick* be so near, as men report.

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what Nobleman is that,
That with the King here resteth in his tent?

1 *Watch.* 'Tis the lord *Hastings*, the King's chiefest friend.

3 *Watch.* O, is it so? but why commands the King,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about him,
While he himself keepeth in the cold field?

2 *Watch.* 'Tis the more honour, because the more dangerous.

2 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and quietness;
I like it better than a dang'rous honour.
If *Warwick* knew in what estate he stands,
'Tis to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up his passage.

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we this royal tent,
But to defend his person from night-foes?

Enter Warwick, Clarence, Oxford, Somerset; and French Soldiers, silent all.

War. This is his tent; and see, where stands his guard:

Courage, my masters: honour now, or never!
But follow me, and *Edward* shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[*Warwick and the rest cry all, Warwick! Warwick! and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying, Arms! Arms! Warwick and the rest following them.*
The

The Drum beating, and Trumpets sounding.

Enter Warwick, Somerset, and the rest, bringing the King out in a gown, sitting in a chair; Gloster and Hastings flying over the Stage.

Som. What are they, that fly there?

War. Richard and Hastings; let them go, here is The Duke.

K. Edw. The Duke! why, *Warwick*, when we parted,
Thou call'dst me King?

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd:
When you disgrac'd me in my ambassade,
Then I degraded you from being King;
And come now to create you Duke of *York*.
Alas, how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors;
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Nor how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies?

K. Edw. Brother of *Clarence*, and art thou here too?
Nay, then I see, that *Edward* needs must down.
Yet, *Warwick*, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as King:
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be *Edward* *England's*
King: [Takes off his Crown.
But *Henry* now shall wear the *English* crown,
And be true King, indeed: thou but the shadow.
My Lord of *Somerset*, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke *Edward* be convey'd
Unto my brother, archbishop of *York*:
When I have fought with *Pembroke* and his fellows,
I'll follow you, and tell you what reply
Lewis and Lady *Bona* sent to him:

Now for a while farewell, good Duke of *York*.

K. Edw.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men must needs abide;

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit King Edward led out forceably.*]

Oxf. What now remains, my Lords, for us to do,
But march to *London* with our soldiers?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we have to do;
To free King *Henry* from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

The PALACE.

Enter Rivers, and the Queen.

Riv. **M**ADAM, what makes you in this sudden change?

Queen. Why brother *Rivers*, are you yet to learn,
What late misfortune has befalln King *Edward*?

Riv. What! loss of some pitcht battle against *Warwick*?

Queen. No, but the loss of his own royal person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain?

Queen. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken prisoner.
Either betray'd by falshood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpriz'd at unawares:
And, as I further have to understand,
Is now committed to the bishop of *York*,
Fell *Warwick's* brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full of grief:
Yet, gracious Madam, bear it as you may;
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the day.

Queen. 'Till then fair hope must hinder life's decay.
And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of *Edward's* off-spring in my womb:
This is't, that makes me bridle in my passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross:
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears, I blast or drown
King *Edward's* fruit, true heir to th' *English* crown.

Riv.

Riv. But, Madam, where is *Warwick* then become?

Queen. I am informed that he comes towards *London*,
To set the crown once more on *Henry's* head:
Guess thou the rest, King *Edward's* friends must down.
But to prevent the tyrant's violence,
(For trust not him, that once hath broken faith;)
I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of *Edward's* right.
There shall I rest secure from force and fraud:
Come therefore, let us fly, while we may fly;
If *Warwick* take us, we are sure to die. [Exeunt.

SCENE VI.

A Park near Middleham-Castle in Yorkshire.

Enter Gloucester, Lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley.

Glo. **N**OW, my Lord *Hastings*, and Sir *William Stanley*,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into the chiefest thicket of the park.
Thus stands the case; you know, our King, my brother,
Is pris'ner to the bishop, at whose hands
He hath good usage and great liberty;
And often but attended with weak guard
Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if about this hour he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game;
He shall here find his friends with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman with him.

Hunt. This way, my Lord, for this way lies the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.

Now, brother *Glo'ster*, *Hastings*, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste,
Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw.

K. *Edw.* But whither shall we then?

Hast. To *Lyn*, my Lord,
And ship from thence to *Flanders*.

Glo. Well guest, believe me, for that was my meaning.

K. *Edw.* *Stanley*, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. *Edw.* Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go
along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then away, let's ha' no more ado.

K. *Edw.* Bishop, farewell; shield thee from *War-*
wick's frown;

And pray, that I may repossess the crown. [Exit.

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Tower in London.

Enter King Henry, Clarence, Warwick, Somerset,
young Richmond, Oxford, Montague, and Lieutenant
of the Tower.

K. *Henry.* **M**R. Lieutenant, now that God and
friends

Have shaken *Edward* from the regal seat,

And turn'd my captive state to liberty,

My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys;

At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of their sove-
reigns;

But if an humble prayer may prevail,

I then crave pardon of your Majesty.

K. *Henry.* For what, Lieutenant? for well using me?

Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy kindness;

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:

Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds

Conceive, when after many moody thoughts,

At last, by notes of household harmony,

They quite forget their loss of liberty.

But *Warwick*, after God, thou sett'st me free,

And chiefly therefore I thank God and thee:

He was the author, thou the instrument.

There-

Therefore that I may conquer fortune's spight,
 By living low, where fortune cannot hurt me;
 And that the people of this blessed land
 May not be punish'd with my thwarting stars;
Warwick, although my head still wear the crown,
 I here resign my government to thee,
 For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your Grace has still been fam'd for virtuous,
 And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
 By spying and avoiding fortune's malice;
 For few men rightly temper with the stars;
 Yet in this one thing let me blame your Grace,
 For chusing me, when *Clarence* is in place.

Clar. No, *Warwick*, thou art worthy of the sway,
 To whom the heav'ns in thy nativity
 Adjudg'd an olive branch and lawrel crown,
 As likely to be blest in peace and war;
 And therefore I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I chuse *Clarence* only for protector.

K. Henry. *Warwick* and *Clarence*, give me both
 your hands;

Now join your hands, and with your hands, your hearts,
 That no dissention hinder government.
 I make you both protectors of this land,
 While I myself will lead a private life;
 And in devotion spend my latter days,
 To sin's rebuke and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers *Clarence* to his sovereign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if *Warwick* yield consent;
 For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loth, yet must I be content:
 We'll yoak together, like a double shadow
 To *Henry's* body, and supply his place;
 I mean, in bearing weight of government:
 While he enjoy's the honour, and his ease.
 And, *Clarence*, now then it is more than needful,
 Forthwith that *Edward* be pronounc'd a traitor;
 And all his lands and goods confiscated.

Cla. What else? and that succession be determin'd.

War. Ay, therein *Clarence* shall not want his part.

K. Henry. But with the first of all our chief affairs,

Let

Let me intreat, for I command no more,
That *Margaret* your Queen and my son *Edward*
Be sent for, to return from *France* with speed.
For 'till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with all speed.

K. Henry. My lord of *Somerſet*, what youth is that,
Of whom you ſeem to have ſo tender care?

Som. My Liege, it is young *Henry*, Earl of *Richmond*.

K. Henry. Come hither, *England's* hope: if ſecret
powers [Lays his hand on his head.

Suſpect but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliſs.
His looks are full of peaceful majeſty,
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a ſcepter, and himſelf
Likely in time to bleſs a regal throne.
Make much of him, my Lords; for this is he
Muſt help you more, than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Poſt.

War. What news, my friend?

Poſt. That *Edward* is eſcaped from your brother,
And fled, as he hears ſince, to *Burgundy*.

War. Unſavory news; but how made he eſcape?

Poſt. He was convey'd by *Richard* Duke of *Glo'ſter*,
And the Lord *Hastings*, who attended him
In ſecret ambuſh on the foreſt-side,
And from the biſhop's huntſmen reſcu'd him:
For hunting was his daily exerciſe.

War. My brother was too careleſs of his charge.
But let us hence, my Sov'reign, to provide
A ſalve for any ſore that may betide. [Exeunt]

Manent *Somerſet*, *Richmond*, and *Oxford*.

Som. My Lord, I like not of this flight of *Edward's*:
For, doubtleſs, *Burgundy* will yield him help,
And we ſhall have more wars before't be long.
As *Henry's* late preſaging prophecy
Did glad my heart, with hope of this young *Richmond*;
So doth my heart miſ-give me, in theſe conflicts
What may befall him, to his harm and ours.

Therefore,

Therefore, Lord *Oxford*, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to *Britany*,
'Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if *Edward* re-possess the crown,
'Tis like, that *Richmond* with the rest shall down.

Som. It shall be so; he shall to *Britany*.
Come therefore, let's about it speedily. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to York.

Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Hastings, and soldiers.

K. Edw. **N**OW, brother *Richard*, *Hastings*, and
the rest,

Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends;
And says, that once more I shall interchange
My wained state for *Henry's* regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from *Burgundy*.
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From *Ravenspurg*, before the gates of *York*,
But that we enter, as into our Dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast! brother, I like not this.
For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush! man, aboadments must not now af-
fright us:
By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My Liege, I'll knock once more to summon
them.

Enter, on the Walls, the mayor of York and his brethren.

Mayor. My Lords, we were fore-warned of your
coming,
And shut the gates for safety of ourselves;
For now we owe allegiance unto *Henry*.

K. Edw. But, master Mayor, if *Henry* be your King,
Yet *Edward*, at the least, is Duke of *York*.

Mayor. True, my good Lord, I know you for no less.
K. Edw.

K. *Edw.* Why, and I challenge nothing but my Dukedom;

As being well content with that alone.

Glo. But when the fox has once got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body follow. [*Aside.*

Hast. Why, master Mayor, why stand you in a doubt?
Open the gates, we are King *Henry's* friends.

Mayor. Ay, say you so? the gates shall then be open'd.
[*He descends.*

Glo. A wise stout captain, and persuaded soon!

Hast. The good old man would fain that all were well,

So 'twere not long of him; but being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

Enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen.

K. *Edw.* So, master Mayor; these gates must not be shut

But in the night, or in the time of war.

What, fear not, man, but yield me up the keys;

[*Takes his keys.*

For *Edward* will defend the town and thee,
And all those friends, that deign to follow me.

March. *Enter Montgomery, with Drum and Soldiers.*

Glo. Brother, this is Sir *John Montgomery*,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. *Edw.* Welcome, Sir *John*; but why come you in arms?

Mont. To help King *Edward* in his time of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. *Edw.* Thanks, good *Montgom'ry*: but we now forget

Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our Dukedom, 'till God please to send the rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence again;
I came to serve a King, and not a Duke:
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*The Drum begins a March.*

K. *Edw.*

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir *John*, a while; and we'll debate,

By what safe means the crown may be recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating? in few words, If you'll not here proclaim yourself our King, I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone

To keep them back that come to succour you.

Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on nice points?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then we'll make our claim:

'Till then, 'tis wisdom to conceal our meaning.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit, now arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;

The bruit thereof will bring you many friends.

K. Edw. Then be it, as you will; for 'tis my right; And *Henry* but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my Sov'reign speaketh like himself: And now will I be *Edward's* champion.

Hast. Sound trumpet, *Edward* shall be here proclaim'd:

Come, fellow-foldier, make thou proclamation.

[*Flourish.*

Sold. *Edward the fourth by the grace of God, King of England and France, and Lord of Ireland, &c.*

Mont. And whoso'er gain-says King *Edward's* right, By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his Gauntlet.*

All. Long live *Edward* the fourth!

K. Edw. Thanks, brave *Montgomery*; and thanks to all.

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kindness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in *York*:

And when the morning sun shall raise his car

Above the border of this horizon,

We'll forward towards *Warwick*, and his mates;

For well I wot, that *Henry* is no soldier.

Ah, froward *Clarence*, evil it beseems thee

To flatter *Henry*, and forsake thy brother!

Yet

Yet as we may, we'll meet both thee and *Warwick*.
Come on, brave soldiers, doubt not of the day:
And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay. [*Exeunt*.]

S C E N E IX.

Changes again to London.

*Enter King Henry, Warwick, Montague, Clarence,
Oxford and Somerset.*

War. **W**HAT counsel, Lords? *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With hasty *Germans*, and blunt *Hollanders*,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas;
And with his troops doth march amain to *London*;
And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Henry. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In *Warwickshire* I have true-hearted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war,
Those will I muster up; and thou, son *Clarence*,
Shalt stir, in *Suffolk*, *Norfolk*, and in *Kent*,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
Thou, brother *Montague*, in *Buckingham*,
Northampton, and in *Leicestershire*, shalt find
Men well inclin'd to hear, what thou command'st.
And thou, brave *Oxford*, wondrous well lov'd,
In *Oxfordshire* shalt muster up thy friends.
My Sov'reign, with the loving citizens,
(Like to his *Island* girt with th' ocean,
Or modest *Dian* circled with her nymphs,)
Shall rest in *London*, 'till we come to him:
Fair Lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.
Farewel, my Sovereign.

K. Henry. Farewel, my *Hector*, and my *Troy's* true
hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Henry. Well-minded *Clarence*, be thou fortunate!

Mont. Comfort, my Lord, and so I take my leave.

Oxf. And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Henry. Sweet *Oxford*, and my loving *Montague*,

And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewel, sweet Lords; let's meet at *Coventry*.

[*Exeunt.*

K. Henry. Here at the palace will I rest a while.
Cousin of *Exeter*, what thinks your Lordship?
Methinks, the pow'r, that *Edward* hath in field,
Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Henry. That's not my fear, ⁶ my deed hath got me
fame:

' I have not stopt mine ears to their demands,
' Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;
' My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,
My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears.
I have not been desirous of their wealth,
Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,
Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.
Then why should they love *Edward* more than me?
No, *Exeter*, these graces challenge grace:
And when the lion fawns upon the lamb,
The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within.* A Lancaster! a Lancaster!

Exe. Hark, hark, my Lord, what shouts are these?

Enter King Edward, and his Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd *Henry*, bear him
hence,

And once again proclaim us King of *England*.
You are the fount, that make small brooks to flow;
Now stops thy spring, my sea shall suck them dry,
And swell so much the higher, by their ebb.
Hence with him to the *Tower*, let him not speak.

[*Ex. with King Henry.*

And, Lords, to *Coventry* bend we our course,
Where peremptory *Warwick* now remains.
The sun shines hot; and if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

6 ——— *My MEED hath got me fame:* *Meed* signifies reward.
We should read my DEED, i. e. my manners, conduct in the administration.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join ;
And take the great-grown traitor unawares :
Brave warriors, march amain towards *Coventry*. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the Town of Coventry.

Enter Warwick, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers and others, upon the walls.

War. **W**HERE is the Post, that came from valiant *Oxford*?

How far hence is thy Lord, mine honest fellow?

1 *Mes.* By this at *Dunsmore*, marching hither-ward.

War. How far off is our brother *Montague*?

Where is the Post, that came from *Montague*?

2 *Mes.* By this at *Daintry*, with a puissant troop.

Enter Somervile.

War. Say, *Somervile*, what says my loving son?

And by thy guess how nigh is *Clarence* now?

Somerv. At *Southam* I did leave him with his forces,
And do expect him here some two hours hence.

War. Then *Clarence* is at hand, I hear his drum.

Somerv. It is not his, my Lord: here *Southam* lyes:
The drum, your Honour hears, marcheth from *Warwick*.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Somerv. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the surly *Warwick* mans the wall.

War. Oh, unbid spight! is sportful *Edward* come?
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,
That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, *Warwick*, wilt thou ope the city-gates,
Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,

Call *Edward* King, and at his hands beg mercy?
And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,
Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down,
Call *Warwick* patron, and be penitent?
And thou shalt still remain the Duke of *York*.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said the King;
Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a Dukedom, Sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor Earl to give:
I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I, that gave the Kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why, then 'tis mine, if but by *Warwick's*
gift.

War. Thou art no *Atlas* for so great a weight:
And, Weakling, *Warwick* takes his gift again;
And *Henry* is my King, *Warwick* his subject.

K. Edw. But *Warwick's* King is *Edward's* prisoner:
And, gallant *Warwick*, do but answer this,
What is the body when the head is off?

Glo. Alas! that *Warwick* had no more fore-cast,
But while he thought to steal the single ten,
The King was sily finger'd from the Deck:
You left poor *Henry* at the Bishop's palace,
And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the *Tower*.

K. Edw. 'Tis even so; yet you are *Warwick* still.

Glo. Come, *Warwick*, take the time, kneel down,
kneel down:

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I'd rather chop this hand off at a blow,
And with the other fling it at thy face,
Than bear so low a sail, to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail, how thou canst; have wind and tide
thy friend;

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,
Shall, while thy head is warm and new cut off,
Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood;
Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more.

S C E N E

SCENE II.

Enter Oxford, with drum and colours.

War. O chearful colours! see, where *Oxford* comes!

Oxf. *Oxford!* *Oxford!* for *Lancaster!*

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,

Will issue out again and bid us battle:

If not, the city being of small defence,

We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O, welcome, *Oxford!* for we want thy help.

Enter Montague, with drum and colours.

Mont. *Montague!* *Montague!* for *Lancaster.*

Glo. Thou, and thy brother both, shall buy this treason
Ev'n with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater victory;
My mind presageth happy gain and conquest.

Enter Somerset, with drum and colours.

Som. *Somerset!* *Somerset!* for *Lancaster.*

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of *Somerset*,
Have sold their lives unto the house of *York*,
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter Clarence, with drum and colours.

War. And lo! where *George* of *Clarence* sweeps
along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle:

With whom an upright zeal to right prevails

More than the nature of a brother's love.

Come, *Clarence*, come; thou wilt, if *Warwick* call. —

[*A Parley is sounded; Richard and Clarence whisper together; and then Clarence takes his red rose out of his hat, and throws it at Warwick.*]

Clar. Father of *Warwick*, know you what this means?
Look, here, I throw my infamy at thee:

I will not ruinate my father's house,

Who gave his blood to lime the stones together,

And set up *Lancaster*. Why, throw'st thou, *Warwick*,
That

That *Clarence* is so harsh, so blunt, unnatural,
 To bend the fatal instruments of war
 Against his brother and his lawful King?
 Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:
 To keep that oath were more impiety,
 Than *Jephthah's*, when he sacrific'd his daughter.
 I am so sorry for my trespass made,
 That, to deserve well at my brother's hands,
 I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe:
 With resolution, wherefoe'er I meet thee,
 (As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)
 To plague thee for thy foul mis-leading me.
 And so, proud-hearted *Warwick*, I defy thee,
 And to my brother turn my blushing cheeks.
 Pardon me, *Edward*, I will make amends:
 And, *Richard*, do not frown upon my faults;
 For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. *Edw.* Now welcome more, and ten times more
 belov'd,
 Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good *Clarence*, this is brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd and unjust!

K. *Edw.* What, *Warwick*, wilt thou leave the town
 and fight?

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas, I am not coop'd here for defence:
 I will away towards *Barnet* presently,
 And bid thee battle, *Edward*, if thou dar'st.

K. *Edw.* Yes, *Warwick*, *Edward* dares, and leads
 the way:

Lords, to the field; *St. George* and victory! [*Exeunt.*

March. *Warwick* and his Company follow.

S C E N E III.

A Field of Battle near Barnet.

*Alarum and Excursions. Enter Edward, bringing forth
 Warwick wounded.*

K. *Edw.* SO, lye thou there: die thou, and die our
 Fear;

For *Warwick* was a bug, that scar'd us all:

Now,

Now, *Montague*, sit fast, I seek for thee;
That *Warwick's* bones may keep thine company. [*Exit.*

War. Ah, who is nigh? come to me, friend, or foe,
And tell me, who is victor, *York*, or *Warwick*?
Why ask I that? my mangled body shews,
My blood, my want of strength, my sick heart shews,
That I must yield my body to the earth,
And, by my Fall, the Conquest to my foe.
Thus yields the Cedar to the ax's edge,
Whose arms gave shelter to the princely eagle;
Under whose shade the ramping lion slept,
Whose top branch over-peer'd *Jove's* spreading tree,
And kept low shrubs from winter's pow'rful wind.
These eyes, that now are dim'd with death's black veil,
Have been as piercing as the mid-day Sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world.
The wrinkles in my brow, now fill'd with blood,
Were lik'ned oft to kingly sepulchres:
For who liv'd King, but I could dig his grave?
And who durst smile, when *Warwick* bent his brow?
Lo! now my glory smear'd in dust and blood,
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Ev'n now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter Oxford and Somerset.

Som. Ah, *Warwick*, *Warwick*, wert thou as we are,
We might recover all our loss again:
The Queen from *France* hath brought a puissant Pow'r:
Ev'n now we heard the news: ah, could'st thou fly!

War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah, *Montague*,
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul a while.
Thou lov'st me not; for, brother, if thou didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed blood,
That glews my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, *Montague*, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, *Warwick*, *Montague* hath breath'd his last,
And to the latest gasp cry'd out for *Warwick*:

And said, Commend me to my valiant brother.
 And more he would have said, and more he spoke,
 Which sounded like a clamour in a vault,
 That might not be distinguish'd ; but at last
 I well might hear deliver'd with a groan,
 O, farewell, *Warwick* ! ———

War. Sweetly rest his soul !

Fly, lords, and save yourselves ; for *Warwick* bids
 You all farewell, to meet again in heaven. [Dies.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet the Queen's great power.
 [They bear away his Body, and Exeunt.

S C E N E IV.

Changes to another Part of the Field.

Flourish. Enter King Edward in triumph ; with
 Gloucester, Clarence, and the rest.

K. Edw. **T**HUS far our fortune keeps an upward
 course,

And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
 But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
 I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
 That will encounter with our gracious Sun,
 Ere he attain his easeful western bed :

I mean, my lords, those Powers, that the Queen
 Hath rais'd in *Gallia*, have arriv'd our Coast,
 And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that cloud,
 And blow it to the source from whence it came.
 Thy very beams will dry those vapours up ;
 For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The Queen is valued thirty thousand strong,
 And *Somerfet*, with *Oxford*, fled to her.
 If she hath time to breathe, be well assur'd,
 Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our lovingfriends,

[Which sounded like a CANNON in a vault,] The old quarto
 reads CLAMOUR, which is undoubtedly right, i. e. a clamour
 of tongues, which, as he says, could not be distinguished. This was
 a pertinent similitude: The other absurd, and neither agrees with
 what is predicated of it, nor with what it is intended to illustrate.
 That

That they do hold their course tow'rd *Tewksbury*.
We having now the best at *Barnet* field,
Will thither straight; for willingness rids way:
And as we march, our strength will be augmented
In every county as we go along:
Strike up the Drum, cry, courage! and away. [*Exeunt*,

S C E N E V.

Changes to Tewksbury.

*March. Enter the Queen, Prince of Wales, Somerset,
Oxford, and Soldiers.*

Queen. GREAT lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail
their loss,

But chearly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-board,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our Pilot still. Is't meet, that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tear-ful eyes add water to the sea;
And give more strength to That which hath too much?
While in his moan the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, *Warwick* was our anchor; what of that?
And *Montague* our top-mast; what of him?
Our slaughter'd friends, the tackle; what of these?
Why, is not *Oxford* here another anchor?
And *Somerset* another goodly mast?
The friends of *France* our shrouds and tacklings still?
And though unskilful, why not *Ned* and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm to sit and weep,
But keep our course (though the rough wind say, no,)
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck:
As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is *Edward*, but a ruthless sea?
What *Clarence*, but a quick-sand of deceit?
And *Richard*, but a ragged fatal rock?

All these, the enemies to our poor Bark.
 Say, you can swim ; alas, 'tis but a while ;
 Tread on the sand ; why, there you quickly sink :
 Bestride the rock ; the tide will wash you off,
 Or else you famish, that's a three-fold death.
 This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
 In case some one of you would fly from us,
 That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
 More than with ruthless waves, with sands, and rocks.
 Why, courage, then ! what cannot be avoided,
 'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant spirit
 Should, if a coward heard her speak these words,
 Infuse his breast with magnanimity,
 And make him, naked, foil a man at arms.
 I speak not this, as doubting any here :
 For did I but suspect a fearful man,
 He should have leave to go away betimes ;
 Lest, in our Need, he might infect another,
 And make him of like spirit to himself.
 If any such be here, (as, God forbid !)
 Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a courage !
 And warriors faint ! why, t'were perpetual shame.
 Oh, brave young Prince ! thy famous Grandfather
 Doth live again in thee ; long may'st thou live,
 To bear his image, and renew his glories !

Som. And he, that will not fight for such a hope,
 Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
 If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Queen. Thanks, gentle Somerset ; sweet Oxford,
 thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath nothing
 else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for *Edward* is at hand,
 Ready to fight ; therefore be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less ; it is his policy,
 To haste thus fast to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceiv'd ; we are in readiness.

Queen.

Queen. This cheers my heart, to see your forward-
ness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle, hence we will not budge.

S C E N E VI.

*March. Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence,
and Soldiers.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands the thorny
wood,
Which, by the heav'ns' assistance and your strength,
Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.
I need not add more fuel to your fire,
(For, well I wot, ye blaze,) to burn them out:
Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords.

Queen. Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen, what I
should say,
My tears gain-say; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of my eye:
Therefore no more but this; *Henry*, your Sov'reign,
Is prisoner to the foe, his State usurp'd,
His Realm a slaughter-house, his subjects slain,
His Statutes cancell'd, and his Treasure spent:
And yonder is the wolf, that makes this spoil.
You fight in justice: then, in God's name, lords,
Be valiant, and give signal to the battle.

Alarm. Retreat. Excursions. Both Parties go out.

*Re-Enter King Edward, Gloucester, Clarence, &c.
The Queen, Oxford, and Somerset, Prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now here's a period of tumultuous broils.
Away with *Oxford* to *Hammes-castle* straight:
For *Somerset*, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence; I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I, but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt.*]

Queen. So part we sadly in this troublous world,
To meet with joy in sweet *Jerusalem*.

K. Edw.

K. *Edw.* Is Proclamation made, that who finds
Edward,
 Shall have a high reward, and he his life?

Glo. It is, and, lo! where youthful *Edward* comes.

Enter the Prince of Wales.

K. *Edw.* Bring forth the Gallant, let us hear him
 speak.

What? can so young a thorn begin to prick?

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
 For bearing arms, for stirring up my Subjects,
 And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?

Prince. Speak like a Subject, proud ambitious *York*.
 Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;
 Resign thy Chair; and, where I stand, kneel thou,
 Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
 Which, Traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Queen. Ah! that thy father had been so resolv'd!

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat;
 And ne'er have stol'n the breech from *Lancaster*.

Prince. Let *Æsop* fable in a winter's night,
 His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By heaven, Brat, I'll plague ye for that word.

Queen. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back
 rather.

K. *Edw.* Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your
 tongue.

Cla. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty, you're undutiful:
 Lascivious *Edward*, and thou perjur'd *George*,
 And thou mis-shapen *Dick*, I tell ye all,
 I am your Better, 'Traitors as ye are:
 And thou usurp'st my Father's Right and mine.

Glo. Take that, thou likeness of this railer here.

[*Stabs him.*

K. *Edw.* And take thou that, to end thy agony.

[*Edward stabs him.*

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury.

[*Clarence stabs him.*

Queen.

Queen. Oh, kill me too!

Glo. Marry, and shall. — [Offers to kill her.

K. Edw. Hold, *Richard*, hold; for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words?

K. Edw. What? doth she swoon? use means for her recovery.

Glo. *Clarence* excuse me to the King my brother: I'll hence to *London* on a serious matter.

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What? what?

Glo. The *Tower*, man, the *Tower*! — I'll root 'em out. [Exit.

Queen. Oh *Ned*, sweet *Ned*! speak to thy mother, Boy.

Canst thou not speak? O traitors, murderers!

They, that stabb'd *Cæsar*, shed no blood at all;

Did not offend, and were not worthy blame,

If this foul deed were by, to equal it.

He was a man; this (in respect) a child;

And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.

What's worse than murder, that I may name it?

No, no, my heart will burst, and if I speak —

And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.

Butchers and villains, bloody canibals,

How sweet a plant have you untimely cropt!

You have no children. Butchers; if you had,

The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse;

But if you ever chance to have a child,

Look in his youth to have him so cut off;

As, Deathsmen! you have rid this sweet young Prince.

K. Edw. Away with her, go bear her hence by force.

Queen. Nay, never bear me hence, dispatch me here: Here sheath thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death:

What? wilt thou not? then, *Clarence*, do it thou.

Clar. By heav'n, I will not do thee so much ease.

Queen. Good *Clarence*, do; sweet *Clarence*, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear, I would not do it?

Queen.

Queen. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself:
 'Twas sin before, but now 'tis charity.
 What, wilt thou not? where is that Devil's butcher,
Richard? hard-favour'd *Richard*, where art thou?
 Thou art not here: Murther is thy Alms-deed.
 Petitioner for blood thou ne'er put'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say; I charge ye, bear her hence.

Queen. So come to you and yours, as to this Prince!
 [Exit *Queen*.]

K. Edw. Where's *Richard* gone?

Clar. To *London* all in post; and, as I guess,
 To make a bloody supper in the *Tower*.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.
 Now march we hence, discharge the common sort
 With pay and thanks, and let's away to *London*;
 And see our gentle *Queen*, how well she fares;
 By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Tower of London.

*Enter King Henry, and Gloucester, with the Lieutenant
 on the Tower Walls.*

Glo. **G**OOD day, my lord; what! at your book so
 hard?

K. Henry. Ay, my good lord; my lord, I should
 say rather;

'Tis sin to flatter, good was little better:
 Good *Glo'ster*, and good devil, were alike,
 And both prepost'rous; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sir, leave us to our selves, we must confer.

[Exit *Lieutenant*.]

K. Henry. So flies the wreakless shepherd from
 the wolf.

So first the harmless flock doth yield his fleece,
 And next his throat, unto the butcher's knife.

² What scene of death hath *Richard* now to act?

Glo.

² *What scene of death hath Roscius now to act?* Roscius was
 certainly

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind ;
The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Henry. The bird that hath been limed in a bush,
With trembling wings mis-doubteth ev'ry bush :
And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,
Have now the fatal object in my eye,
Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and
kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of *Crete*,
That taught his son the office of a fowl ?
And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd.

K. Henry. I, *Dedalus* ; my poor boy, *Icarus* ;
Thy father, *Minos*, that deny'd our course ;
The Sun, that fear'd the wings of my sweet boy,
Thy brother *Edward* ; and thyself, the sea,
Whose envious gulph did swallow up his life.
Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words ;
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragick history.
But wherefore dost thou come ? Is't for my life ?

Glo. Think'st thou, I am an executioner ?

K. Henry. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art ;
If murth'ring innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Henry. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou
didst presume,

Thou had'st not liv'd to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesie, that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,
(Men for their sons, wives for their husbands' fate,
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,)
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign ;
The night-crow cry'd, a boding luckless Tune ;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees ;
3 The

certainly put for *Richard* by some simple conceited player, who had
heard of *Roscus* and of *Rome* ; but did not know that he was an
Actor in Comedy, not in Tragedy.

3 The raven croak'd hoarse on the chimney's top,
 And chattering pyes in dismal discords sung :
 Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
 And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope,
 To wit, an indigested deform'd lump,
 Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.
 Teeth hadst thou in thy head when thou wast born,
 To signify, thou cam'st to bite the world :
 And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
 Thou cam'st into the World with thy Legs forward.

Glo. I'll hear no more : die, Prophet, in thy speech ;
[Stabs him.]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Henry. Ay, and for much more slaughter after
 this ———

© God ! forgive my sins, and pardon thee. [Dies.]

Glo. What ! will th' aspiring blood of *Lancaster*
 Sink in the ground ? I thought, it would have mounted.
 See, how my sword weeps for the poor King's death !
 O, may such purple tears be always shed,
 From those who wish the Downfal of our House.
 If any spark of life be yet remaining,
 Down, down to hell, and say, I sent thee thither :
[Stabs him again.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear. ———

Indeed, 'tis true, that *Henry* told me of :

For I have often heard my mother say,
 I came into the world with my legs forward.
 Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
 And seek their ruin that usurp'd our right ?
 The midwife wonder'd, and the women cry'd,
 O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth !
 And so I was ; which plainly signify'd
 That I should snarle, and bite, and play the dog :
 Then, since the heav'ns have shap'd my body so,
 Let hell make crook'd my mind, to answer it.
 I had no father, I am like no father ;
 I have no brother, I am like no brother ;
 And this word *Love*, which grey-beards call divine,

Be

3. *The raven croak'd hoarse*] What is croak'd her ? Read CROAK'D
 HOARSE.

Be resident in men like one another,
 And not in me: I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
 But I will fort a pitchy day for thee:
 For I will buz abroad such Prophecies,
 That *Edward* shall be fearful of his life,
 And then to purge his fear, I'll be thy death.
King Henry, and the Prince his son, are gone;
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest;
 Counting myself but bad, 'till I be best.
 I'll throw thy body in another room;
 And triumph, *Henry*! in the day of doom. [Exit.

S C E N E VIII.

The Palace in London.

*Enter King Edward, Queen, Clarence, Gloucester,
 Hastings, Nurse and Attendants.*

K. Edw. **O**NCE more we sit on *England's* royal
 Throne,

Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies:

What valiant foe-men, like to autumn's corn,

Have we mow'd down in top of all their pride?

Three Dukes of *Somerset*, threefold renown'd

For hardy and undoubted champions:

Two *Cliffords*, as the father and the son;

And two *Northumberlands*; two braver men

Ne'er spurr'd their Coursers at the trumpet's sound.

With them the two brave bears, *Warwick* and *Montague*,

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly Lion,

And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.

Thus have we swept Suspicion from our Seat,

And made our footstool of Security.

Come hither, *Bess*, and let me kiss my boy:

Young *Ned*, for thee, thine Uncles and myself

Have in our armours watch'd the winter-night;

Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat;

That thou might'st repossess the Crown in peace;

And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo.

Glo. I'll blast his harvest, if your head were
laid,

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave; } *Aside.*
And heave it shall some weight, or break my
back;

Work thou the way, and that shall execute.

K. Edw. *Clarence* and *Glo'ster*, love my lovely Queen;
And kiss your princely Nephew, Brothers both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe your Majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet Babe.

Queen. Thanks, noble *Clarence*; worthy brother,
thanks.

Glo. And that I love the tree, from whence thou
sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit. —————

To say the truth, so *Judas* kiss'd his master; } *Aside.*
And cry'd, all hail! when as he meant all harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my Country's Peace and Brothers' Loves.

Clar. What will your Grace have done with *Margaret*?

Reignier, her father, to the King of *France*

Hath pawn'd the *Sicils* and *Jerusalem*;

And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her hence to
France.

And now what rests but that we spend the time
With stately Triumphs, mirthful Comick Shows,
Such as besit the pleasure of the Court?

Sound, drums and trumpets; farewell, sow'r Annoy!

For here, I hope, begins our lasting Joy.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

THE

LIFE *and* DEATH

OF

RICHARD III.

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Edward IV.

Edward *Prince of Wales, afterwards*

Edward V.

} *Sons to Edward IV.*

Richard, *Duke of York,*

George, *Duke of Clarence, Brother to Edward IV.*

Richard, *Duke of Gloucester, Brother to Edward IV.*

afterwards King Richard III.

Cardinal, *Archbishop of York.*

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Norfolk.

Earl of Surrey.

Marquiss of Dorset, *Son to Queen Elizabeth.*

Earl Rivers, *Brother to the Queen.*

Lord Gray, *Son to Queen Elizabeth.*

Earl of Richmond, *afterwards King Henry VII.*

Bishop of Ely.

Lord Hastings.

Sir Thomas Vaughan.

Sir Richard Ratcliff,

Lord Lovel,

Catesby.

} *Friends to the Duke of Gloucester.*

Sir James Tyrrel, *a Villain.*

Thomas, Lord Stanley, Lord Steward of King Edward

IVth's Household, *afterwards Earl of Derby.*

Earl of Oxford,

Blount,

Herbert,

Sir William Brandon.

} *Friends to the Earl of Richmond.*

Brakenbury, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*

Two Children of the Duke of Clarence.

Lord Mayor.

Sir Christopher Urswick, *a Priest.*

Elizabeth, *Queen of Edward IV.*

Queen Margaret, *Widow of Henry VI.*

Anne, *Widow of Edward Prince of Wales, Son to Henry*

VI. *afterwards married to the Duke of Gloucester.*

Dutchess of York, *Mother to Edward IV. Clarence, and*

Richard III.

Sheriff, Pursuivant, Citizens, Ghosts of those murder'd by

Richard III. *with Soldiers, and other Attendants.*

The S C E N E, in England.

The LIFE and DEATH of RICHARD III.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The COURT.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester solus.

NOW is the Winter of our Discontent
Made glorious Summer by this Sun of *York*:
And all the clouds, that lowr'd upon our House,
In the deep bosom of the Ocean bury'd.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;
Our stern Alarums chang'd to merry meetings;
Our dreadful Marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd War hath smooth'd his wrinkled front;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,
He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
Nor made to court an am'rous looking-glass, —
I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty,
To strut before a wanton, ambling Nymph;
I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
² Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time

¹ *To fright the souls*] This may be right. But I rather think *Shakespear* wrote the *FOULE*, *French*, the crowd or multitude running away in a rout or confusion.

² *Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,*] By *dissembling* is not meant *hypocritical* nature, that pretends one thing and does another: But nature that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body.

Into this breathing world, scarce half made up ;
 And that so lamely and unfashionably,
 That dogs bark at me, as I halt by them :
 Why I, (in this weak piping time of peace)
 Have no delight to pass away the time ;
 Unless to spy my shadow in the Sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity.
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determined to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother *Clarence* and the King
 In deadly hate, the one against the other :
 And, if King ³ *Edward* be as true and just,
 As I am subtle, false and treacherous,
 This day should *Clarence* closely be mew'd up ;
 About a Prophecy, which says, that G
 Of *Edward's* Heirs the Murtherer shall be.
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ! here *Clarence* comes.

Enter Clarence guarded, and Brakenbury.

Brother, good day ; what means this armed Guard,
 That waits upon your Grace ?

Clar. His Majesty,
 Tend'ring my person's safety, hath appointed
 This conduct to convey me to the *Tower*.

Glo. Upon what cause ?

Clar. Because my name is *George*.

Glo. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours :
 He should for That commit your godfathers.
 Belike, his Majesty hath some intent,
 That you should be new christened in the *Tower*.
 But what's the matter, *Clarence*, may I know ?

Clar. Yea, *Richard*, when I know ; for, I protest,
 As yet I do not ; but as I can learn,
 He hearkens after Prophecies and Dreams,

³ ——— *Edward be as true and just,*] i.e. as open-hearted and free from deceit.

And from the cross-row plucks the letter G;
And says, a wizard told him, that by G
His Issue disinherited should be.

And, for my name of *George* begins with G,
It follows in his thought, that I am he.

These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his Highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd by women.
'Tis not the King, that sends you to the *Tower*;
My lady *Gray* his wife, *Clarence*, 'tis she,
That tempts him to this harsh extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodvil her brother there,
That made him send lord *Hastings* to the *Tower*?
From whence this day he is delivered.

We are not safe; *Clarence*, we are not safe.

Clar. By heav'n, I think, there is no man secure
But the Queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds,
That trudge between the King and mistress *Shore*.
Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord *Hastings* was to her for his delivery?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her Deity,
Got my lord Chamberlain his liberty.
I'll tell you what; — I think, it is our way,
If we will keep in favour with the King,
To be her men, and wear her livery:
The jealous o'erworn widow, and herself,
Since that our Brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
Are mighty gossips in this Monarchy.

Brak. I beg your Graces both to pardon me:
His Majesty has straitly giv'n in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with your brother.

Glo. Ev'n so, an't please your worship, *Brakenbury*!
You may partake of any thing we say:
We speak no treason, man — we say, the King
Is wise and virtuous: and his noble Queen
Well strook in years; fair, and not jealous —
We say, that *Shore's* wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a passing pleasing tongue:
That the Queen's kindred are made gentle-folk:

How

How say you, Sir? can you deny all this?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have nought to do.

Glo. What, fellow? nought to do with mistress *Shore*?
I tell you, Sir, he that doth naught with her,
Excepting one, were best to do it secretly.

Brak. What one, my lord?

Glo. Her husband, knave—wouldst thou betray me?

Brak. I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
And to forbear your conference with the Duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, *Brakenbury*, and will obey.

Glo. We are the Queen's abjects, and must obey.
Brother, farewell; I will unto the King,
And whatsoever you will employ me in,
(Were it to call King *Edward's* widow sister)
I will perform it to infranchise you.
Mean time, this deep disgrace of brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long,
I will deliver you, or else lye for you:
Mean time have patience.

Clar. I must perforce; farewell. [*Exe. Brak. Clar.*]

Glo. Go, tread the path, that thou shalt ne'er return:
Simple, plain *Clarence*!— I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heav'n,
If heav'n will take the Present at our hands.
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd *Hastings*?

Enter Lord Hastings?

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

Glo. As much unto my good lord Chamberlain:
Well are you welcome to the open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as pris'ners must:
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall *Clarence* too;
For they, that were your enemies, are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity, that the Eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad, as this at home :
The King is sickly, weak and melancholy,
And his Physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by *St. Paul*, that news is bad, indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And over-much consum'd his royal person :
'Tis very grievous to be thought upon.
Where is he, in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.

[*Exit Hastings.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
'Till *George* be pack'd with post-horse up to heav'n.
I'll in, to urge his hatred more to *Clarence*,
With Lyes well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live :
Which done, God take King *Edward* to his mercy;
And leave the world for me to baffle in!
For then, I'll marry *Warwick's* youngest daughter :
What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?
The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father :
The which will I, not all so much for love,
As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her, which I must reach unto.
But yet I run before my horse to market :
Clarence still breathes, *Edward* still lives and reigns;
When they are gone, then must I count my Gains.

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E II.

Changes to a Street.

Enter the Coarse of Henry the Sixth, with Halberds to guard it, Lady Anne being the mourner.

Anne. SET down, set down your honourable load,
If honour may be shrouded in a herse;
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament

Th' untimely Fall of virtuous *Lancaster*.
 Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
 Pale ashes of the House of *Lancaster*!
 Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
 Be't lawful, that I invoke thy ghost,
 To hear the lamentations of poor *Anne*,
 Wife to thy *Edward*, to thy slaughter'd son;
 Stabb'd by the self-same hand, that made these wounds.
 Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.
 Curs'd be the hand, that made these fatal holes!
 Curs'd be the heart, that had the heart to do it!
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view:
 And That be heir to his unhappiness!
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him,
 Than I am made by my young lord and thee!
 Come, now tow'rs *Chertsey* with your holy load,
 Taken from *Paul's* to be interred there.
 And still, as you are weary of this weight,
 Rest you, while I lament King *Henry's* Coarse.

Enter Richard Duke of Gloucester.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the Coarse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains, set down the Coarse; or, by *St. Paul*,
 I'll make a Coarse of him that disobeys.

Gen. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command;
 Advance thy halbert higher than my breast,
 Or, by *St. Paul*, I'll strike thee to my foot,
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

Anne. What, do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas,

Alas, I blame you not, for you are mortal ;
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.
 Avant, thou dreadful minister of hell !
 Thou had'st but power over his mortal body,
 His soul thou canst not have ; therefore be gone.

Glo. Sweet Saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul Dev'l ! for God's sake hence, trouble us
 not,

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell :
 Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
 If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
 Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.
 Oh, gentlemen, see ! see, dead *Henry's* wounds
 Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh.
 Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity ;
 For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
 From cold and empty veins, & where no blood dwells.
 Thy deeds, inhuman and unnatural,
 Provoke this deluge most unnatural.
 O God ! which this blood mad'st, revenge his death :
 O earth ! which this blood drink'st, revenge his death.
 Or Heav'n with lightning strike the murth'rer dead,
 Or Earth gape open wide, and eat him quick ;
 As thou dost swallow up this good King's blood,
 Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
 Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man ;
 No beast so fierce, but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth !——

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry :
 Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
 Of these supposed crimes, to give me leave,
 By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
 For these known evils, but to give me leave,

4 ——— where *no blood dwells.*] This may be right. But probably *Shakespear* wrote, WHENCE *no blood wells.* i. e. whence no blood has its spring or course.

By circumstance, to curse thy curfed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leifure to excuse myfelf.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canft
make

No excuse current, but to hang thyfelf.

Glo. By fuch despair I fhould accufe myfelf.

Anne. And by despairing fhall thou ftand excus'd,
For doing worthy vengeance on thyfelf;
That didft unworthy flaunder upon others.

Glo. Say, that I flew them not.

Anne. Then fay, they were not flain :
But dead they are ; and, devilifh flave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead, and flain by *Edward's* hands.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou ly'ft. *Queen Marg'ret*
faw

Thy murd'rous faulchion fmoaking in his blood :
The which thou once didft bend againft her breast,
But that thy Brothers beat afide the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her fland'rous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltlefs foulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries :
Didft thou not kill this King ?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedge-hog ? then God grant
me too,

Thou may'ft be damned for that wicked deed !

O, he was gentle, mild and virtuous.——

Glo. The fitter for the King of heav'n, that hath
him.

Anne. He is in heav'n, where thou fhalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help'd to fend him thi-
ther ;

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place elfe, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber.

Anne.

Anne. Ill Rest betide the chamber, where thou lyeſt!

Glo. So will it, Madam, 'till I lye with you.

Anne. I hope ſo.

Glo. I know ſo.——But, gentle lady *Anne*,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall ſomething into a ſlower method:
Is not the cauſer of the timeleis deaths
Of theſe *Plantagenets*, *Henry*, and *Edward*,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. 5 Thou waſt the cauſe, and moſt accuſt effect.

Glo. Your beauty was the cauſe of that effect.
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my ſleep,
To undertake the death of all the world;
So I might live one hour in your ſweet boſom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
Theſe nails ſhould rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Glo. Theſe eyes could not endure ſweet beauty's
wreck.

You ſhould not blemish it, if I ſtood by;
As all the world is cheered by the Sun,
So I by That; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'er-ſhade thy day, and death
thy life!

Glo. Curſe not thyſelf, fair creature: thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel moſt unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel juſt and reaſonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my huſband.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy huſband,
Did it to help thee to a better huſband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Glo. He lives, that loves thee better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

5 *Thou waſt the cauſe, and moſt accuſt effect.*] *Effect*, for executioner. He asks, was not the *cauſer* as ill as the *executioner*? She answers, Thou waſt both. But, for *cauſer*, uſing the word *cauſe*, this led her to the word *effect*, for *execution*, or executioner. But the *Oxford Editor* troubling himſelf with nothing of this, will make a fine oratorical period of it.

Thou waſt the cauſe. And moſt accuſt th' effect!

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The self-same name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here: why dost thou spit at me?

[She spits at him.]

Anne. Would it were mortal poison for thy sake!

Glo. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes sweet Lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were basilisks to strike thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die at once:

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears;

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

⁶ These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear,

Not when my father *York*, and *Edward* wept,

To hear the piteous moan that *Rutland* made;

When black-fac'd *Clifford* shook his sword at him:

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death,

And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees be-dash'd with rain: in that sad time,

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear:

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never sued to friend, nor enemy;

My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing words;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,

My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made

For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart can not forgive,

Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword,

Which, if thou please to hide in this true breast,

⁶ *These eyes, which never &c.]* The twelve following beautiful lines added after the first editions.

Mr. Pope.

And

And let the soul forth that adoreth thee,
I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[*He lays his breast open, she offers at it with his sword.*
Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King Henry;
But 'twas thy beauty that provoked me.
Nay, now dispatch: 'twas I that stabb'd young Edward;
But 'twas thy heavenly face that set me on.

[*She falls the sword.*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish thy death,
I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage:

Speak it again, and even with thy word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,
Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love;
To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,
Ev'n so thy breast incloseth my poor heart:
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.
And if thy poor devoted suppliant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it?

Glo. That it may please you leave these sad designs
To him, that hath more cause to be a Mourner;
And presently repair to Crosby-place:
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd
At Chertsey-monast'ry this noble King,

And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you.
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart, and much it joys me too,
To see you are become so penitent.
Trassel and *Barkley*, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve:
But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine, I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt two with Anne.*]

Glo. Sirs, take up the coarfe.

Gent. Towards *Chertsey*, noble Lord?

Glo. No, to *White-Fryars*, there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt with the coarfe.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?
I'll have her — but I will not keep her long.
What! I that kill'd her husband, and his father!
To take her in her heart's extreamest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by:
With God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks:
And yet to win her — All the world to nothing!
Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave Prince,
Edward, her Lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stab'd in my angry mood at *Tewksbury*?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,
7 Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, wise, and valiant, and, no doubt, right royal,
The spacious world cannot again afford: —
And will she yet debase her eyes on me,
That cropt the golden prime of this sweet Prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?

7 *Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,*] i. e. when nature was in a prodigal or lavish mood.

On me, whose All not equals *Edward's* Moiety?
On me, that halt, and am mis-shapen thus?
My Dukedom ⁸ to a beggarly Denier,
I do mistake my person all this while:
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marv'lous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain a score or two of tailors,
To study fashions to adorn my body:
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But first I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.
Shine out, fair sun, 'till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass. [Exit.]

S C E N E III.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter the Queen, Lord Rivers, and Lord Gray.

Riv. **H**AVE patience, Madam, there's no doubt,
his Majesty
Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Gray. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse;
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his Grace with quick and merry eyes.

Queen. If he were dead what would betide of me?

Gray. No other harm, but loss of such a Lord.

Queen. The loss of such a Lord includes all harms.

Gray. The heav'ns have blest you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone.

Queen. Ah! he is young, and his minority
Is put into the trust of *Richard Glo'ster*,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Queen. 9 It is determin'd, not concluded yet:

8 ——— to a beggarly Denier,] This may be right; but perhaps
Shakespear wrote *Taniere*, French, a hut or cave.

9 It is determin'd, not concluded yet:] *Determin'd* signifies the
K 5 final

But so it must be, if the King miscarry.

Enter Buckingham and Stanley.

Gray. Here come the Lords of *Buckingham* and *Stanley*.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal Grace!

Stanley. God make your Majesty joyful as you have been!

Queen. The Countess *Richmond*, good my Lord of *Stanley*,

To your good pray'r will scarcely say, Amen;
Yet, *Stanley*, notwithstanding she's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good Lord, assur'd,
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stanley. I do beseech you, either not believe
The envious flanders of her false accusers:

Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness; which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Queen. Saw you the King to day, my Lord of *Stanley*?

Stanley. But now the Duke of *Buckingham* and I
Are come from visiting his Majesty.

Queen. What likelihood of his amendment, Lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope; his Grace speaks cheer-
fully.

Queen. God grant him health! did you confer with
him?

Buck. Madam, we did; he seeks to make atone-
ment

Between the Duke of *Glo'ster* and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain;
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Queen. 'Would all were well—but that will never
be—

I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter Gloucester.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.

final conclusion of the will: *concluded*, what cannot be alter'd by
reason of some act, consequent on the final judgment.

Who

Who are they, that complain unto the King,
 That I, forsooth, am stern, and love them not?
 By holy *Paul*, they love his Grace but lightly,
 That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
 Because I cannot flatter, and look fair,
 Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive and cog,
 Duck with *French* nods, and apish courtesie,
 I must be held a rancorous enemy.
 Cannot a plain man live and think no harm,
 But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
 By filken, fly, insinuating *Jacks*?

Gray. To whom in all this presence speaks your
 Grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast not honesty, nor grace:
 When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?
 Or thee? or thee? or any of your faction?
 A plague upon you all! His royal person,
 Whom God preserve better than you would wish,
 Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing while,
 But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Queen. Brother of *Glo'ster*, you mistake the matter:
 The King of his own royal disposition,
 And not provok'd by any suitor else,
 (Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,
 That in your outward action shews itself
 Against my children, brothers, and myself;)
 Makes him to send, that he may learn the ground
 Of your ill will, and thereby to remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell; the world is grown so bad,
 That wrens make prey, where eagles dare not perch,
 Since every *Jack* became a gentleman,
 There's many a gentle person made a *Jack*.

Queen. Come, come, we know your meaning, bro-
 ther *Glo'ster*.

You envy my advancement and my friends:
 God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Mean time, God grants that we have need of
 you.

[*Of your ill will, &c.*] This line is restored from the first edi-
 tion.

Mr. Pope.

Our

Our Brother is imprisoned by your means;
 Myself disgrac'd; and the nobility
 Held in contempt; while many fair promotions
 Are daily given to ennoble those,
 That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Queen. By him, that rais'd me to this careful height,
 From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,
 I never did incense his Majesty
 Against the Duke of *Clarence*; but have been
 An earnest Advocate to plead for him.
 My Lord, you do me shameful injury,
 Falsely to draw me in these wild suspects.

Glo. You may deny that you were not the cause
 Of my Lord *Hastings'* late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my Lord, for ———

Glo. She may, Lord *Rivers* — why, who knows
 not so?

She may do more, Sir, than denying That:
 She may help you to many fair preferments,
 And then deny her aiding hand therein,
 And lay those honours on your high deserts.
 What may she not? she may — ay, marry, may she —

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a King,
 A batchelor, a handfom stripling too:
 I wis, your grandam had a worser match. —

Queen. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, I have too long borne
 Your blunt upbraidings, and your bitter scoffs:
 By heav'n, I will acquaint his Majesty,
 Of those gross taunts I often have endur'd.
 I had rather be a country servant-maid,
 Than a great Queen with this condition;
 To be thus taunted, scorn'd and baited at.
 Small joy have I in being *England's* Queen.

SCENE IV.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I be-
 seech thee!

Thy

Thy honour, state, and feat is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of the King?
Tell him, and spare not: Look, what I have said,
I will avouch in presence of the King:

'Tis time to speak, my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. No, Devil! I remember them too well:
Thou kill'dst my husband *Henry* in the *Tower*,
And *Edward*, my poor son, at *Tewksbury*.

Glo. Ere you were Queen, ay, or your husband King,
I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;
A weeder out of his proud Adversaries,
A liberal rewarder of his friends;
To royalize his blood, I spilt mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than his or
thine.

Glo. In all which time you and your husband *Gray*
Were factious for the House of *Lancaster*;
And, *Rivers*, so were you;—was not your husband,
In *Marg'ret's* battle, at *St. Albans* slain?
Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
What you have been ere now, and what you are:
Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Q. Mar. A murth'rous villain, and so still thou art.

Glo. Poor *Clarence* did forsake his father *Warwick*,
Ay, and forswore himself, (which, *Jesu*, pardon!—)

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!—

Glo. To fight on *Edward's* party for the crown;
And for his meed, poor Lord, he is mew'd up:
I would to God, my heart were flint, like *Edward's*;
Or *Edward's* soft and pitiful, like mine;
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave this
world,

Thou *Cacodæmon*! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of *Glo'ster*, in those busie days,
Which here you urge to prove us enemies,
We follow'd then our Lord, our lawful King;
So should we you, if you should be our King.

Glo. If I should be!—I had rather be a pedlar:

2 OUT, Devil!—] Read no,

Far

Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof.

Queen. As little joy, my Lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's King ;
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the Queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the Queen thereof ;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.

³ Hear me, you wrangling Pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me ;
Which of you trembles not, that looks on me ?
If not that I being Queen, you bow like subjects ;
Yet that by you depos'd, you quake like rebels ?

⁴ Ungentle villain, do not turn away !

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my
fight ?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd.
That will I make, before I let thee go.

A husband and a son thou ow'st to me ; [To Glo.]

And thou, a kingdom ; all of you, allegiance ;

[To the Queen.]

The sorrow, that I have, by Right is yours ;
And all the pleasures, you usurp, are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then to dry them, gav'st the Duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty *Rutland* ;
His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are now fall'n upon thee ;
And God, not we, has plagu'd thy bloody deed.

⁵ *Queen.* So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O, 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most mercilefs, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept, when it was reported.

³ *Hear me, you wrangling Pirates, &c.]* This scene of *Margaret's* imprecations is fine and artful. She prepares the audience, like another *Cassandra*, for the following tragic revolutions.

⁴ *Ab, gentle villain,—]* We should read, UNGENTLE villain.

⁵ *Q. Mar. So just is God, &c.]* This line should be given to *Edward IVth's* Queen.

Dors.

Dors. No man but prophesy'd revenge for it.

Buck. *Northumberland*, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all before I came,
Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me?
Did *York*'s dread curse prevail so much with heav'n,
That *Henry*'s death, my lovely *Edward*'s death,
Their Kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Could all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heav'n?
Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!
If not by war, by surfeit die your King,
As ours by murther, to make him a King!
Edward thy son, that now is Prince of *Wales*,
For *Edward* our son, that was Prince of *Wales*,
Die in his youth, by like untimely violence!
Thyself a Queen, for me that was a Queen,
Out-live thy glory, like my wretched self!
Long may'st thou live to wail thy children's loss,
And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!
Long die thy happy days before thy death,
And after many length'ned hours of grief,
Die, neither mother, wife, nor *England*'s Queen!
Rivers and *Dorset*, you were standers-by,
And so wast thou, Lord *Hastings*, when my son
Was stabb'd with bloody daggers; God, I pray him,
That none of you may live your natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou
shalt hear me.

If heav'ns have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it, 'till thy sins be ripe;
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, thou troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still be-gnaw thy soul;
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends:
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,

Unless

Unless it be while some tormenting dream
 Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
 Thou elvish-markt abortive, ⁶ rooting hog!
 Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
⁷ The slave of nature, and the son of hell!
 Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
 Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
⁸ Thou wrack of honour, thou detested —

Glo. Margaret. —

Q. Mar. Richard. —

Glo. Ha? —

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

*Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for, I did think,
 That thou had'st call'd me all these bitter names.*

*Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.
 Oh, let me make the period to my curse.*

Glo. 'Tis done by me, and ends in Margaret.

*Queen. Thus have you breath'd your curse against
 yourself.*

*Q. Mar. Poor painted Queen, vain flourish of my
 fortune!*

⁶ ——— *rooting hog!*] The expression is fine, alluding (in memory of her young son) to the ravage which hogs make, with the finest flowers, in gardens; and intimating that *Elizabeth* was to expect no other treatment for her sons.

⁷ *The slave of nature,* —] The expression is strong and noble, and alludes to the ancient custom of masters' branding their profligate slaves: by which it is insinuated that his mis-shapen person was the mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatize his ill conditions. *Shakespeare* expresses the same thought in *The Comedy of Errors*.

He is deformed, crooked, &c.

Stigmatical in making —

But as the speaker rises in her resentment, she expresses this contemptuous thought much more openly, and condemns him to a still worse state of slavery,

Sin, Death and Hell have set their marks upon him.

Only, in the first line, her mention of his moral condition insinuates her reflections on his deformity: and, in the last, her mention of his deformity insinuates her reflections on his moral condition: And thus he has taught her to scold in all the elegance of figure.

⁸ *Thou RAG of honour,* —] We should certainly read,

Thou WRACK of honour, —

i. e. the ruin and destruction of honour! which I suppose was first writ *rack*, and then further corrupted to *rag*.

Why

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
 Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
 Fool, fool, thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself:
 The day will come, that thou shalt wish for me
 To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boarding woman, end thy frantick curse;
 Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd
 mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught
 your duty.

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me
 duty,

Teach me to be your Queen, and you my Subjects:
 O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dors. Dispute not with her, she is lunatick.

Q. Mar. Peace, master Marquiss, you are malapert;
 Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
 O, that your young nobility could judge
 What 'twere to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high, have many blasts to shake them;
 And, if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces.

Glo. Good counsel, marry, learn it, learn it, Marquiss.

Dors. It touches you, my Lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high;

“ Our Airy buildeth in the cedar's top,

“ And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.”

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade;—alas! alas!
 Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
 Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
 Hath in eternal darkness folded up.

Your Airy buildeth in our Airie's nest;

O God, that seest it, do not suffer it:

As it was won with blood, so be it lost!

Buck. Peace, peace for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me;
 Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
 And shamefully my hopes, by you, are butcher'd.
 My charity is outrage, life my shame,
 And in my shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar.

Q. Mar. O Princely *Buckingham*, I'll kifs thy hand,
In fign of league and amity with thee:
Now fair befall thee, and thy noble Houfe!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood;
Nor thou within the compafs of my curfe.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curfes never pafs
9 The lips of thofe, that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I'll not believe, but they afcend the fky,
And there awake God's gentle-fleeping peace.

O *Buckingham*, beware of yonder dog;
Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites,
His venom tooth will rankle to the death;
Have not to do with him, beware of him;
Sin, death, and hell, have fet their marks upon him,
And all their minifters attend on him.

Glo. What doth fhe fay, my Lord of *Buckingham*?

Buck. Nothing that I refpect, my gracious Lord.

Q. Mar. What doft thou fcorn me for my gentle
counfel?

And footh the devil, that I warn thee from?

O, but remember this another day;

When he fhall fplit thy very heart with sorrow;

And fay, poor *Marg'ret* was a Prophetefs.

Live each of you the fubject to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's! [Exit.

Buck. My hair doth ftand on end to hear her Curfes.

Riv. And fo doth mine: I wonder, fhe's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her, by God's holy Mother;
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Dorf. I never did her any to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong:

I was too hot to do fome body good,

That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, for *Clarence*, he is well repay'd;

9 *The lips of thofe, that breathe them in the air.*] i. e. Of thofe who make a practice of curfing their enemies, and do it as often as they breathe. So that the fense is, the curfes of fuch never afcend to the throne of vengeance. *Never pafs the lips*, i. e. get paff or further than the lips.

1 He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains;
God pardon them, that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scathe to us.

Glo. So do I ever, being well advis'd;
For had I curst now, I had curst myself.

[*Aside.*

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Madam, his Majesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you, my noble Lord.

Queen. *Catesby*, we come! lords, will you go with us?

Riv. Madam, we will attend your Grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloucester.*

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.
The secret mischiefs, that I set a-broach,
I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence, whom I indeed have laid in darkness,
I do beweepe to many simple gulls,
Namely to *Stanley*, *Hastings*, *Buckingham*;
And tell them, 'tis the Queen and her allies
That stir the King against the Duke my brother.

Now they believe it, and withal whet me
To be reveng'd on *Rivers*, *Dorset*, *Gray*.

But then I sigh, and with a piece of Scripture,
Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil:

And thus I cloathe my naked villany
With old odd ends, stol'n forth of holy Writ,
And seem a Saint, when most I play the Devil.

Enter two Murtherers.

But soft, here come my executioners.
How now, my handy, stout, resolved mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deed?

1 *Vil.* We are, my lord, and come to have the War-
rant,

1 He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains.] A *Frank* is an old English word for a hog-sty. 'Tis possible he uses this metaphor to *Clarence*, in allusion to the crest of the family of York, which was a Boar. Whereto relate those famous old verses on *Richard III.*

The cat, the rat, and Lovel the dog

Rule all England under a hog.

He uses the same metaphor in the last scene of act 4. Mr. Pope.

That

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon, I have it here about me:
When you have done, repair to *Crosby*-place.

But, Sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withal obdurate, do not hear him plead;
For *Clarence* is well-spoken, and, perhaps,
May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

Vil. Fear not, my lord, we will not stand to prate;
Talkers are no good doers; be assur'd,
We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop mill-stones, when fools' eyes
drop tears.
I like you, lads; about your business; go. [Exeunt.

S C E N E V.

Changes to the Tower.

Enter Clarence and Brakenbury:

Brak. **W**H Y looks your Grace so heavily to day?
Clar. O, I have past a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days:
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you
tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the Tower;
And was embark'd to cross to *Burgundy*,
And in my company my brother *Glo'ster*;
Who from my Cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the Hatches. Thence we look'd tow'rd *England*,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the Wars of *York* and *Lancaster*,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the Hatches,
Methought, that *Glo'ster* stumbled; and in falling
Struck me (that sought to stay him) over-board,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!

What

What dreadful noise of waters in my ears!
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
 I thought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks;
 A thousand men, that fishes gnaw'd upon;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
 Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in those holes,
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
 As 'twere in scorn of Eyes, reflecting Gems;
 2 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
 To gaze upon the Secrets of the Deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost; but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air;
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthned after life.
 O then began the tempest to my soul:
 I past, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferry-man, which Poets write of,
 Unto the Kingdom of perpetual Night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned *Warwick*,
 Who cry'd aloud—What scourge for perjury
 Can this dark Monarchy afford false *Clarence*?
 And so he vanish'd. Then came wand'ring by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood, and he shriek'd out aloud——
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjur'd *Clarence*,
 That stabb'd me in the field by *Tewksbury*;
 Seize on him, Furies, take him to your torments!——
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
 Invirion'd me, and howled in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
 I, trembling, wak'd; and for a season after

2 That woo'd the slimy bottom——] woo'd for ogled.

Could not believe but that I was in Hell :
Such terrible impressi^on made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, that it affrighted you ;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah ! *Brakenbury*, I have done those things
That now give evidence against my soul,
For *Edward's* sake ; and, see, how he requites me !
3 O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath on me alone :

O, spare my guiltless wife, and my poor children !
I pr'ythee, *Brakenbury*, stay by me ;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord ; God give your Grace good
Rest !

4 Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours, [*Aside.*
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour, for an inward toil ;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares :
So that between their titles, and low name,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

S C E N E VI.

Enter the two Murtherers.

1 *Vil.* Ho, who's there ?

Brak. In God's name, what art thou ? how cam'st
thou hither ?

2 *Vil.* I would speak with *Clarence*, and I came
hither on my legs.

Brak. What, so brief ?

3 *O God ! if my deep prayers &c.]* The four following lines have
been added since the first edition. Mr. Pope.

4 *Sorrow breaks seasons &c.]* In the common editions the keeper
is made to hold the dialogue with *Clarence* 'till this line. And here
Brakenbury enters, pronouncing these words : which seem to me a
reflection naturally resulting from the foregoing conversation, and
therefore continued to be spoken by the same person, as it is accord-
ingly in the first edition. Mr Pope.

1 *Vil.*

1 *Vil.* 'Tis better, Sir, than to be tedious. Let him see our Commission, and talk no more.

Brak. [*Reads.*] I am in this commanded to deliver The noble Duke of *Clarence* to your hands.

I will not reason what is meant hereby,

Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.

There lyes the Duke asleep, and there the keys.

I'll to the King, and signify to him,

That thus I have resign'd to you my Charge. [*Exit.*]

1 *Vil.* You may, Sir, 'tis a point of wisdom: fare you well.

2 *Vil.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 *Vil.* No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Vil.* When he wakes! why, Fool, he shall never wake until the great Judgment-day.

1 *Vil.* Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 *Vil.* The urging of that word, Judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Vil.* What? art thou afraid?

2 *Vil.* Not to kill him, having a warrant for it: But to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 *Vil.* I'll back to the Duke of *Glo'ster*, and tell him so.

2 *Vil.* Nay, pr'ythee, stay a little: I hope, this holy humour of mine will change; It was wont to hold me but while one would tell twenty.

1 *Vil.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Vil.* Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 *Vil.* Remember the reward, when the deed's done.

2 *Vil.* Come, he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 *Vil.* Where's thy conscience now?

2 *Vil.* O, in the Duke of *Glo'ster*'s purse.

1 *Vil.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Vil.* 'Tis no matter, let it go; there's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Vil.*

1 *Vil.* What if it come to thee again?

2 *Vil.* I'll not meddle with it; it is a dangerous Thing, it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lye with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him. 'Tis a blushing shame-fac'd spirit, that mutinies in a Man's bosom: it fills one full of obstacles. It made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found. It beggars any man, that keeps it. It is turned out of towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it.

1 *Vil.* 'Tis even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the Duke.

2 *Vil.* 5 Take the devil in thy mind, and believe it not: it would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 *Vil.* I am strong-fram'd, he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Vil.* Spoke like a tall fellow, that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Vil.* Take him over the costard, with the hilt of thy sword; and then throw him into the malmie-butt, in the next room.

2 *Vil.* O excellent device, and make a fop of him.

1 *Vil.* Soft, he wakes. Shall I strike?

2 *Vil.* No, we'll reason with him.

Clar. Where art thou, Keeper? give me a cup of wine.

2 *Vil.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Vil.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Vil.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

5 Take the Devil in thy mind, and believe HIM not: HE would insinuate with thee, &c.] One villain says, Conscience is at his elbow persuading him not to kill the Duke. The other says, take the devil into thy nearer acquaintance, into thy mind, who will be a match for thy conscience, and believe it not, &c. It is plain then, that HIM in both places in the text should be IT, namely, conscience.

1 *Vil.*

1 *Vil.* My voice is now the King's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak?
Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale?
Who sent you hither? wherefore do you come?

Both. To, to, to——

Clar. To murder me?

Both. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so!
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it.
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Vil.* Offended us you have not, but the King.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Vil.* Never, my lord, therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you call'd forth from out a world of men,
To slay the innocent? what's my offence?
Where is the evidence, that doth accuse me?
What lawful Quest have giv'n their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
The bitter Sentence of poor *Clarence*' death?
Before I be convict by course of law,
To threaten me with death, is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have Redemption,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me:
The deed, you undertake, is damnable.

1 *Vil.* What we will do, we do upon Command.

2 *Vil.* And he, that hath commanded, is our King.

Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of Kings
Hath in the Table of his Law commanded,
That thou shalt do no Murder; will you then
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed, for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Vil.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee
For false forswearing, and for murder too:
Thou didst receive the Sacrament, to fight
In Quarrel of the House of *Lancaster*.

1 *Vil.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow; and with thy treacherous blade,
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy Sovereign's son.

2 *Vil.* Whom thou wert sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Vil.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such high degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?
For *Edward*, for my brother, for his sake.
He sends you not to murther me for this:
For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,
O, know you yet, he doth it publickly;
Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;
He needs no indirect, nor lawless course,
To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Vil.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,
When gallant-springing brave *Plantagenet*,
That Princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Vil.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault,
Provoke us hither now, to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me:
I am his brother, and I love him well.
If you are hir'd for Meed, go back again,
And I will send you to my brother *Glo'ster*,
Who will reward you better for my life,
Than *Edward* will for tidings of my death.

2 *Vil.* You are deceiv'd, your brother *Glo'ster* hates
you.

Clar. Oh, no, he loves me, and he holds me dear:
Go you to him from me.

Both. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our Princely father *York*
Blest his three sons with his victorious arm,
6 And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,
He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid *Glo'ster* think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Vil.* Ay, mill-stones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Vil.* As snow in harvest:—you deceive yourself;
'Tis he, that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be, for he bewept my fortune,

6 *And charg'd us from his soul, &c.*] This necessary line is restored
from the old edition. Mr. Pope.

And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Vil.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heav'n.

2 *Vil.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my
lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your soul,
To counfel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,
That you will war with God, by murd'ring me?
O Sirs, consider they, that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Vil.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, ⁷ and save your souls.
Which of you, if you were a Prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murtherers, as your selves, came to you,
Would not intreat for life? ah! you would beg,
Were you in my distrefs —

1 *Vil.* Relent? 'tis cowardly and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me.
A begging Prince what Beggar pities not?

2 *Vil.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Vil.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[Stabs him:

I'll drown you in the malmfie-butt within. [Exit.

2 *Vil.* A bloody deed, and desp'rately dispatch'd:
How fain, like *Pilate*, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous guilty murther done!

Re-enter first Villain.

1 *Vil.* How now? what mean'st thou, that thou
help'st me not?

By heav'n, the Duke shall know how slack you've been.

2 *Vil.* I would he knew, that I had sav'd his brother!

⁷ ——— and save your souls, &c.] The six following lines are not
in the old edition. Mr. Pope.

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say ;

For I repent me, that the Duke is slain. [Exit.

Vil. So do not I ; go, Coward, as thou art.

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,

'Till that the Duke give order for his burial :

And, when I have my Meed, I must away ;

For this will out, and then I must not stay. [Exit.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

The COURT.

Enter King Edward sick, the Queen, Dorset, Rivers, Hastings, Catesby, Buckingham, and Woodville.

K. Edw. **W**H Y, so ; now have I done a good day's work.

You Peers, continue this united league :

I every day expect an embassage

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence.

And now in peace my soul shall part to heav'n,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth ;

Hastings and *Rivers*, take each other's hand ;

Dissemble not your hatred ; swear your love.

Riv. By heav'n, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate ;
And with my hand I seal my true heart's love.

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like !

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before your King ;

Lest he, that is the supream King of Kings,

Confound your hidden falshood, and award

Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love !

Riv. And I, as I love *Hastings* with my heart !

K. Edw. Madam, yourself is not exempt from this ;
Nor your son *Dorset* ; *Buckingham*, nor you ;

You have been factious one against the other.

Wife, love lord *Hastings*, let him kiss your hand ;

And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen. There, *Hastings* ; — I will never more remem-
ber

Our

Our former hatred ; so thrive I and mine !

K. *Edw.* *Dorset*, embrace him : *Hastings*, love lord Marquiss.

Dorf. This interchange of love, I here protest,
Upon my part, shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I.

K. *Edw.* Now, Princely *Buckingham*, seal thou this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies,
And make me happy in your unity.

Buck. When ever *Buckingham* doth turn his hate
Upon your Grace, and not with duteous love

[*To the Queen.*

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With Hate in those where I expect most love ! —

When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he to me ! This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in zeal to you or yours.

[*Embracing Rivers, &c.*

K. *Edw.* A pleasing cordial, Princely *Buckingham*,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother *Glo'ster* here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble Duke.

Enter Gloucester, with Ratcliff.

Glo. Good morrow to my Sovereign King and
Queen ;

And, Princely Peers, a happy time of day.

K. *Edw.* Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.
Brother, we have done deeds of charity ;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed Peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most Sovereign Liege :
Among this Princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence, or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe ; if I unwittingly
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire

To reconcile me to his friendly peace:
 'Tis death to me to be at enmity;
 I hate it, and desire all good men's love.
 First, Madam, I intreat true peace of you,
 Which I will purchase with my duteous service:
 Of you, my noble cousin *Buckingham*,
 If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us:
 Of you, and you, lord *Rivers*, and of *Dorset*,
 That all without desert have frown'd on me:
 Of you, lord *Woodvile*, and, lord *Scales*, of you;
 Dukes, Earls, Lords, Gentlemen; indeed, of all.
 I do not know that *Englishman* alive,
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
 More than the infant that is born to night;
 I thank my God for my humility.

Queen. A holy-day shall this be kept hereafter;
 I would to God, all strifes were well compounded!
 My Sovereign lord, I do beseech your Highness
 To take our Brother *Clarence* to your Grace.

Glo. Why, Madam, have I offer'd love for this,
 To be so flouted in this royal presence?
 Who knows not, that the gentle Duke is dead?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to scorn his corpse.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows,
 he is?

Queen. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, lord *Dorset*, as the rest?

Dorset. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the pre-
 fence,

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is *Clarence* dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
 And That a winged *Mercury* did bear:
 Some tardy cripple had the countermand,
 That came too lag to see him buried.
 God grant, that some less noble, and less loyal,
 Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood,
 Deserve no worse than wretched *Clarence* did,
 And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanl. A boon, my Sov'reign, for my service done.

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stanl. I will not rise, unless your Highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stanl. The forfeit, Sov'reign, of my servant's life;
Who flew to day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of *Norfolk*.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's
death?

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?

My brother kill'd no man; his fault was thought;
And yet his punishment was bitter death.

Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bid me be advis'd?

Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?

Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake

The mighty *Warwick*, and did fight for me?

Who told me, in the field at *Tewksbury*,

When *Oxford* had me down, he rescu'd me?

And said, Dear brother, live, and be a King?

Who told me, when we both lay in the field,

Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me,

Ev'n in his garments, and did give himself

All thin, and naked, to the numb cold night?

All this from my remembrance brutish wrath

Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you

Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

But when your carters, or your waiting vassals

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd

The precious image of our dear Redeemer;

You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon,—

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.

But for my brother not a man would speak,

Nor I, ungracious, spake unto myself

For him, poor soul. The proudest of you all

Have been beholden to him in his life:

Yet none of you would once plead for his life.

O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold

On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for this.

Come, *Hastings*, help me to my closet. Ah!

Poor *Clarence*! [*Exeunt some with the King and Queen.*]

Glo. These are the fruits of rashness: mark'd you not,

How that the guilty kindred of the Queen

Look'd pale, when they did hear of *Clarence*' death?

O! they did urge it still unto the King.

God will revenge it. Come, lords, will you go

To comfort *Edward* with our company? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter the Dutchess of York, with the two Children of Clarence.

Son. Good Grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Dutch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast?

And cry, O *Clarence*! my unhappy son!

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
And call us orphans, wretches, cast-aways,
If that our noble father be alive?

Dutch. My pretty Cousins, you mistake me both.
I do lament the sickness of the King,
As loth to lose him; not your father's death;
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my Grandam, he is dead.
The King my uncle is to blame for this.
God will revenge it, whom I will importune
With daily earnest prayers.

Daugh. And so will I.

Dutch. Peace, children, peace! the King doth love
you well.

Incapable and shallow Innocents!

You cannot guess, who caus'd your father's death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good Uncle *Glo'ster*
Told me, the King, provok'd to't by the Queen,
Devis'd Impeachments to imprison him;
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me; and kindly kiss my cheek;
Bad me rely on him, as on my father,

And

And he would love me dearly as his child.

Dutch. Ah! that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous vizor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame;
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble, Grandam?

Dutch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark, what noise is this?

*Enter the Queen with her hair about her ears, Rivers
and Dorset after her.*

Queen. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail and weep?
To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy. ———

Dutch. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Queen. To make an act of tragick violence.

Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead.

Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?

Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?

If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;

That our swift-winged souls may catch the King's;

Or, like obedient Subjects, follow him

To his new Kingdom of perpetual rest.

Dutch. Ah! so much int'rest have I in thy sorrow,
As I had title to thy noble husband;
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd by looking on his images.

But now two mirrors of his Princely semblance

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death;

And I for comfort have but one false glass,

That grieves me when I see my shame in him.

Thou art a widow, yet thou art a mother;

And hast the comfort of thy children left:

But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,

And pluckt two crutches from my feeble hands,

Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,

(Thine being but a moiety of my grief)

To over-go thy plaints, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, Aunt! you wept not for our father's death;
How can we aid you with our kindred Tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd,
Your widow dolours likewise be unwept!

Queen. Give me no help in Lamentation,
I am not barren to bring forth complaints:
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the wat'ry moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world.
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord *Edward*!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord *Clarence*!

Dutch. Alas, for both, both mine, *Edward* and
Clarence!

Queen. What stay had I, but *Edward*? and he's
gone.

Chil. What stay had we, but *Clarence*? and he's
gone.

Dutch. What stays had I, but they? and they are
gone.

Queen. Was never widow, had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans, had so dear a loss.

Dutch. Was never mother, had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs,
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an *Edward* weeps, and so do I;
I for a *Clarence* weep, so doth not she;
These babes for *Clarence* weep, and so do I.
Alas! you three, on me threefold-distress
Pour all your tears; I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentations.

Dorf. Comfort, dear mother; God is much displeas'd,
That with unthankfulness you take his doing.
In common worldly things 'tis call'd ungrateful
With dull unwillingness to pay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent:
Much more to be thus opposite with heav'n;
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Riv. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
Of the young Prince your son; send straight for him,
Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.
Drown desp'rate sorrow in dead *Edward*'s grave,
And plant your joys in living *Edward*'s Throne.

S C E N E

SCENE III.

*Enter Gloucester, Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings,
and Ratcliff.*

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
To wail the dimming of our shining star:
But none can help our harms by wailing them.
Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see you. — Humbly on my knee
I crave your Blessing.

Dutch. God blefs thee, and put meekness in thy
breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen, and make me die a good old man! —
That is the butt end of a mother's blessing;
I marvel, that her Grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy Princes, and heart-sorrowing Peers,
That bear this mutual heavy load of moan,
Now chear each other in each other's love;
Though we have spent our harvest of this King,
We are to reap the harvest of his son.
The broken rancor of your high-fwoln hearts,
But lately splinter'd, knit and join'd together,
Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd and kept:
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young Prince be fetch'd
Hither to *London*, to be crown'd our King.

Riv. Why with some little train, my lord of *Buck-*
ingham?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest by a multitude
The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out:
Which would be so much the more dangerous,
By how much the Estate is yet ungovern'd.
Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
And may direct his course as please himself,
As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent,
In my opinion ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope, the King made peace with all of us;
And the compact is firm, and true in me.

Riv. And so in me; and so, I think, in all.

Yet

Yet since it is but green, it should be put
To no apparent likelihood of breach,
Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd ;
Therefore I say, with noble *Buckingham*,
That it is meet so few should fetch the Prince.

Hast. And so say I.

Glo. Then be it so ; and go we to determine,
Who they shall be that straight shall post to *Ludlow*.
Madam, and you my sister, will you go,
To give your censures in this weighty business ?

[*Exeunt.*

[*Manent Buckingham and Gloucester.*

Buck. My lord, whoever journies to the Prince,
For God's sake, let not us Two stay at home ;
For by the way, I'll sort occasion,
As index to the story we late talk'd of,
To part the Queen's proud kindred from the Prince.

Glo. ² My other self, my counsel's consistory,
My oracle, my prophet !—My dear cousin,
I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
Tow'rd *Ludlow* then, for we'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*

S C E N E IV.

Changes to a Street near the Court.

Enter one Citizen at one door, and another at the other.

¹ *Cit.* **G**OOD morrow, neighbour, whither away
so fast ?

² *Cit.* I promise you, I hardly know myself :
Hear you the news abroad ?

¹ *Cit.* Yes, the King is dead.

² *Cit.* Ill news, by'r lady ; seldom comes a better :
I fear, I fear, 'twill prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

³ *Cit.* Neighbours, God speed !

¹ *To give your censures——*] *censures, for counsels.*

² *My other self, my counsel's consistory,*

My oracle, my prophet, my dear cousin !] I have alter'd the
pointing of this passage, whereby a strange and ridiculous *Anticlimax*
is prevented.

¹ *Cit.*

1 *Cit.* Give you good morrow, Sir.

3 *Cit.* Doth the news hold of good King *Edward's* death?

2 *Cit.* Ay, Sir, it is too true; God help, the while!

3 *Cit.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Cit.* No, no, by God's good grace his son shall reign.

3 *Cit.* Wo to that Land, that's govern'd by a child!

2 *Cit.* In him there is a hope of government:

Which in his non-age, counsel under him,

And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,

No doubt, shall then, and 'till then, govern well.

1 *Cit.* So stood the State, when *Henry* the sixth Was crown'd in *Paris*, but at nine months old.

3 *Cit.* Stood the State so? no, no, good friends, God wot;

For then this Land was famously enrich'd

With politick grave counsel; then the King

Had virtuous Uncles to protect his Grace.

1 *Cit.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Cit.* Better it were, they all came by his father;

Or by his father there were none at all:

For emulation, who shall now be nearest,

Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.

O, full of danger is the Duke of *Glo'ster*;

And the Queen's sons and brothers haughty, proud:

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,

This sickly land might solace as before.

1 *Cit.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 *Cit.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their cloaks;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;

When the Sun sets, who doth not look for night?

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth:

All may be well; but if God fort it so,

'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:

You cannot reason almost with a man

That looks not heavily, and full of dread.

3 *Cit.*

3 *Cit.* Before the day of change, still is it so ;
 By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
 Ensuing danger ; as by proof we see,
 The waters swell before a boist'rous storm.
 But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I, I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Changes to the Court.

*Enter Archbishop of York, the young Duke of York,
 the Queen, and the Dutchess of York.*

Arch. **I** Heard, they lay the last night at *Northampton*;
 At *Stony-Stratford* they do rest to night :
 To morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Dutch. I long with all my heart to see the Prince ;
 I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Queen. But I hear, not ; they say, my son of *York*
 Has almost over-ta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Dutch. Why, my young Cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper,
 My uncle *Rivers* talk'd how I did grow
 More than my brother. Ay, quoth my uncle *Glo'ster*,
 Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.
 And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
 Because sweet flow'rs are slow, and weeds make haste.

Dutch. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not
 hold

In him, that did object the same to thee.

He was the wretched'st thing, when he was young ;
 So long a growing, and so leisurely,

That, if his Rule were true, he should be gracious.

York. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious Madam.

Dutch. I hope, he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
 I could have giv'n my Uncle's Grace a flout
 To touch his growth, nearer than he touch'd mine.

Dutch.

Dutch. How, my young *York*? I pr'ythee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'Twas full two years ere I could get a tooth.

Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Dutch. I pr'ythee, pretty *York*, who told thee this?

York. *Grandam*, his nurse.

Dutch. His nurse! why she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 'twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Queen. A parlous boy—go to, you are too shrewd.

Dutch. Good Madam, be not angry with a child.

Queen. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger: what news?

Mes. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

Queen. How doth the Prince?

Mes. Well, Madam, and in health.

Dutch. What is thy news?

Mes. Lord *Rivers* and lord *Gray* are sent to *Pomfret*,
With them Sir *Thomas Vaughan*, prisoners.

Dutch. Who hath committed them?

Mes. The mighty Dukes,

Glo'ster and *Buckingham*.

Arch. For what offence?

Mes. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:
Why, or for what, the Nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lady.

Queen. Ah me! I see the ruin of my house;
The tyger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind.
Insulting tyranny begins to jut

Upon the innocent and awless throne;

Welcome, destruction, blood and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Dutch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days!

How many of you have mine eyes beheld!

My husband lost his life to get the Crown,

And often up and down my sons were tost,

For me to joy, and weep, their gain, and loss.

And

And being seated, and domestick broils
Clean over-blown, themselves the Conquerors
Make war upon themselves, blood against blood,
Self against self; O most preposterous
And frantick outrage! end thy damned spleen;
Or let me die, to look on death no more.

Queen. Come, come, my boy, we will to Sanctuary.
Madam, farewell.

Dutch. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen. You have no cause.

Arch. My gracious lady, go,
And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your Grace
The Seal I keep; and so betide it me,
As well I tender you, and all of yours!
Go, I'll conduct you to the Sanctuary. [Exeunt.]

ACT III. SCENE I.

In LONDON.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter Prince of Wales, the Dukes
of Gloucester and Buckingham, Archbishop, with
others.*

Buck. **W**elcome, sweet Prince, to London, ¹ to your
Chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear Cousin, my thought's Sovereign,
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, Uncle, but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome and heavy.
I want more Uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet Prince, th' untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit:
Nor more can you distinguish of a man,
Than of his outward shew, which, God he knows,
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those Uncles, which you want, were dangerous:

¹ ——— to your Chamber.] London was antiently called *Camera*
regia. Mr. Pope.

Your Grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they
were none.

Glo. My lord, the Mayor of *London* comes to greet
you.

Enter Lord Mayor.

Mayor. God bless your Grace with health and happy
days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord, and thank you
all:

I thought, my Mother, and my brother *York*,
Would long ere this have met us on the way.
Fie, what a slug is *Hastings*? that he comes not
To tell us, whether they will come or no.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Buck. And in good time here comes the sweating
lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord; what, will our mother
come?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The Queen your mother, and your brother *York*,
Have taken Sanctuary; the tender Prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your Grace,
But by his mother was perforce with-held.

Buck. Fie, what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers? Lord Cardinal, will your Grace
Persuade the Queen to send the Duke of *York*
Unto his Princely Brother presently?
If she deny, lord *Hastings*, you go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Arch. My Lord of *Buckingham*, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of *York*,
Anon expect him here; but if she be
Obdurate to entreaties, God forbid,
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of Sanctuary! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so deep a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my Lord;
2 Too

² Too ceremonious, and traditional.

³ Weigh it but with the Greenness of his age,

You break not Sanctuary, in seizing him ;

The benefit thereof is always granted

To those, whose dealings have deserv'd the place ;

And those, who have the wit to claim the place ;

This Prince hath neither claim'd it, nor deserv'd it ;

Therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it ;

Then taking him from thence, that is not there,

You break no Privilege nor Charter there :

Oft have I heard of Sanctuary-men,

But Sanctuary-children ne'er 'till now.

Arch. My Lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.

Come on, Lord *Hastings*, will you go with me ?

Hast. I go, my Lord. [*Exe. Archbishop. and Hastings.*]

Prince. Good Lords, make all the speedy haste you may.

Say, Uncle *Glo'ster*, if our Brother come,

Where shall we sojourn 'till our Coronation ?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self :

If I may counsel you, some day or two

Your Highness shall repose you at the *Tower* :

Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the *Tower* of any place ;

Did *Julius Cæsar* build that place, my Lord ?

Buck. He did, my gracious Lord, begin that place,

² Too ceremonious, and traditional.] *Ceremonious* for superstitious ; *traditional* for adherent to old customs.

³ Weigh it but with the GROSSNESS of THIS age,] But the more gross, that is, the more superstitious the age was, the stronger would be the imputation of violated sanctuary. The question, we see by what follows, is whether sanctuary could be claimed by an infant. The speaker resolves it in the negative, because it could be claimed by those only whose actions necessitated them to fly thither ; or by those who had an understanding to demand it ; neither of which could be an infant's case : It is plain then, the first line, which introduces this reasoning, should be read thus,

Weigh it but with the GREENNESS of HIS age.

i. e. the young Duke of *York*'s, whom his mother had fled with to sanctuary. The corrupted reading of the old quarto is something nearer the true.

the greatness of his age.

Which,

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edify'd.

Prince. Is it upon record? or else reported
Successively, from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious Lord.

Prince. But say, my Lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,

4 As 'twere intail'd to all Posterity;
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. So wise, so young, they say, do ne'er live long.

Prince. What say you, Uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters Fame lives long.

5 Thus, like the formal-wise Antiquity
I moralize: Two meanings in one word. } *Afide.*

Prince.

4 As 'twere RETAIL'D to all Posterity;] And so it is: And, by
that means, like most other *retail'd* things, became adulterated. We
should read,

—— INTAIL'D to all Posterity;

which is finely and sensibly expressed, as if *truth* was the natural in-
heritance of our children; which it is impiety to deprive them of.

5 Thus like the formal VICE, INIQUITY,

I moralize two meanings in one word.] That the buffoon, or
jester of the old *English* farces, was called the *Vice*, is certain:
and that, in their *moral* representations, it was common to bring in
the deadly sins, is as true. Of these we have yet several remains.
But that the *Vice* used to assume the personages of these sins, is a
fancy of Mr. Theobald's, who knew nothing of the matter. The
truth is, the *Vice* was always a fool or jester: And, (as the Woman,
in the *Merchant of Venice*, calls the Clown, alluding to this charac-
ter,) a *merry devil*. Whereas these mortal sins were so many sad,
serious ones. But what misled our editor was the name *Iniquity*,
given to this *Vice*: But it was only on account of his unhappy tricks
and rogueries. That it was given to him, and for the reason I
mention, appears from the following passage of *Johnson's Staple of*
News, second intermeane.

M. How like you the *Vice* i' the play?

T. Here is never a fiend to carry him away. Besides he has never
a wooden dagger.

M. That was the old way, Gossip, when *Iniquity* came in like Ho-
cas Pocas, in a Jugler's Jerkin, with false skirts like the Knave of
Clubs.

And in *The Devil's an Ass*, we see this old *Vice*, *Iniquity*, described
more at large.

From all this, it may be gather'd, that the text, where *Richard*
compares himself to the *formal Vice Iniquity*, must be corrupt: And
the interpolation of some foolish player. The *Vice* or *Iniquity* being
not

Prince. That *Julius Cæsar* was a famous man;
 With what his valour did enrich his wit,
 His wit set down to make his valour live:
 Death makes no conquest of this conqueror;
 For now he lives in fame, though not in life.
 I'll tell you what, my cousin *Buckingham*.

Buck. What, my gracious Lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
 I'll win our ancient Right in *France* again,
 Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a King.

Glo. Short summer lightly has a forward spring.

Enter York, Hastings, and Archbishop.

Buck. Now in good time here comes the Duke of
York.

Prince. *Richard* of *York*, how fares our noble
 brother?

not a *formal*, but a merry, buffoon character. Besides, *Shakespeare* could never make an exact speaker refer to this character, because the subject he is upon is *Tradition* and *Antiquity*, which have no relation to it; and because it appears from the turn of the Passage, that he is apologizing for his equivocation by a *reputable* practice. To keep the reader no longer in suspense my conjecture is, that *Shakespeare* wrote and pointed the lines in this manner,

Thus like the FORMAL-WISE Antiquity

I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

Alluding to the *Mythologic* learning of the antients, of whom they are all here speaking. So that *Richard's* ironical apology is to this effect, You men of morals who so much extol your allwise antiquity, in what am I inferior to it? which was but an equivocator as I am. And it is remarkable, that the *Greeks* themselves called their remote antiquity, *Διχόμυθος* or the *equivocator*. So far as to the general sense; as to that which arises particularly out of the corrected expression, I shall only observe, that *formal-wise* is a compound epithet, an extreme fine one, and admirably fitted to the character of the speaker, who thought all *wisdom* but *formality*. It must therefore be read for the future with a hyphen. My other observation is with regard to the pointing; the common reading,

I moralize two meanings—

is nonsense: but reformed in this manner, very sensible,

Thus like the formal-wise Antiquity

I moralize: Two meanings in one word.

i. e. I moralize as the antients did. And how was that? the having two meanings to one word. A ridicule on the morality of the antients, which he insinuates was no better than equivocating.

York.

York. Well, my dread Lord, so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours ;

⁶ Too late he dy'd that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much Majesty.

Glo. How fares our Cousin, noble Lord of *York*?

York. I thank you, gentle Uncle. O my Lord,
You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth :
The Prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my Lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. Oh, my fair Cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you than I.

Glo. He may command me as my Sovereign,
But you have pow'r in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, Uncle, give me this your dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind Uncle, that I know will give ;
And being a toy, it is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle Cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then I see, you'll part but with light gifts ;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your Grace to wear.

York. ⁷ I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little Lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you, as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of *York* will still be cross in talk ;
Uncle, your Grace knows how to bear with him.

⁶ Too late he died——] *i. e.* too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory. But the *Oxford Editor* not understanding this phraseology, to clear the Prince of all imputation of impiety, makes him say,

Too soon he died——

⁷ I weigh it lightly, &c.] *i. e.* I should still esteem it but a trifling gift were it heavier. But the *Oxford Editor* cannot bear the Duke should equivocate, and so reads,

I'd weigh it lightly,

i. e. I could manage it tho' it were heavier.

York.

York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me:
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me:
Because that I am little like an ape,
He thinks, that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his Uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself;
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My Lord, will't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin *Buckingham*
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the *Tower*, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the *Tower*, my Lord?

Prince. My Lord Protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the *Tower*.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle *Clarence*' angry ghost:
My Grandam told me, he was murther'd there.

Prince. I fear no Uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not fear.
But come, my Lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the *Tower*.

[*Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings and Dorset.*]

S C E N E II.

Manent Gloucester, Buckingham and Catesby.

Buck. Think you, my Lord, this little prating *York*
Was not incensed by his subtle mother,
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt: oh, 'tis a per'lous boy,
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest, come, *Catesby*, thou art
sworn

As deeply to effect what we intend,
As closely to conceal what we impart:
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way:
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make Lord *William Hastings* of our mind,

For

For the instalment of this noble Duke
In the seat royal of this famous Isle?

Cates. He for his father's sake so loves the Prince,
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of *Stanley*? will not
he?

Cates. He will do all in all as *Hastings* doth.

Buck. Well then, no more than this: go, gentle

Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord *Hastings*,
How he doth stand affected to our purpose;
And summon him to morrow to the *Tower*,
To sit about the Coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,
Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:
If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too; and so break off the talk,
And give us notice of his inclination:
For we to morrow hold divided councils,
Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd.

Glo. Commend me to Lord *William*; tell him,

Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To morrow are let blood at *Pomfret-castle*;
And bid my friend, for joy of this good news,
Give mistress *Shore* one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good *Catesby*, go, effect this business soundly.

Cates. My good Lords both, with all the heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, *Catesby*, ere we sleep?

Cates. You shall, my Lord.

Glo. At *Crosby-place*, there you shall find us both.

[Exit Cat.]

Buck. My Lord, what shall we do, if we perceive,
Lord *Hastings* will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head, man; somewhat we will do;
And look, when I am King, claim thou of me
The Earldom of *Hereford*, and the moveables
Whereof the King, my brother, stood possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your Grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.

Come,

Come, let us sup betimes ; that afterwards,
We may digest our complots in some form. *[Exeunt.]*

S C E N E III.

Before Lord Hastings's House.

Enter a Messenger to the door of Hastings.

Mes. MY Lord, my Lord, —

Hast. *[within.]* Who knocks ?

Mes. One from Lord Stanley.

Hast. What is't o'clock ?

Mes. Upon the stroak of four.

Enter Lord Hastings.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep these tedious nights ?

Mes. So it appears, by what I have to say :

First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast. What then ?

Mes. Then certifies your Lordship, that this night
He dreamt, the Boar had rased off his helm :

Besides, he says, there are two Councils held ;

And That may be determin'd at the one,

Which may make you and him to rue at th' other.

Therefore he sends to know your Lordship's pleasure,

If you will presently take horse with him,

And with all speed post with him tow'rds the north ;

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy Lord,

Bid him not fear the separated Councils :

His honour, and myself, are at the one ;

And, at the other, is my good friend *Catesby* ;

Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,

Whereof I shall not have intelligence :

Tell him, his fears are shallow, wanting instance ;

And for his dreams, I wonder, he's so fond

To trust the mock'ry of unquiet slumbers.

To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,

Were to incense the boar to follow us ;

And make pursuit, where he did mean no chase.

Go,

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me,
And we will both together to the *Tower*,
Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

Mes. I'll go, my Lord, and tell him what you say.

[*Exit.*]

Enter Catesby.

Cates. Many good morrows to my noble Lord!

Hast. Good morrow, *Catesby*, you are early stirring:
What news, what news, in this our tott'ring State?

Cates. It is a reeling world, indeed, my Lord;
And, I believe, will never stand upright,
'Till *Richard* wear the garland of the realm,

Hast. How! wear the garland? dost thou mean the
crown?

Cates. Ay, my good Lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my
shoulders,
Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Cates. Ay, on my life; and hopes to find you for-
ward

Upon his party, for the gain thereof:
And thereupon he sends you this good news,
That this same very day your enemies,
The kindred of the Queen, must die at *Pomfret*.

Hast. Indeed I am no mourner for that news,
Because they have been still my adversaries;
But that I'll give my voice on *Richard's* side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cates. God keep your Lordship in that gracious
mind!

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-month
hence,

That they, who brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, *Catesby*, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Cates. 'Tis a vile thing to die, my gracious Lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out

With *Rivers, Vaughan, Gray*; and so 'twill do
 With some men else, who think themselves as safe
 As thou and I; who, as thou know'st, are dear
 To Princely *Richard* and to *Buckingham*.

Cates. The Princes both make high account of
 you——

For they account his head upon the bridge. [*Aside.*

Hast. I know, they do; and I have well deserv'd it.

Enter Lord Stanley.

Come on, come on, where is your boar-spear, man?
 Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stan. My Lord, good morrow; and, good morrow,
Catesby;

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
 I do not like these several Councils, I.

Hast. My Lord, I hold my life as dear as you do
 yours.

And never in my days, I do protest,
 Was it so precious to me as 'tis now;
 Think you, but that I know our state secure,
 I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stan. The Lords at *Pomfret*, when they rode from
London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd, their states were sure;
 And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;
 But yet, you see, how soon the day o'er-cast.
 This sudden stab of rancor I misdoubt;
 Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward!
 What, shall we tow'rd the *Tower*? the day is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you: wot ye what,
 my Lord?

To day the Lords, you talk of, are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their
 heads,

Than some, that have accus'd them, wear their hats.
 But come, my Lord, away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before, I'll talk with this good fellow.

[*Exeunt Lord Stanley and Catesby.*
Sirrah,

Sirrah, how now? how goes the world with thee?

Purs. The better, that your Lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 'tis better with me now,
Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet;
Then I was going prisoner to the *Tower*,
By the suggestion of the Queen's allies.
But now I tell thee, (keep it to thyself,)
This day those enemies are put to death;
And I in better state, than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it to your Honour's good content!

Hast. Gramercy, fellow; there, drink that for me.

[*Throws him his purse.*]

Purs. I thank your Honour. [Exit Pursuivant.]

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my Lord, I'm glad to see your Honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir *John*, with all my heart;
I'm in your debt for your last exercise:
Come the next sabbath, and I will content you.

[*He whispers.*]

Enter Buckingham.

Buck. What, talking with a Priest, Lord Chamberlain?

Your friends at *Pomfret* they do need a Priest,
Your Honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men, you talk of, came into my mind.
What, go you tow'rd the *Tower*?

Buck. I do, my Lord, but long I shall not stay:
I shall return before your Lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. And supper too, altho' thou know'st it not.

[*Aside.*]

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your Lordship. [Exeunt]

S C E N E IV.

Changes to Pomfret-Castle.

Enter Sir Richard Ratcliff, with halberds, carrying Lord Rivers, Lord Richard Gray, and Sir Thomas Vaughan to Death.

Rat. COME, bring forth the prisoners.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,

To day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Gray. God keep the Prince from all the pack of
you,

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this here-
after.

Rat. Dispatch ; the limit of your lives is out.

Riv. O Pomfret, Pomfret ! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble Peers !

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the Second, here, was hack'd to death :

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Gray. Now *Marg'ret's* curse is fall'n upon our heads,
When she exclaim'd on *Hastings*, you, and I,
For standing by when *Richard* stab'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she *Richard*, curs'd she *Buckingham*,

Then curs'd she *Hastings*. O remember, God !

To hear her prayer for them, as now for us :

As for my sister and her princely sons,

Be satisfy'd, dear God, with our true blood :

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt.

Rat. Make haste, the hour of death is now expir'd.

Riv. Come, *Gray* ; come, *Vaughan* ; let us all em-
brace ;

Farewel, until we meet again in heaven.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

The T O W E R.

Buckingham, Stanley, Hastings, *Bishop of Ely*, Catesby,
Lovel, *with others, at a table.*

Hast. **N**OW, noble Peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation :

In God's name speak, when is the royal day ?

Buck. Are all things ready for that royal time ?

Stanl. They are, and want but nomination.

Ely. To morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buck. Who knows the Lord Protector's mind herein ?
Who is most inward with the noble Duke ?

Ely. Your Grace, we think, should soonest know his
mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces ; for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine, than I of yours ;
Nor I of his, my Lord, than you of mine :
Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his Grace, I know, he loves me well :
But for his purpose in the Coronation,
I have not sounded him ; nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein :
But you, my noble Lord, may name the time,
And in the Duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter Gloucester.

Ely. In happy time here comes the Duke himself.

Glo. My noble Lords and Cousins all, good morrow ;
I have been long a sleeper ; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design ;
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my Lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part ;
I mean, your voice for crowning of the King.

Glo. Than my Lord *Hastings* no man might be bolder,
His Lordship knows me well, and loves me well.
My Lord of *Ely*, when I was last in *Holbourn*,

I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit Ely.*]

Glo. Cousin of *Buckingham*, a word with you.
Catesby hath sounded *Hastings* in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head, ere give Consent,
His Master's Son, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the Royalty of *England's* Throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself a while, I'll go with you.

[*Exeunt Glo. and Buck.*]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of Triumph:
To morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;
For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of Ely.

Ely. Where is my lord the Duke of *Gloucester*?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His Grace looks chearfully and smooth this
morning;

There's some conceit, or other, likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.

⁸ I think, there's ne'er a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love, or hate, than he;
For by his face strait shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any likelihood he shew'd to day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended:
For were he, he had shewn it in his looks.

Re-enter Gloucester and Buckingham.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned Witchcraft; and that have prevail'd

8. *I think, there's ne'er a man, &c.*] This character is what *Ennius* gives of himself, and in the same words, *Eo ego ingenio natus sum, amicitiam atque inimicitiam in frontem promptam gero.* *Ap. Non. in Inimic.* But this is no imitation: For the thought, which is a common one, could hardly be expressed otherwise.

Upon my body with their hellish Charms,

Hast. The tender love I bear your Grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this Princely presence,
To doom th' offenders, whoso'er they be :
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witnesses of their evil ;
Look, how I am bewitch'd ; behold, mine arm
Is, like a blasted Sapling, wither'd up :
And this is *Edward's* wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet *Shore*,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord—

Glo. If ? thou Protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of Ifs ? thou art a traitor ———
Off with his head ——— now, by St. *Paul* I swear,
I will not dine until I see the same.

Lovel and *Catesby*, ——— look, that it be done :

The rest, that love me, rise and follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

Manent Lovel and Catesby, with the lord Hastings.

Hast. Woe, woe, for *England*, not a whit for me !
For I, too fond, might have prevented this :
Stanley did dream, the boar did rase our helms ;
But I did scorn it, and disdain to fly :
Three times to day my foot-cloth horse did stumble,
And started when he look'd upon the *Tower* ;
As loth to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O, now I need the priest that spake to me :
I now repent, I told the Pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To day at *Pomfret* bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour.
Oh, *Marg'ret*, *Marg'ret*, now thy heavy Curse
Is lighted on poor *Hastings'* wretched head.

Cates. Come, come, dispatch ; the Duke would be
at dinner.

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary Grace of mortal men,
Which we more hunt for than the Grace of God !
Who builds his hope in air of your fair looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,

Ready with every Nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

Lov. Come, come, dispatch, 'tis bootless to exclaim.

Hast. O, bloody *Richard*! miserable *England*!
I prophesie the fearful'st time to thee,
That ever wretched Age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head:
They smile at Me, who shortly shall be dead. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to the Tower-walls.

*Enter Gloucester and Buckingham in rusty armour,
marvellous ill-favour'd.*

Glo. COME, Cousin, canst thou quake and change
thy colour,
Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught, and mad with terror?

Buck. Tut, I can counterfeit the deep Tragedian,
Speak, and look back, and pry on every side;
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices,
At any time to grace my stratagems.

Glo. Here comes the Mayor.

Buck. Let me alone to entertain him. Lord Mayor,—

Enter the Lord Mayor, attended.

Glo. Look to the draw-bridge there.

Buck. Hark, a drum!

Glo. *Catesby*, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord Mayor, the reason we have sent —

Glo. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buck. God and our innocence defend and guard us!

Enter Lovel and Catesby with Hastings's head.

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; *Catesby* and *Lovel*.

Lov. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected *Hastings*.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep:

I took

I took him for the plainest, harmless creature,
 That breath'd upon the earth a christian :
 Made him my book, wherein my soul recorded
 The history of all her secret thoughts ;
 So smooth he daub'd his vice with shew of virtue,
 That (his apparent open guilt omitted,
 I mean, his conversation with *Shore's* wife)
 He liv'd from all attainder of Suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd traitor —

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
 (Were't not, that by great preservation
 We live to tell it) that the subtle traitor
 This day had plotted, in the Council-house,
 To murder me and my good lord of *Glo'ster*.

Mayor. What? had he so?

Glo. What! think you, we are *Turks* or Infidels?
 Or that we would, against the form of law,
 Proceed thus rashly to the villain's death;
 But that the extreme peril of the case,
 The peace of *England*, and our Person's safety,
 Enforc'd us to this execution?

Mayor. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
 And your good Graces both have well proceeded,
 To warn false traitors from the like attempts.
 I never look'd for better at his hands,
 After he once fell in with mistress *Shore*.

Buck. Yet had not we determin'd he should die,
 Until your lordship came to see his end;
 Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
 Something against our meaning, hath prevented;
 Because, my lord, we would have had you heard
 The traitor speak; and tim'rously confess
 The manner and the purpose of his treasons:
 That you might well have signify'd the same
 Unto the Citizens, who, haply, may
 Misconstrue us in him, and wail his death.

Mayor. But, my good lord, your Grace's word shall
 serve,
 As well as I had seen and heard him speak:
 And do not doubt, right-noble Princes both,

But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens,
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
T'avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness, what, you hear, we did intend :
And so, my good lord Mayor, we bid farewell.

[Exit Mayor.]

Glo. Go after, after, Cousin *Buckingham*.
The Mayor towards *Guild-Hall* hies him in all post :
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of *Edward's* children ;
Tell them, how *Edward* put to death a Citizen,
Only for saying, he would make his son
Heir to the Crown ; meaning, indeed, his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust,
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Ev'n where his ranging eye, or savage heart,
Without controul, lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :
Tell them, when that my Mother went with child
Of that insatiate *Edward*, noble *York*
My Princely father then had wars in *France* ;
And, by just computation of the time,
Found that the Issue was not his begot :
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble Duke, my father :
Yet touch this sparingly, as 'twere far off,
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself ; and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynard's*
Castle,
Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

Buck. I go, and towards three or four o'clock
Look for the news that the *Guild-Hall* affords.

[Exit Buck.]

Glo.

Glo. Go, *Lovel*, with all speed to Doctor *Shaw*.
Go thou to Fryar *Peuker*; bid them both
Meet me within this Hour at *Baynard's Castle*.

[*Exeunt Lov. and Cates. severally.*]

Now will I go to take some privy order
To draw the brats of *Clarence* out of sight;
And to give order, that no sort of person
Have, any time, recourse unto the Princes. [Exit.]

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is th' Indictment of the good lord
Hastings,

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd;
That it may be to day read o'er in *Pauls*.
And, mark, how well the sequel hangs together;
Eleven hours I've spent to write it over,
For yesternight by *Catesby* was it sent me:
The precedent was full as long a doing.
And yet within these five hours *Hastings* liv'd
Untainted, unexamin'd, free at liberty.
Here's a good world the while; — who is so gross,
That cannot see this palpable device?
Yet who so bold, but says, he sees it not?
Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
When such ill dealings must be seen in thought. [Exit.]

S C E N E VII.

Changes to Baynard's Castle.

Enter Gloucester and Buckingham, at several doors.

Glo. **H**OW now, how now, what say the citizens?
Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of *Edward's* children?

Buck. I did, with his Contract with lady *Lucy*,
And his Contract by Deputy in *France*;
Th' unsatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city-wives;
His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in *France*,

And

And his resemblance, being not like the Duke.
 Withal, I did infer your lineaments,
 Being the right idea of your father,
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind :
 Laid open all your victories in *Scotland* ;
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility :
 Indeed, left nothing fitting for the purpose
 Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse.
 And when my Oratory grew tow'rd end,
 I bid them, that did love their Country's Good,
 Cry, God save *Richard*, *England's* royal King !

Glo. And did they so ?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not a word ;
 But like dumb statues, or unbreathing stones,
 Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale :
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them ;
 And ask'd the Mayor, what meant this wilful silence ?
 His Answer was, the People were not used
 To be spoke to, except by the Recorder.
 Then he was urg'd to tell my Tale again :
 Thus saith the Duke, thus hath the Duke inferr'd,
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own,
 At lower end o'th' Hall, hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cry'd, God save king *Richard* !
 And thus I took the vantage of those few :
 Thanks, gentle citizens and friends, quoth I,
 This general applause and chearful shout
 Argues your wisdom, and your love to *Richard*.
 And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they, would they
 not speak ?

Will not the Mayor then and his brethren come ?

Buck. The Mayor is here at hand ; intend some fear ;
 Be not you spoke with, but by mighty suit ;
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand between two Churchmen, good my lord ;
 For on that ground I'll build a holy descant :
 And be not easily won to our requests :
 Play the maid's part, still answer *nay*, and take it.

Glo.

Glo. I go: and if you plead as well for them,
As I can say *noy* to thee, for myself;
No doubt, we'll bring it to a happy issue. [*Ex. Glo.*

Buck. Go, go up to the leads, the Lord Mayor knocks.

Enter Lord Mayor, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord. I dance attendance here;
I think, the Duke will not be spoke withal.

Enter Catesby.

Buck. *Catesby*, what says your lord to my request?

Cates. He doth intreat your Grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to morrow, or next day;
He is within, with two right-reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd,
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good *Catesby*, to the gracious Duke;
Tell him, myself, the Mayor and Aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our gen'ral Good,
Are come to have some conference with his Grace.

Cates. I'll signifie so much unto him strait. [*Exit.*

Buck. Ah, ah! my lord, this Prince is not an *Edward*;

He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation:
Not dallying with a brace of Curtezans,
But meditating with two deep Divines:
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were *England*, would this virtuous Prince
Take on his Grace the Sov'reignty thereof;
But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

Mayor. Marry, God shield, his Grace should say us
noy!

Buck. I fear, he will; here *Catesby* comes again.

Enter Catesby.

Catesby, what says his Grace?

Cates. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such

Such troops of Citizens to come to him,
His Grace not being warn'd thereof before:
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble Cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him:
By heav'n, we come to him in perfect love,
And so once more return, and tell his Grace.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 'tis hard to draw them thence,
So sweet is zealous Contemplation.

S C E N E VIII.

Enter Gloucester above, between two Bishops. Catesby returns.

Mayor. See, where his Grace stands 'tween two Clergymen.

Buck. Two props of Virtue, for a Christian Prince,
To stay him from the fall of Vanity:
And see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornaments to know a holy man.
Famous *Plantagenet*! most gracious Prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests;
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion and right-christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology;
I do beseech your Grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends:
But, leaving this, what is your Grace's pleasure?

Buck. Ev'n That, I hope, which pleaseth God above,
And all good men of this ungovern'd Isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
'That seems disgracious in the City's eye;
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord: would it might please
your Grace,
On our entreaties, to amend your fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian Land?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you resign

The

The supream Seat, the Throne majesticall,
The scepter'd Office of your Ancestors,
Your State of fortune, and your due of Birth,
The lineal Glory of your royal House,
To the corruption of a blemish'd Stock :
While in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
Which here we waken to our Country's Good,
The noble Isle doth want her proper limbs :
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal Stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulph
Of dark forgetfulness, and deep oblivion :
Which to re-cure, we heartily sollicit
Your gracious self to take on you the Charge
And kingly Government of this your Land :
Not as Protector, Steward, Substitute,
Or lowly Factor for another's gain ;
But as successively from blood to blood,
Your Right of Birth, your Empery, your own.
For this, consoled with the Citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just suit come I to move your Grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition.
For not to answer, you might, haply, think,
Tongue-ty'd Ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of Sov'reignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me :
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore to speak, and to avoid the first,
And then, in speaking, not incur the last,
Definitively thus I answer you.
Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert,
Unmeritable, shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the Crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth ;

Yet

Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
 So mighty and so many my defects,
 That I would rather hide me from my Greatness;
 Being a Bark to brook no mighty Sea;
 Than in my Greatness covet to be hid,
 And in the vapour of my Glory smother'd.
 But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me,
 And much I need to help you, were there Need:
 The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
 Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
 Will well become the Seat of Majesty;
 And make us, doubtless, happy by his Reign.
 On him I lay what you would lay on me,
 The Right and Fortune of his happy stars;
 Which, God defend, that I should wring from him!

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in your Grace,
 But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
 All circumstances well considered.
 You say, that *Edward* is your brother's son;
 So say we too, but not by *Edward's* wife:
 For first was he contract to lady *Lucy*,
 Your mother lives a witness to that Vow;
 And afterward by Substitute betroth'd
 To *Bona*, sister to the King of *France*.
 These both put off, a poor Petitioner,
 A care-craz'd mother of a many children,
 A beauty-waining, and distressed Widow,
 Ev'n in the afternoon of her best days,
 Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye;
 Seduc'd the pitch and height of all his thoughts
 To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
 This *Edward*, whom our manners call the Prince.
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that, for reverence of some alive,
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
 This proffer'd benefit of Dignity:
 If not to bless Us and the Land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble Ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing time,

Unto

Unto a lineal, true-derived course.

Mayor. Do, good my lord, your Citizens intreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cates. O make them joyful, grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas, why would you heap these cares on me?

I am unfit for State and Majesty.

I do beseech you take it not amiss;

I cannot, nor I will not yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it, as, in love and zeal,

Loth to depose the Child, your brother's son,

(As well we know your tenderness of heart,

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,

And equally, indeed, to all estates)

Yet know, whe'r you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our King;

But we will plant some other in the Throne,

To the disgrace and downfall of your House:

And in this resolution here we leave you.

Come, Citizens, we will intreat no more. [*Exeunt.*]

Cates. Call them again, sweet Prince, accept their suit;
If you deny them, all the Land will rue it:

Glo. Will you inforce me to a world of cares?

Call them again; I am not made of stone,

[*Exit Catesby.*]

But penetrable to your kind entreaties;

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.

Re-enter Buckingham, and the rest.

Cousin of *Buckingham*, and sage, grave men,

Since you will buckle fortune on my back

To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,

I must have patience to endure the load.

But if black Scandal, or foul-fac'd Reproach,

Attend the sequel of your imposition,

Your meer enforcement shall acquittance me

From all the impure blots and stains thereof.

For God doth know, and you may partly see,

How far I am from the desire of this.

Mayor. God bless your Grace! we see it, and will
say it.

Glo.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal Title,
Long live King *Richard*, *England's* worthy King!

All. Amen.

Buck. To morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Ev'n when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To morrow then we will attend your Grace,
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. Come, let us to our holy Work again.

Farewel, my Cousin; farewel, gentle friends. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Before the Tower.

Enter the Queen, Dutchess of York, and Marquess of Dorset, at one Door; Anne, Dutchess of Gloucester, leading Lady Margaret Plantagenet, Clarence's young Daughter, at the other.

Dutch. **W**HO meets us here? my Niece *Plantagenet*,

Led in the hand of her kind Aunt of *Glo'ster*?
Now, for my life she's wandring to the *Tower*,
On pure heart's love, to greet the tender Princes.
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your Graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day.

Queen. Sister, well met; whither away so fast?

Anne. No farther than the *Tower*; and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle Princes there.

Queen. Kind sister, thanks; we'll enter all together.

Enter the Lieutenant.

And in good time here the Lieutenant comes:
Master Lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the Prince, and my young son of *York*?

Lieu. Right well, dear Madam; by your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;

The

The King hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen. The King? who's That?

Lieu. I mean, the Lord Protector.

Queen. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!
Hath he fet bounds between their love and me?

I am their mother, who shall bar me from them?

Dutch. I am their father's mother. I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their fights, I'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee on my peril.

Lieu. No, Madam, no, I may not leave it so:
I'm bound by oath, and therefore pardon me.

[Exit Lieu.]

Enter Stanley.

Stan. Let me but meet you, Ladies, one hour hence,
And I'll salute your Grace of *York* as mother
And rev'rend looker on of two fair Queens.
Come, Madam, you must strait to *Westminster*,
There to be crowned *Richard's* royal Queen.

Queen. Ah, cut my lace afunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!

Anne. Despightful tidings, O unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good chear: Mother, how fares your
Grace!

Queen. O *Dorset*, speak not to me, get thee hence,
Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels,
Thy mother's name is ominous to children.
If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas;
And live with *Richmond*, from the reach of hell.
Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead;
And make me die the thrall of *Marg'ret's* curse;
Nor mother, wife, nor *England's* counted Queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, Madam;
Take all the swift advantage of the time;
You shall have letters from me to my son
In your behalf, to meet you on the way:
Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Dutch. O Ill-dispersing wind of misery!
O my accursed womb, the bed of death!

A cockatrice

A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoyd eye is murtherous.

Stan. Come, Madam, come, I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.

O, would to God, that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to fear me to the brain!

Anointed let me be with deadly venom,
And die, ere men can say, God save the Queen!

Queen. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;
To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why? ——— When he, that is my husband now,

Came to me, as I follow'd *Henry's* coarse;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issu'd from my other angel husband,
And that dear Saint, which then I weeping follow'd:
O when, I say, I look'd on *Richard's* face,
This was my wish; 'Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,
' For making me, so young, so old a widow!
' And when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
' And be thy wife, if any be so mad,
' More miserable by the life of thee,
' Than thou hast made me, by my dear Lord's death!
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse:
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest,
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his tim'rous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father *Warwick*;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Queen. Poor heart, adieu, I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewel, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it!

Dutch. Go thou to *Richmond*, and good fortune guide thee!

[To Dorset.

Go

Go thou to *Richard*, and good Angels tend thee!

[*To Anne.*

Go thou to Sanctuary, good thoughts possess thee!

[*To the Queen.*

I to my grave, where peace and rest lye with me!

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,

And each hour's joy wreck'd with a week of teen.

Queen. Stay; yet look back, with me unto the
Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls!

Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!

Rude ragged nurse! old fullen play-fellow,

For tender Princes; use my babies well!

So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Changes to the Court.

Flourish of Trumpets. Enter Gloucester as King, Buckingham, Catesby.

K. Rich. **S**TAND all apart — Cousin of *Buckingham*, —

Buck. My gracious Sovereign!

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy advice,

And thy assistance, is King *Richard* seated:

But shall we wear these glories for a day?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah! *Buckingham*, now do I ply the touch,
To try if thou be current gold, indeed:

Young *Edward* lives — think now, what I would speak.

Ab! *Buckingham*, now do I play the Touch,] The technical term is requisite here. The poet wrote,

—— now do I ply the touch.

i. e. apply the touchstone: for that is meant by what he calls touch.

So, again, in *Timon of Athens*, speaking of Gold, he says:

—— O, thou touch of hearts!

i. e. thou trial, touchstone.

Buck.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, *Buckingham*, I say, I would be King.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned Liege.

K. Rich. Ha! am I King? 'tis so — but *Edward* lives —

Buck. True, noble Prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence!

That *Edward* still should live — true, noble Prince.

Cousin, thou wert not wont to be so dull.

Shall I be plain? I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.

What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your Grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut, thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes;

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some breath, some little pause, dear Lord,

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve your Grace immediately. [*Exit Buck.*]

Cates. The King is angry; see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. I will converse with iron-witted fools,

² And unrespective boys; none are for me,

That look into me with confid'rate eyes.

High-reaching *Buckingham* grows circumspect.

Boy, —

Page. My Lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold

Would tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented Gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my Lord, is *Tirrel*.

K. Rich. I partly know the man; go, call him hither.

[*Exit Boy.*]

The deep-revolving witty *Buckingham*

² And unrespective boys;] *Unrespective*, for unheeding.

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.
Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath? well, be it so.

Enter Stanley.

How now, Lord *Stanley*, what's the news?

Stan. My Lord,
The Marquis *Dorset*, as I hear, is fled
To *Richmond*, in the Parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, *Catesby*; rumour it abroad,
That *Anne* my wife is sick, and like to die.
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean-born gentleman,
Whom I will marry strait to *Clarence*' daughter. —
(The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.)
Look, how thou dream'st — I say again, give out,
That *Anne* my Queen is sick, and like to die.
About it; for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes, whose growth may damage me.
I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass:
Murder her brothers, and then marry her!
3 Uncertain way of gain! but I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.

Enter Tirrel.

Is thy name *Tirrel*?

Tir. *James Tirrel*, and your most obedient Subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed? [*He takes him aside.*]

Tir. Prove me, my gracious Lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tir. Please you, I'd rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,
Are they, that I would have thee deal upon;

Tirrel, I mean those bastards in the *Tower*.

Tir. Let me have open means to come to them,

3 Uncertain way of gain! —] *Uncertain* here used for *unconstant*: for he tells us here, that this was the certain way of establishing himself.

And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet musick. Hark, come
hither, *Tirrel*;

Go, by this token ——— rise, and lend thine ear ———
[*Whispers.*

There is no more but so ——— say, it is done,
And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.

Tir. I will dispatch it strait. [Exit.

Re-enter Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord, I have consider'd in my mind
That late demand that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest; *Dorset* is fled to *Rich-*
mond.

Buck. I hear the news, my Lord.

K. Rich. *Stanley*, he is your wife's son; well, look
to it.

Buck. My Lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour, and your faith, is pawn'd;
'Th' *Earldom* of *Hereford*, and the moveables,
Which you have promised I shall possess.

K. Rich. *Stanley*, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to *Richmond*, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your Highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me ——— *Henry* the sixth
Did prophesie, that *Richmond* should be King,
When *Richmond* was a little peevish boy.

4 A King, perhaps ———

Buck. My Lord, ———

K. Rich. How chance, the Prophet could not at that
time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him?

Buck. My Lord, your promise for the *Earldom* —

K. Rich. *Richmond*! when I was last at *Exeter*,
The Mayor in curtesie shewed me the castle,
And call'd it *Rouge-mont*, at which name I started;
Because a Bard of *Ireland* told me once,
I should not live long after I saw *Richmond*.

4 A King, perhaps—] From hence to the words, *Thou troublest*
me, I am not in the vein ——— have been left out ever since the first
editions, but I like them well enough to replace them. Mr. Pope.
Buck.

Buck. My Lord,——

K. Rich. Ay, what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your Grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me.

K. Rich. But what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why, let it strike?

K. Rich. Because, that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the
stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whe'r you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me, I am not in the vein.

[*Exit.*

Buck. Is it ev'n so? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him King for this?

O, let me think on *Hastings*, and be gone

To *Brecknock*, while my fearful head is on. [*Exit.*

S C E N E III.

Enter Tirrel.

Tir. ' The tyrannous and bloody act is done ;
' The most arch deed of piteous massacre,
' That ever yet this land was guilty of !
' *Dighton* and *Forrest*, whom I did suborn
' To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
' Albeit they were flesht villains, bloody dogs,
' Melting with tendernefs and mild compassion,
' Wept like two children, in their deaths' sad story.
' O thus, (quoth *Dighton*) lay the gentle babes ; ——
' Thus, thus, (quoth *Forrest*) girdling one another
' Within their innocent alabaster arms :
' Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
' And in their summer beauty kifs'd each other.
' A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
' Which once, (quoth *Forrest*) almost chang'd my mind :
' But, oh! the Devil —— there the villain stopt :
' When *Dighton* thus told on —— we smothered
' The most replenished sweet work of nature,

‘ That from the prime creation e’er she framed —
 ‘ Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse ;
 ‘ They could not speak, and so I left them both,
 ‘ To bear these tidings to the bloody King.’

Enter King Richard.

And here he comes. All health, my sovereign Lord !

K. Rich. Kind *Tirrel* — am I happy in thy news ?

Tir. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
 Beget your happiness, be happy then ;
 For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead ?

Tir. I did, my Lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle *Tirrel* ?

Tir. The Chaplain of the *Tower* hath buried them,
 But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, *Tirrel*, soon, soon after supper,
 When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
 Mean time — but think, how I may do thee good,
 And be inheritor of thy desire.
 Farewel ’till then.

Tir. I humbly take my leave.

[*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of *Clarence* have I pent up close :
 His daughter meanly have I match’d in marriage :
 The sons of *Edward* sleep in *Abraham*’s bosom :
 And *Anne* my wife hath bid this world good night.
 Now, for I know the *Briton Richmond* aims
 At young *Elizabeth*, my brother’s daughter ;
 And by that knot looks proudly on the crown ;
 To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My Lord, —

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com’st in so
 bluntly ?

Cates. Bad news, my Lord ; *Morton* is fled to *Rich-*
mond.

And *Buckingham*, back’d with the hardy *Welshmen*,
 Is in the field, and still his power encreaseth.

K. Rich. *Ely* with *Richmond* troubles me more near,
 Than *Buckingham* and his rash-levied army.
 Come, I have learn’d, that fearful commenting

Is

Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
 Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary.
 " 5 Then fiery Expedition be my wing,
 " *Jove's Mercury*, and herald for a King ! "
 Go, muster men ; my Counsel is my shield,
 We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [*Exit.*]

S C E N E IV.

Enter Queen Margaret.

Q. Mar. So now Prosperity begins to mellow,
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death :
 Here in these confines sily have I lurk'd
 To watch the waining of mine enemies.
 A dire induction am I witness to ;
 And will to *France*, hoping, the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black and tragical.
 Withdraw thee, wretched *Marg'ret* ! who comes here ?

Enter the Dutchess of York, and Queen.

Queen. Ah, my poor Princes ! ah, my tender babes !
 My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets !
 If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
 And be not fixt in doom perpetual,
 Hover about me with your airy wings,
 And hear your mother's lamentation.

Q. Mar. Hover about her ; 6 say, that wrong for
 wrong
 Hath dimm'd your infant-morn to aged night.

Dutch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
 That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.
Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

Q. Mar. *Plantagenet* doth quit *Plantagenet*,
Edward for *Edward* pays a dying debt.

5 *Then fiery Expedition be my wing,*
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a King !] Expedition is here characterized in a very sublime manner. Which, in simple phrase, says no more than that *Expedition is the soul of all great undertakings.* *Homer* never taught an useful truth more nobly.

6 — *say, that RIGHT for RIGHT*] It's plain *Shakespeare* wrote *WRONG for WRONG* ; but the players thought that a little rhyme was better than all reason.

Queen. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle lambs,

And throw them in the intrails of the wolf?

Why did'st thou sleep, when such a deed was done?

Q. Mar. When holy *Henry* dy'd, and my sweet son.

Dutch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due, by life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on *England's* lawful earth,
Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood.

Queen. Ah, that thou would'st as soon afford a grave,
As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.
Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we?

Q. Mar. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of Signiory;
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:
I had an *Edward*, 'till a *Richard* kill'd him:
I had a husband, 'till a *Richard* kill'd him.
Thou had'st an *Edward*, 'till a *Richard* kill'd him:
Thou had'st a *Richard*, 'till a *Richard* kill'd him.

Dutch. I had a *Richard* too, and thou did'st kill him:
I had a *Rutland* too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou had'st a *Clarence* too, and *Richard*
kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept
A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death:
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood;
That foul defacer of God's handy-work
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our graves.
O upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the Issue of his mother's body;
And makes her Pue-fellow with others' moan!

Dutch. Oh, *Harry's* wife, triumph not in my woes:
God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me, I am hungry for revenge.
And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy

Thy *Edward* he is dead, that kill'd my *Edward*:
 Thy other *Edward* dead, to quit my *Edward*:
 Young *York* he is but boot, because both they
 Match not the high perfection of my loss.
 Thy *Clarence* he is dead, that stabb'd my *Edward*:
 And the beholders of this tragic play,
 7 Th' adulterer *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*, *Gray*,
 Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
 Only reserv'd their factor to buy souls,
 And send them thither: but at hand, at hand,
 Infues his piteous and unpitied end.
 Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray, for
 vengeance.

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
 That I may live to say, the dog is dead!

Queen. Oh! thou did'st prophesie, the time would
 come,

That I should wish for thee to help me curse
 That bottell'd spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my
 fortune,

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted Queen,
 The presentation of but what I was;

8 The flatt'ring index of a direful Page;
 One heav'd on high, to be hurl'd down below:

A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;

A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,

To be the aim of ev'ry dang'rous shot;

A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;

A Queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now? where be thy brothers?

Where be thy children? wherein dost thou joy?

Who sues and kneels, and says, God save the Queen?

Where be the bending Peers, that flatter'd thee?

7 Th' ADULTERATE *Hastings*, ——— I believe *Shakespeare* wrote

Th' ADULTERER *Hastings*, ———

8 The flatt'ring index of a direful PAGEANT;] Without doubt
Shakespeare wrote

———— direful PAGE.

Where be the thronging troops, that follow'd thee?
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
 For one being su'd to, one that humbly sues;
 For Queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wert,
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou did'st usurp my place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow?
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burden'd yoke;
 From which, ev'n here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burthen of it all on thee.

Farewel, *York's* wife, and Queen of sad mischance,
 These *English* woes shall make me smile in *France*.

Queen. O thou well-skill'd in curses! stay a while,
 And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Q. Mar. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day:
 Compare dead happiness with living woe;
 Think, that thy babes were sweeter than they were,
 And he, that slew them, fouler than he is:
 Bett'ring thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
 Revolving this, will teach thee how to curse.

Queen. My words are dull, O! quicken them with
 thine.

Q. Mar. Thy woes will make them sharp, and pierce
 like mine. [Exit Margaret.]

Dutch. Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen. Windy attorneys (a) to their client-woes,
 Airy succeders of intestate joys,
 Poor breathing orators of miseries!
 Let them have scope, tho' what they do impart
 Help nothing else, yet they do ease the heart.

[(a) — to their client-woes. Oxford Edition—Vulg. to your client's woes.]

Dutch. If so, then be not tongue-ty'd; go with me,
And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[*Drum, within.*]

I hear his drum, be copious in exclaims.

S C E N E V.

Enter King Richard, and his Train.

K. Rich. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Dutch. O, she, that might have intercepted thee
By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Queen. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden crown,
Where should be branded, if that right were right,
The slaughter of the Prince that ow'd that crown,
And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
Tell me, thou villain-slave, where are my children?

Dutch. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother
Clarence?

And little *Ned Plantagenet*, his son?

Queen. Where is kind *Hastings*, *Rivers*, *Vaughan*,
Gray?

K. Rich. A flourish, trumpets! strike alarum, drums!
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say.

[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient, and intreat me fair,
Or with the clamorous report of war
Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Dutch. Art thou my son?

K. Rich. Ay, I thank God, my father, and your self.

Dutch. Then patiently hear my impatience.

K. Rich. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Dutch. I will be mild, and gentle in my words.

K. Rich. And brief, good mother, for I am in haste.

Dutch. Art thou so hasty? I have staid for thee,
God knows, in anguish, pain and agony.

K. Rich. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Dutch. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
 Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.
 A grievous burthen was thy birth to me,
 "Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy ;
 "Thy school-days frightful, desp'rate, wild and furious ;
 "Thy prime of manhood, daring, bold and venturous :
 "Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, fly and bloody."
 What comfortable hour canst thou name,
 That ever grac'd me in thy company ?

K. Rich. Faith, none but *Humphry Houre*, that call'd
 your Grace

To breakfast once, forth of my company.
 If I be so disgracious in your sight,
 Let me march on, and not offend your Grace.
 Strike up the Drum.

Dutch. I pry'thee, hear me speak.

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Dutch. Hear me a word :

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So, ———

Dutch Either thou'lt die by God's just ordinance,
 Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror ;
 Or I with grief and extream age shall perish,
 And never look upon thy face again.
 Therefore take with thee my most heavy Curse ;
 Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more,
 Than all the compleat armour that thou wear'st !
 My prayers on the adverse party fight,
 And there the little souls of *Edward's* children
 Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
 And promise them success and victory !
 Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end !
 Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*

Queen. Tho' far more cause, yet much less spirit to
 curse

Abides in me, I say Amen to her. [*Going.*

K. Rich. Stay, Madam, I must speak a word with you.

Queen. I have no more Sons of the royal blood
 For thee to slaughter ; for my daughters, *Richard*,
 They shall be praying Nuns, not weeping Queens ;
 And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd *Elizabeth*,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Queen. And must she die for this? O let her live,
And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,
Slander myself as false to *Edward's* bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy:
So she may live unscarr'd from bleeding slaughter,
I will confess she was not *Edward's* daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth, she is of royal blood.

Queen. To save her life, I'll say, she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Queen. And only in that safety dy'd her brothers.

K. Rich. No, at their births good stars were opposite.

Queen. No, to their lives bad friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Queen. True; when avoided grace makes destiny.
My babes were destin'd to a fairer death,
If grace had blest thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins?

Queen. Cousins, indeed; and by their Uncle couzen'd
Of Comfort, Kingdom, Kindred, Freedom, Life:
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction.
No doubt, the murd'rous knife was dull and blunt,
'Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the intrails of my lambs.
But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame,
My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,
'Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;
And I in such a desp'rate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,
Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprize,
And dangerous success of bloody wars;
As I intend more good to you and yours,
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!

Queen. What good is cover'd with the face of heav'n,
To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. Th' advancement of your children, gentle
lady.

Queen. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads.

K. *Rich.* No, to the dignity and height of fortune,
 9 The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Queen. Flatter my sorrows with report of it ;
 Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,
 Canst thou demise to any child of mine ?

K. *Rich.* Ev'n all I have ; ay, and my self and all,
 Will I withal endow a child of thine :
 So in the *Lethe* of thy angry soul
 Thou drown the sad Remembrance of those wrongs,
 Which, thou supposest, I have done to thee.

Queen. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness
 Last longer telling than thy kindness do.

K. *Rich.* Then know, that from my soul I love thy
 daughter.

Queen. My daughter's mother thinks it with her soul.

K. *Rich.* What do you think ?

Queen. That thou dost love my daughter, from thy
 soul.

So from thy soul's love, did'st thou love her brothers ;
 And from my heart's love, I do thank thee for it.

K. *Rich.* Be not so hasty to confound my meaning ;
 I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
 And do intend to make her Queen of *England*.

Queen. Say then, who dost thou mean shall be her
 King ?

K. *Rich.* Ev'n he, that makes her Queen ; who else
 should be ?

Queen. What, thou !

K. *Rich.* Even so ; how think you of it ?

Queen. How canst thou wooe her ?

K. *Rich.* I would learn of you,
 As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Queen. And wilt thou learn of me ?

K. *Rich.* With all my heart.

Queen. Send to her, by the man that slew her bro-
 thers,

A pair of bleeding hearts ; thereon engrave
Edward and *York* ; then, haply, will she weep :
 Therefore present to her, as sometime *Marg'ret*

9 The high imperial type—] i. e. the throne.

Did to thy father, steeped in *Rutland's* blood,
 A handkerchief; which, say to her, did drain
 The purple tide from her sweet brothers' bodies,
 And bid her wipe her weeping eyes therewith.
 If this inducement move her not to love,
 Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
 Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle *Clarence*,
 Her uncle *Rivers*; ay, and for her sake,
 Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt *Anne*.

K. Rich. You mock me, Madam; this is not the way
 To win your daughter.

Queen. There's no other way,
 Unless thou could'st put on some other shape,
 And not be *Richard* that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of her.

Queen. Nay then, indeed, she cannot chuse but hate
 thee;

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done, cannot be now
 amended;

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
 Which after-hours give leisure to repent of.
 If I did take the Kingdom from your sons,
 To make amends, I'll give it to your daughter:
 If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
 To quicken your increase I will beget
 Mine issue of your blood, upon your daughter:
 A grandam's name is little less in love,
 Than is the doting title of a mother;
 They are as children but one step below,
 Even of your metal, of your very blood:
 Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
 Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.
 Your children were vexation to your youth,
 But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
 The loss you have, is but a son being King;
 And by that loss your daughter is made Queen.

[*Look, what is done, &c.*] This long speech is not in the Edition of 1598 or that of 1602, but added by the Author since.

Mr. Pope.

I cannot

I cannot make you what amends I would,
 Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul
 Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,
 This fair alliance quickly shall call home
 To high promotions, and great dignity.
 The King, that calls your beauteous daughter wife,
 Familiarly shall call thy *Dorset* brother:
 Again shall you be mother to a King;
 And all the ruins of distressful times
 Repair'd with double riches of content.
 What! we have many goodly days to see.
 The liquid drops of tears, that you have shed,
 Shall come again, transform'd to orient pearl;
 Advantaging their loan with interest
 Of ten times double gain of happiness.
 Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go;
 Make bold her bashful years with your experience;
 Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;
 Put in her tender heart th' aspiring flame
 Of golden Sov'reignty; acquaint the Princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage-joys.
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd *Buckingham*,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
 And lead thy daughter to a Conqueror's bed;
 To whom I will retail my Conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, *Cæsar's Cæsar*.

Queen. What were I best to say, her father's brother
 Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?
 Or he that slew her brothers, and her uncles?
 Under what title shall I wooe for thee,
 That God, the law, my honour, and her love,
 Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair *England's* peace by this alliance.

Queen. Which she shall purchase with still lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the King, that may command,
 intreats —————

Queen. That at her hands, which the King's King
 forbids.

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty Queen—

Queen. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Queen. But how long shall that title, ever, last?

K. Rich. Sweetly in force, unto her fair life's end.

Queen. But how long, fairly, shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as heav'n and nature lengthen it.

Queen. As long as hell and Richard like of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her Sov'reign, am her Subject now.

Queen. But she, your Subject, loaths such Sov'reignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Queen. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then, in plain terms tell her my loving tale.

Queen. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a stile.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow, and too quick.

Queen. O no, my reasons are too deep and dead;

Two deep and dead poor infants in their grave;

Harp on it still shall I, 'till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, Madam; that is
past.

Now by my George, my Garter, and my Crown —

Queen. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear.

Queen. By nothing, for this is no oath:

The George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour;

The Garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

The Crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.

If something thou would'st swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something, that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now by the world —

Queen. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death —

Queen. Thy life hath that dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then by myself.

Queen. Thy self thy self misusest.

K. Rich. Why then, by heav'n —

Queen. Heav'n's wrong is most of all:

If thou didst fear to break an oath with heav'n,

The unity the King my husband made

Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers dy'd.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath with heav'n,

Th'

Th' imperial metal, circling now thy head,
 Had grac'd the tender temples of my child ;
 And both the Princes had been breathing here ;
 Which now, two tender bed-fellows for dust,
 Thy broken faith hath made a prey to worms.
 What can'st thou swear by now ?

K. Rich. By time to come.

Queen. That thou hast wronged in the time o'er-past :
 For I my self have many tears to wash
 Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.
 The children live, whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
 Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age.
 The parents live, whose children thou hast butcher'd,
 Old wither'd plants, to wail it in their age.
 Swear not by time to come, for that thou hast
 Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'er-past.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper and repent,
 So thrive I in my dangerous attempt
 Of hostile arms ! my self, my self confound ;
 Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours ;
 Day yield me not thy light, nor night thy rest ;
 Be opposite all planets of good luck
 To my proceeding ; if with pure heart's love,
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
 I tender not thy beauteous Princely Daughter !
 In her consists my happiness, and thine ;
 Without her, follows to my self and thee,
 Her self, the Land, and many a christian soul,
 Death, desolation, ruin, and decay.
 It cannot be avoided, but by this ;
 It will not be avoided, but by this.
 Therefore, dear mother, (I must call you so,)
 Be the attorney of my love to her ;
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
 Urge the necessity and state of times ;
 And be not peevish found in great designs.

Queen. Shall I be tempted of the Devil thus ?

K. Rich. Ay, if the Devil tempt you to do good.

Queen. Shall I forget my self to be my self ?

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong your self.

Queen. But thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them; Where, in that nest of spicery, they shall breed Selves of themselves, to your recomforture.

Queen. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen. I go, write to me shortly.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kifs, and so farewell —————

[Exit Queen.]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing, woman!

SCENE VI.

Enter Ratcliff.

Rat. Most mighty Sovereign, on the western coast Rideth a puissant Navy: to our shores Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends, Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back. 'Tis thought, that *Richmond* is their Admiral: And there they hull, expecting but the aid Of *Buckingham*, to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk,

Ratcliff, thy self, or *Catesby*; where is he?

Cates. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. *Catesby*, fly to the Duke.

Cates. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither, post to *Salisbury*; When thou com'st thither — dull unmindful villain,

[To Catesby.]

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the Duke?

Cates. First, mighty Liege, tell me your Highness' pleasure,

What from your Grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O true, good *Catesby*, — bid him levy strait The greatest strength and power he can make, And meet me suddenly at *Salisbury*.

Cates. I go.

[Exit.]

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at *Salisbury*?

K. Rich.

K. Rich. Why, what would'st thou do there, before
I go?

Rat. Your Highness told me, I should post before.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd——

Enter Lord Stanley.

Stanley, what news with you?

Stan. None good, my Liege, to please you with the
hearing;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad:
Why dost thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way?
Once more, what news?

Stan. *Richmond* is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him!
White-liver'd Runagate, what doth he there?

Stan. I know not, mighty Sovereign, but by guesses.

K. Rich. Well, as you guesses.

Stan. Stirr'd up by *Dorset*, *Buckingham*, and *Morton*,
He makes for *England*, here to claim the Crown.

K. Rich. Is the Chair empty? is the Sword unsway'd?
Is the King dead? the Empire unpossess'd?
What Heir of *York* is there alive, but We?
And who is *England's* King, but great *York's* heir?
Then tell me, what makes he upon the sea?

Stan. Unless for that, my Liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your Liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the *Welsh-man* comes.
Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, mighty Liege, therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy Power then to beat him back?
Where are thy Tenants, and thy Followers?
Are they not now upon the western shore,
Safe-conducting the Rebels from their ships?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the
North.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me: what do they in the
North,
When they should serve their Sovereign in the West?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty King;
Please

Please it your Majesty to give me leave,
I'll muster up my friends, and meet your Grace,
Where, and what time your Majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, thou would'st fain be gone, to join
with *Richmond*:

But I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Mighty Sovereign,
You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful;
I never was, nor never will be, false.

K. Rich. Go then, and muster men; but leave behind
Your son *George Stanley*: look, your heart be firm;
Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you!

[*Exit Stanley.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. My gracious Sov'reign, now in *Devonshire*,
As I by friends am well advertised,
Sir *Edmond Courtney*, and the haughty Prelate,
Bishop of *Exeter*, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. In *Kent*, my Liege, the *Guilfords* are in arms,
² And every hour more competitors
Flock to the Rebels, and their Power grows strong.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. My Lord, the army of the Duke of *Buckingham*——

K. Rich. ³ Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of
death? [He strikes him.

There, take thou That, 'till thou bring better news.

Mes. The news I have to tell your Majesty,
Is, that, by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;

² *And every hour more competitors*] By the word *competitors*, the speaker would insinuate, that men flocked to the adverse party, as if it had been a competition for interest and glory. But the *Oxford Editor* will make *Shakespeare* speak like other people, and so reads *complices*.

³ *Out on ye, Owls!*] i. e. birds of ill omen.

And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. *Rich.* Oh! I cry thee mercy!
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

Mes. Such Proclamation hath been made, my Liege.

Enter another Messenger.

Mes. Sir *Thomas Lovel*, and Lord Marquis *Dorset*,
'Tis said, my Liege, in *Yorkshire* are in arms;
But this good comfort bring I to your Highness,
The *Bretagne* Navy is dispers'd, by tempest.

Richmond in *Dorsetshire* sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from *Buckingham*
Upon his Party; he, mistrusting them,
Hois'd sail, and made his course again for *Bretagne*.

K. *Rich.* March on, march on, since we are up in
arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies,
Yet to beat down these Rebels here at home.

Enter Catesby.

Cates. My Liege, the Duke of *Buckingham* is taken,
That is the best news; that the Earl of *Richmond*
Is with a mighty Pow'r landed at *Milford*;
Is colder news, but yet it must be told.

K. *Rich.* Away tow'rds *Salisbury*; while we reason
here,
A royal battle might be won and lost:
Some one take order, *Buckingham* be brought
To *Salisbury*; the rest march on with me. [Exeunt.

S C E N E VII.

Changes to the Lord Stanley's House.

Enter Lord Stanley, and Sir Christopher Urswick.

Stan. SIR Christopher, tell *Richmond* this from me;
That in the sty of this most bloody Boar,

4 My

* My son *George Stanley* is frankt up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young *George's* head;
The fear of That holds off my present aid.
So, get thee gone; commend me to thy Lord.
Say too, the Queen hath heartily consented
He should espouse *Elizabeth* her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely *Richmond* now?

Cbri. At *Pembroke*, or at *Hertford-west* in *Wales*.

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Cbri. Sir *Walter Herbert*, a renowned soldier,
Sir *Gilbert Talbot*, and Sir *William Stanley*,
Oxford, redoubted *Pembroke*, Sir *James Blunt*,
And *Rice ap Thomas*, with a valiant crew,
And many others of great name and worth:
And towards *London* do they bend their Power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy Lord: I kiss his hand,
My letter will resolve him of my mind.

Farewel.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

SALISBURY.

*Enter the Sheriff, and Buckingham, with halberds,
led to Execution.*

Buck. WILL not King *Richard* let me speak with
him?

Sher. No, good my Lord, therefore be patient.

Buck. *Hastings*, and *Edward's* children, *Gray*, and
Rivers,

Holy King *Henry*, and thy fair son *Edward*,
Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
By under-hand, corrupted, foul injustice;
If that your moody, discontented, souls,
Do through the clouds behold this present hour,

* My son *George Stanley*, is frankt up] See the note on Act I.
Scene 4. of this play. Mr. Pope.

Ev'n

Ev'n for revenge mock my destruction!

This is *All-Souls* day, fellows, is it not?

Sher. It is, my lord.

Buck. Why, then *All-Souls* day is my body's Doomsday.

This is the day, which in King *Edward's* time
I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found
False to his children, or his wife's allies.

This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall
By the false faith of him whom most I trusted:

This, this *All-Souls* day to my fearful Soul,

Is the determin'd respect of my wrongs.

That high All-fer, which I dallied with,
Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
And giv'n in earnest, what I begg'd in jest.

Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
To turn their own points on their masters' bosoms.

Thus *Marg'ret's* Curse falls heavy on my head:

When he, quoth she, shall split thy heart with sorrow,
Remember, *Marg'ret* was a Prophetess.

Come, Sirs, convey me to the block of shame;

Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt Buckingham, Sheriff and Officers.*]

SCENE II.

On the Borders of Leicester-Shire. A Camp.

*Enter Richmond, Oxford, Blunt, Herbert, and
others, with Drum and Colours.*

Richm. **F**ELLOWS in arms, and my most loving
friends,

Bruis'd underneath the yolk of tyranny,
Thus far into the bowels of the Land
Have we march'd on without impediment;
And here receive we from our father *Stanley*
Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
The wretched, bloody, and usurping Boar

(That

*I Is the determin'd RESPITE of my wrongs.] This is nonsense,
we should read RESPECT of my wrongs, i. e. requital.*

(That spoil'd your summer-fields, and fruitful vines,) Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms; this foul swine Lyes now ev'n in the centre of this Isle, Near to the town of *Leicester*, as we learn: From *Tamworth* thither is but one day's March. In God's name, cheerly on, couragious friends, To reap the harvest of perpetual peace, By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand swords, To fight against that bloody homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will fly to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but who are friends for fear,

Which in his dearest Need will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage; then, in God's name, march;

True hope is swift, and flies with Swallow's wings; Kings it makes Gods, and meaner creatures Kings.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Changes to Bosworth Field.

Enter King Richard in arms, with Norfolk, Surrey, Ratcliff, Catesby, and others.

K. Rich. **H**ERE pitch our Tents, even here in *Bosworth field.*

My lord of *Surrey*, why look you so sad?

Surr. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My lord of *Norfolk*,——

Nor. Here, most gracious Liege.

K. Rich. *Norfolk*, we must have knocks: ha, must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent, here will I lye to night; But where to-morrow?——well, all's one for that.

Who hath descry'd the number of the traitors?

Nor.

Nor. Six, or sev'n, thousand is their utmost Power.

K. Rich Why, our Battalion trebles that account:
Besides, the King's name is a tower of strength,
Which they upon the adverse faction want.
Up with the tent: come, noble gentlemen,
Let us survey the vantage of the ground.
Call for some men of sound direction:
Let's want no discipline; make no delay;
For, lords, to morrow is a busie day. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to another Part of Bosworth Field.

Enter Richmond, Sir William Brandon, Oxford, and Dorset.

Rich. **T**HE weary Sun hath made a golden Set,
And, by the bright tract of his fiery car,
Gives signal of a goodly day to morrow.
Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard;
The Earl of *Pembroke* keeps his regiment;
Good Captain *Blunt*, bear my good night to him;
And by the second hour in the morning
Desire the Earl to see me in my tent.

Yet one thing more, good *Blunt*, before thou goest;
Where is lord *Stanley* quarter'd, dost thou know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his Colours much,
(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done)
His regiment lyes half a mile at least
South from the mighty Power of the King.

Rich. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet *Blunt*, make some good means to speak with him,
And give him from me this most needful Note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it.

Rich. ² Give me some ink and paper; in my tent

² Give me some ink and paper;]. I have placed these lines here as they stand in the first editions: the rest place them three speeches before, after the words *Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard*; interrupting what there follows: *The Earl of Pembroke, &c.* I think them more naturally introduced here, when he is retiring to his tent; and considering what he has to do that night.

Mr. Pope.

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,
 Limit each leader to his several charge,
 And part in just proportion our small strength.
 Let us consult upon to morrow's business;
 In to our tent, the air is raw and cold.

[They withdraw into the tent.]

SCENE changes back to King Richard's Tent.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff, Norfolk, and Catesby.

K. Rich. **W**HAT is't o'clock?
Cates. It's supper time, my lord;
 It's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to night.
 Give me some Ink and Paper.
 What, is my beaver easier than it was?
 And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cates. It is, my Liege, and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good *Norfolk*, hie thee to thy charge,
 Use careful watch, chuse trusty centinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to morrow, gentle *Norfolk*.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. *[Exit.]*

K. Rich. *Catesby*,——

Cates. My lord.

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant at arms
 To *Stanley's* regiment; bid him bring his Power
 Before Sun-rising, lest his son *George* fall
 Into the blind Cave of eternal Night.
 Fill me a bowl of wine—give me a watch——

[To Ratcliff.]

Saddle white *Surrey* for the field to morrow:
 Look, that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.

Ratcliff,——

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy lord *Northum-
 berland*?

Rat. *Thomas*, the Earl of *Surrey*, and himself,
 Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop,
 Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich.

K. *Rich.* I am satisfy'd ; give me a bowl of wine.
I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have——
There, set it down. Is ink and paper ready ?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. *Rich.* Bid my Guard watch, and leave me.
About the mid of night come to my tent,
And help to arm me. Leave me now, I say.

[*Exit Ratcliff.*]

S C E N E IV.

Changes back to Richmond's Tent.

Enter Stanley to Richmond: Lords, &c.

Stan. **F**ortune and Victory fit on thy helm !
Richm. All comfort, that the dark night
can afford,

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law !
Tell me, how fares our loving mother ?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother ;
Who prays continually for *Richmond's* good :
So much for that — The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the East.
In brief, for so the season bids us be,
Prepare thy battle early in the morning ;
And put thy fortune to th' Arbitrement
Of bloody strokes, and mortal staring war.
I, as I may, (that which I would, I cannot)
With best advantage will deceive the time,
And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms.
But on thy side I may not be too forward,
Lest (being seen) thy brother, tender *George*,
Be executed in his father's Sight.

Farewel ; the leisure, and the fearful time
Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
Which so long-fundred friends should dwell upon.
God give us leisure for these Rites of love !
Once more, adieu ! be valiant, and speed well.

Rich. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment ;

I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap;
 Lest leaden slumber poize me down to morrow,
 When I should mount with wings of victory:
 Once more, good night, kind lords, and gentlemen.

[*Exeunt. Manet Richmond.*]

O thou! whose Captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye:
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 Th' usurping helmets of our adversaries!
 Make us thy Ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in thy victory.
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes:
 Sleeping and waking, oh, defend me still! [Sleeps.]

SCENE V.

*Between the Tents of Richard and Richmond:
 They Sleeping.*

*Enter the Ghost of Prince Edward, Son to Henry
 the Sixth.*

Ghost. LET me sit heavy on thy soul to morrow!
 [To K. Rich.]

Think, how thou stab'd'st me in the prime of youth
 At *Tewksbury*; therefore despair, and die.

Be cheerful, *Richmond*; for the wronged souls
 [To Richm.]

Of butcher'd Princes fight in thy behalf:
 King *Henry's* issue, *Richmond*, comforts thee.

Enter the Ghost of Henry the Sixth.

Ghost. When I was mortal, my anointed body
 [To K. Rich.]

By thee was punched full of deadly holes;
 Think on the *Tower*, and me; despair, and die.
Henry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die.

Virtuous and holy, be thou Conqueror: [To Richm.]
Harry, that prophesy'd thou should'st be King,
 Doth comfort thee in sleep; live thou and flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Clarence.

Ghost. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to morrow!

[*To K. Rich.*

I, that was wash'd to death in fulsom wine,
 Poor *Clarence*, by thy guile betray'd to death:
 To morrow in the battle think on me,
 And fall thy edgeless sword; despair, and die.

Thou off-spring of the House of *Lancaster*,

[*To Richm.*

The wronged heirs of *York* do pray for thee;
 Good angels guard thy battle! live, and flourish.

Enter the Ghosts of Rivers, Gray, and Vaughan.

Riv. Let me sit heavy on thy soul to morrow!

[*To K. Rich.*

Rivers, that dy'd at *Pomfret*: despair, and die.

Gray. Think upon *Gray*, and let thy soul despair.

[*To K. Rich.*

Vaugh. Think upon *Vaughan*, and with guilty fear
 Let fall thy lance! *Richard*, despair, and die.

[*To K. Rich.*

All. Awake! and think our wrongs in *Richard's*
 bosom

Will conquer him- — Awake, and win the day.

[*To Richm.*

Enter the Ghost of Lord Hastings.

Ghost. Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake;

[*To K. Rich.*

And in a bloody battle end thy days:
 Think on lord *Hastings*; and despair and die.

Quiet, untroubled soul, awake, awake! [*To Richm.*

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair *England's* sake.

Enter the Ghosts of the two young Princes.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the
 Tower:

Let us be Lead within thy bosom, *Richard*,

[*To K. Rich.*

And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!

Thy

Thy Nephews' souls bid thee despair and die.

Sleep *Richmond*, sleep in peace ; and wake in joy.

[*To Richm.*

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !

Live, and beget a happy race of Kings —

Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

Enter the Ghost of Anne, his Wife.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched *Anne* thy wife,

[*To K. Rich.*

That never slept a quiet hour with thee,

Now fills thy sleep with perturbations :

To morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword : despair, and die.

Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet sleep :

[*To Richm.*

Dream of success and happy victory,

Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

Enter the Ghost of Buckingham.

Ghost. The first was I, that help'd thee to the Crown :

The last was I, that felt thy tyranny.

[*To K. Rich.*

O, in the battle think on *Buckingham*,

And die in terror of thy guiltiness.

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death :

Fainting, despair ; despairing, yield thy breath.

3 I dy'd for Hope, ere I could lend thee aid ;

[*To Richm.*

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd :

God and good angels fight on *Richmond's* side,

And *Richard* fall in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish.*

[*K. Richard starts out of his dream.*

K. Rich. Give me another horse—bind up my wounds.

Have mercy, *Jesu*—soft, I did but dream.

3 *I dy'd for Hope,*] *i. e.* I died for wishing well to you. But Mr. Theobald, with great sagacity, conjectured *holpe* or *aid* ; which gave the line this fine sense, *I died for giving thee aid before I could give thee aid.*

4 O coward conscience ! how dost thou afflict me ?
 The lights burn blue — is it not dead midnight ?
 Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.
 What ? do I fear my self ? there's none else by ;
Richard loves *Richard* ; that is, I am I.
 Is there a murth'rer here ? no ; yes, I am.
 Then fly — what, from my self ? great reason ; why ?
 Left I revenge. What ? my self on my self ?
 I love my self. Wherefore ? for any good,
 That I my self have done unto my self ?
 O, no. Alas, I rather hate my self,
 For hateful deeds committed by my self.
 I am a villain ; yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thy self speak well — Fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand sev'ral tongues,
 And ev'ry tongue brings in a sev'ral Tale,
 And ev'ry Tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury in high'st degree,
 Murther, stern murther in the dir'st degree,
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, all crying, guilty, guilty !
 I shall despair : there is no creature loves me :
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me.
 Nay, wherefore should they : since that I my self
 Find in my self no pity to my self.
 Methought, the souls of all that I had murther'd
 Came to my tent, and every one did threat
 To morrow's vengeance on the head of *Richard*.

4 O coward Conscience !] This is extremely fine. The speaker had entirely got the better of his *Conscience*, and banished it from all his *waking* thoughts. But it takes advantage of his sleep, and frights him in his dreams. With great elegance therefore he is made to call it *coward Conscience*, which dares not encounter him while he is himself awake, and his faculties entire ; but takes advantage of reason being off its guard, and the powers of the soul dissolved in sleep. But the Players, amongst their other innumerable absurdities in the representation of this Tragedy, make *Richard* say, instead of *O coward Conscience*, *O tyrant Conscience!* whereby not only a great beauty is lost, but a great blunder committed. For *Richard* had entirely got the better of his *Conscience* ; which could, on no account, therefore, be said to play the tyrant with him.

Enter

*Enter Ratcliff.**Rat.* My lord, ———*K. Rich.* Who's there?*Rat.* *Ratcliff*, my lord. The early village-cock
Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.*K. Rich.* *Ratcliff*, I fear, I fear ———*Rat.* Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.*K. Rich.* By the Apostle *Paul*, shadows to night
Have struck more terror to the soul of *Richard*,
Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers
Armed in proof, and led by shallow *Richmond*.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me;
Under our tents, I'll play the eaves-dropper;
To hear, if any mean to shrink from me.[*Exeunt K. Richard and Ratcliff.*]

S C E N E VI.

*Enter the Lords to Richmond, sitting in his Tent.**Lords.* Good morrow, *Richmond*.*Rich.* 'Cry mercy, lords and watchful gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.*Lords.* How have you slept, my lord?*Rich.* The sweetest sleep and fairest-boading dreams,
That ever enter'd in a drowsie head,
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies *Richard* murther'd,
Came to my tent, and cried, *On! Victory!*
I promise you, my heart is very jocund,
In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
How far into the morning, is it, lords?*Lords.* Upon the stroak of four.*Richm.* Why, then 'tis time to arm and give direction.
More than I have said, loving Countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on; yet remember this,
God and our good Cause fight upon our side:
The Pray'rs of holy Saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.
Richard except, those, whom we fight against,

Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
 For what is he, they follow? truly, gentlemen,
 A bloody tyrant, and a homicide:
 One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
 One, that made means to come by what he hath,
 And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him.
 A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
 Of *England's* Chair, where he is falsely set;
 One, that hath ever been God's enemy;
 Then if you fight against God's enemy,
 God will in justice ward you as his soldiers.
 If you do sweat to put a Tyrant down,
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain:
 If you do fight against your Country's foes,
 Your Country's Fat shall pay your pains the Hire.
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors.
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
 Advance your standards; draw your willing swords.
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corps on the earth's cold face:
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully;
 God, and Saint *George*! *Richmond*, and victory!

S C E N E VII.

Enter King Richard, Ratcliff and Catesby.

K. Rich. What said *Northumberland*, as touching
Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms.

K. Rich. He said the truth; and what said *Surrey*
 then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

K. Rich. He was i'th' right, and so, indeed, it is.
 Tell the clock there——give me a Kalendar.

[*Clock strikes.*

Who saw the Sun to day?

Rat.

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine; for, by the book,
He should have brav'd the East an hour ago——
A black day it will be to some body, *Ratcliff.*

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. The Sun will not be seen to day;
The sky doth frown and lowre upon our army——
I would these dewy tears were from the ground——
Not shine to day? why, what is that to me
More than to *Richmond*? for the self-same heav'n,
That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter Norfolk.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord, the foe vaunts in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle—caparison my horse.
Call up lord *Stanley*, bid him bring his Power;
I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.
My Forward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot:
Our Archers shall be placed in the midst;
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,
Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we our self will follow
In the main battle, which on either side
Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse:
This and *St. George* to boot! — What think'st thou,
Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike Sovereign:
This paper found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a scrawl.

Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold, [Reads.
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.

K. Rich. A thing devised by the enemy.
Go, gentlemen; go, each man to his Charge.
Let not our babling dreams affright our souls;
Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe:
Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law.
March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell,
If not to heav'n, then hand in hand to hell.
What shall I say more than I have inferr'd?

Remember, whom you are to cope withal ;
 A sort of vagabonds, of rascals, run-aways,
 A scum of *Britons*, and base lackey-peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloyed Country vomits forth
 To desperate adventures and destruction.
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest :
 You having lands, and blest with beauteous wives,
 They would restrain the one, distain the other.
 And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow,
 Long kept in *Bretagne* at (a) his mother's cost ?
 A milk-sop, one that never in his life
 Felt so much cold, as over shoes in snow.
 Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
 Lash hence these over-weening rags of *France*,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ;
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of Means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not those bastard *Britons*, whom our fathers
 Have in their own Land beaten, bobb'd and thump'd ;
 And on record left them the heirs of shame.
 Shall these enjoy our lands ? lye with our wives ?
 Ravish our daughters ? — hark, I hear their drum.

[*Drum afar off.*]

Fight, gentlemen of *England* ; fight, bold yeomen !
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head :
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood :
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !

Enter a Messenger.

What says lord *Stanley*, will he bring his Power ?

Mes. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son *George's* head.

Nor. My lord, the enemy is past the marsh ;
 After the battle let *George Stanley* die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.
 Advance our standards, set upon our foes ;

5 They would RESTRAIN the one, distain the other.] The one means the Lands ; the other their wives. It is plain then we should read,

They would DISTRAIN, i. e. seize upon.

[(a) his. Mr. Theobald. — Vulg. our.]

Our

Our ancient word of courage, fair St. George,
Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons.
Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VIII.

Alarum. Excursions. Enter Catesby.

Cates. Rescue, my lord of *Norfolk*, rescue, rescue:
The King enacts more wonders than a man,
‘Daring an opposite to every danger!
His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,
Seeking for *Richmond* in the throat of death.
Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost.

Alarum. Enter King Richard.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cates. Withdraw, my lord, I’ll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave, I have set my life upon a Cast,
And I will stand the hazard of the Dye:
I think, there be six *Richmonds* in the field;
Five have I slain to day instead of him.
A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse! [*Exeunt.*]

Alarums. Enter King Richard and Richmond; they fight, Richard is slain.

Retreat and flourish. Enter Richmond, Stanley bearing the Crown, with divers other lords.

Richm. God and your arms be prais’d, victorious friends,
The day is ours! the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous *Richmond*, well hast thou acquit thee:

Lo, here these long-usurped royalties,
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch,
Have I pluckt off, to grace thy brows withal.
Wear it, enjoy it, ⁷ and make use of it.

Richm.

6 DARING AN *opposite to ev’ry danger!*] We should read,
A DARING *Opposite.*

7 ——— and make USE of it.] Some old books read, *make MUCH of it:* and therefore Mr. *Theobald* reads so too: but very foolishly. Without doubt *Shakespeare* himself thus corrected it, to make use of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say, Amen, to all !
But tell me first, is young *George Stanley* living ?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in *Leicester* town ;
Whither, if you so please, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of Name are slain on either side ?

Stan. *John Duke of Norfolk*, *Walter* the lord *Ferris*,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, *Sir William Brandon*.

Richm. Interr their bodies as becomes their births.
Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled,
That in submission will return to us.

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,
We will unite the white Rose and the red.

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,
That long hath frown'd upon their enmity !

What traitor hears me, and says not, Amen ?

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself ;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

The sons, compell'd, been butchers to the fire :

All this divided *York* and *Lancaster*,

Divided in their dire division.

O now let *Richmond* and *Elizabeth*,

The true Succeeders of each royal House,

By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !

And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosp'rous days.

Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord !

That would reduce these bloody days again,

And make poor *England* weep in streams of blood.

Let them not live to taste this land's increase,

That would with treason wound this fair land's peace.

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives agen :

That she may long live here, God say, Amen ! [*Exeunt.*

it. Which signifies don't *abuse* it like the Tyrant you have destroyed ; whereas the other reading *make much of it*, signifies be fond of it ; a very ridiculous moral for the conclusion of the Play.

ACT III. SCENE I. page 235.

Thus like the formal VICE, INIQUITY, &c.] As this corrupt reading in the common books hath occasioned our saying something of the barbarities of theatrical representations amongst us before the time of *Shakespeare*, it may not be improper for a better apprehension of this whole matter to give the reader some general account of the rise and progress of the modern Stage.

The first form, in which the *Drama* appeared in the West of *Europe*, after the destruction of learned *Greece* and *Rome*, and that a calm of Dulness had finished upon letters what the rage of barbarism had begun, was that of the *Mysteries*. These were the fashionable and favourite diversions of all Ranks of people both in *France*, *Spain*, and *England*. In which last place, as we learn by *Stow*, they were in use about the time of *Richard* the Second and *Henry* the Fourth. As to *Italy*, by what I can find, the first rudiments of their Stage, with regard to the *matter*, were prophane subjects, and, with regard to the *form*, a corruption of the ancient *Mimes* and *Attellanes*: By which means they got sooner into the right road than their neighbours; having had regular plays amongst them wrote as early as the fifteenth Century.

As to these *Mysteries*, they were, as their name speaks them, a representation of some scripture-story, *to the life*: as may be seen from the following passage in an old *French* history, intitled *La Chronique de Metz composée par le curé de St. Euchaire*; which will give the reader no bad idea of the surprizing absurdity of these strange representations. “ L’an 1437 le 3 Juillet (*says the honest chronicler*) fut fait le Jeu de la Passion de N. S. en la plaine de Veximiel. Et fut Dieu un sire appelleé Seigneur Nicolle Dom Neufchastel, lequel estoit Curé de St. Victour de Metz, lequel fut presque mort en la Croix, s’il ne fût été secourus; & convient qu’un autre Prêtre fut mis en la Croix pour parfaire le Personnage

sonnage du Crucifiment pour ce jour ; & le lendemain
 le dit Curé de St. Victour parfit la Resurrection, et
 fit très hautement son personnage ; et dura le dit Jeu
 — Et autre Prêtre qui s' appelloit Mre. Jean de
 Nicey, qui estoit Chapelain de Metrange, fut Judas ;
 lequel fut presque mort en pendant, car le cuer li
 faillit, & fut bien hâtivement dependu & porté en
 Voye. Et estoit la bouche d'Enfer tres-bien faite ;
 car elle ouvroit & clooit, quand les Diables y vou-
 loient entrer & issir ; et avoit deux gros Culs
 d'Acier, &c." Alluding to this kind of represen-
 tations Archbishop *Harsnet*, in his *Declaration of*
Popish Impostures, p. 71. says, " The little Children
 were never so afraid of Hell-mouth in the old Plays,
 painted with great gang teeth, staring eyes, and foul
 bottle nose." *Carew* in his *Survey of Cornwall*, gives
 a fuller description of them in these words, " The *Guary*
Miracle, in *English* a *Miracle Play*, is a kind of inter-
 lude compiled in *Cornish* out of some Scripture-history.
 For representing it, they raise an earthen Amphithe-
 atre in some open Field, having the diameter of his
 inclosed Playne, some 40 or 50 foot. The country
 people flock from all sides many miles off, to hear
 and see it. For they have therein Devils and
 Devices, to delight as well the eye as the ear. The
 Players conne not their parts without book, but are
 prompted by one called the *Ordinary*, who follow-
 eth at their back with the book in his hand, &c. &c."
 There was always a Droll or Buffoon in these *Mysteries*,
 to make the People mirth with his sufferings or absurdi-
 ties : and they could think of no better a personage to sus-
 tain this part than the *Devil* himself. Even in the *My-*
stery of the *Passion* mentioned above, it was contrived to
 make him ridiculous. Which circumstance is hinted at
 by *Shakespear* (who has frequent allusions to these
 things) in the *Taming of the Shrew*, where one of the
 Players asks for a little *Vinegar* (as a property) to make
 their *Devil* roar. For after the sponge with the Gall
 and Vinegar had been employed in the representation,
 they used to clap it to the nose of the Devil ; which
 making him roar, as if it had been *holy-water*, afford-
 ed

ed infinite diversion to the People. So that *Vinegar* in the old Farces, was always afterwards in use to torment their Devil. We have divers old *English* Proverbs, in which the Devil is represented as acting or suffering ridiculously and absurdly, which all arose from the part he bore in these *Mysteries*, as in that, for instance, of ——— *Great cry and little wool, as the Devil said when he sheared his hogs.* For the sheep-shearing of *Nabal* being represented in the *Mystery* of *David* and *Abigail*, and the Devil always attending *Nabal*, was made to imitate it by *shearing a Hog*. This kind of absurdity, as it is the properest to create laughter, was the subject of the *ridiculous*, in the ancient *Mimes*, as we learn from these words of *St. Austin*: *Ne faciamus ut Mimi solent, et optemus à Libero Aquam, à Lymphis Vinum*.

These *Mysteries*, we see, were given in *France* at first, as well as in *England*, *sub dio*, and only in the *Provinces*. Afterwards we find them got into *Paris*, and a Company established in the *Hôtel de Bourgogne* to represent them. But good Letters and Religion beginning to make their way in the latter end of the reign of *Francis* the First, the stupidity and prophaneness of the *Mysteries* made the Courtiers and Clergy join their interest for their suppression. Accordingly, in the year 1541, the *Procureur-General*, in the name of the King, presented a *Request* against the Company to the Parliament. The three principal branches of his charge against them were, that the representation of the Old-Testament-Stories inclined the people to Judaism; That the New-Testament-Stories encouraged libertinism and infidelity; and that both of them lessened the Charities to the Poor: It seems that this prosecution succeeded; for, in 1548, the Parliament of *Paris* confirmed the company in the possession of the *Hôtel de Bourgogne*, but interdicted the representation of the *Mysteries*. But in *Spain*, we find by *Cervantes*, that they continued much longer; and held their own, even after good Comedy came in amongst them: As appears from the excellent Critique of the

Canon, in the fourth book, where he shews how the old extravagant *Romances* might be made the foundation of a regular *Epic* (which, he says, *tambien puede escrivirse en prosa como en verso*; ²) as the *Mystery-Plays* might be improved into artful *Comedy*. His words are *Pues que si venimos à las Comedias divinas, que de milagros falsos fingen en ellas, que de cosas apocrifas, y mal entendidas, atribueyendo a un Santo los milagros de otro* ³; which made them so fond of Miracles that they introduced them into *las Comedias humanas*, as he calls them. To return;

Upon this prohibition, the *French* poets turned themselves from *Religious* to *Moral* Farces. And in this we soon followed them: The public taste not suffering any greater alteration at first, tho' the *Italians* at this time afforded many just compositions for better Models. These Farces they called *Moralities*. *Pierre Gringore*, one of their old Poets printed one of these *Moralities*, intitled *La Moralité de l'Homme Obstiné*. The Persons of the Drama are *l'Homme Obstiné* ——— *Pugnition Divine* ——— *Simonie* ——— *Hypocrisie* ——— and *Demerites-Communes*. The *Homme Obstiné* is the Atheist, and comes in blaspheming, and determined to persist in his impieties. Then *Pugnition Divine* appears, sitting on a throne in the Air, and menacing the Atheist with punishment. After this Scene, *Simonie*, *Hypocrisie* and *Demerites-Communes* appear and play their parts. In conclusion, *Pugnition Divine* returns, preaches to them, upbraids them with their Crimes, and, in short, draws them all to repentance, all but the *Homme Obstiné*, who persists in his impiety, and is destroyed for an example. To this sad serious subject they added, tho' in a separate representation, a merry kind of Farce called *Sottié*, in which there was *un Paysan* [the Clown] under the name of *Sot commun* [or Fool.] But we, who borrowed all these delicacies from the *French*, blended the *Moralité* and *Sottié* together: So that the *Paysan* or *Sot-commun*, the *Clown* or *Fool*, got a place in our serious *Moralities*: Whose busi-

ness we may understand in the frequent allusions our *Shakespear* makes to them: As in that fine speech in the beginning of the third Act of *Measure for Measure*, where we have this obscure passage,

——— *meerly thou art Death's Fool,
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st tow'rd him still.*

For, in these *Moralities*, the Fool of the piece, in order to shew the inevitable approaches of *Death*, (another of the *Dramatis Personæ*) is made to employ all his Stratagems to avoid him; which, as the matter is ordered, bring the *Fool*, at every turn, into the very Jaws of his enemy: So that a representation of these Scenes would afford a great deal of good mirth and morals mixed together. The very same thing is again alluded to in these lines of *Love's Labour lost*,

*So Portent-like I would o'er-rule his State,
That he should be my Fool, and I his Fate.*

Act. iv. Sc. 2.

But the *French*, as we say, keeping these two sorts of Farces distinct, they became, in time, the Parents of *Tragedy* and *Comedy*; while we, by jumbling them together, begot in an evil hour, that mungrel Species, unknown to Nature and Antiquity, called *Tragi-Comedy*.

And Richard III.
and two say they understand in the first place
that the king makes to them: As in the first place
in the beginning of the chapter of the first volume
first, where we have the whole passage.

For this reason it is the first in the first
and the first in the first.

For in the first place, the first of the piece, in order
to show the inevitable approaches of Death, (another of
the dramatic purposes) I made to employ all his strength
to avoid this, which, as the matter is, is a
thing the first, at once, into the very laws of
his energy: to put a representation of the scene
would be a great deal of good, and would
be in the first place, a great deal of good.

For the first place, the first of the piece, in order
to show the inevitable approaches of Death, (another of
the dramatic purposes) I made to employ all his strength
to avoid this, which, as the matter is, is a
thing the first, at once, into the very laws of
his energy: to put a representation of the scene
would be a great deal of good, and would
be in the first place, a great deal of good.

For the first place, the first of the piece, in order
to show the inevitable approaches of Death, (another of
the dramatic purposes) I made to employ all his strength
to avoid this, which, as the matter is, is a
thing the first, at once, into the very laws of
his energy: to put a representation of the scene
would be a great deal of good, and would
be in the first place, a great deal of good.

For the first place, the first of the piece, in order
to show the inevitable approaches of Death, (another of
the dramatic purposes) I made to employ all his strength
to avoid this, which, as the matter is, is a
thing the first, at once, into the very laws of
his energy: to put a representation of the scene
would be a great deal of good, and would
be in the first place, a great deal of good.

For the first place, the first of the piece, in order
to show the inevitable approaches of Death, (another of
the dramatic purposes) I made to employ all his strength
to avoid this, which, as the matter is, is a
thing the first, at once, into the very laws of
his energy: to put a representation of the scene
would be a great deal of good, and would
be in the first place, a great deal of good.

For the first place, the first of the piece, in order
to show the inevitable approaches of Death, (another of
the dramatic purposes) I made to employ all his strength
to avoid this, which, as the matter is, is a
thing the first, at once, into the very laws of
his energy: to put a representation of the scene
would be a great deal of good, and would
be in the first place, a great deal of good.

For the first place, the first of the piece, in order
to show the inevitable approaches of Death, (another of
the dramatic purposes) I made to employ all his strength
to avoid this, which, as the matter is, is a
thing the first, at once, into the very laws of
his energy: to put a representation of the scene
would be a great deal of good, and would
be in the first place, a great deal of good.

P R I N T E D

IN THE CITY OF LONDON

T H

L I F E

O F

H E N R Y VIII.

THE

LIBRARY

OF

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

P R O L O G U E.

I Come no more to make you laugh; things now,
That bear a weighty and a serious brow,
Sad, high, and working, full of state and woe;
Such noble scenes, as draw the eye to flow,
We shall present. Those, that can pity, here
May, if they think it well, let fall a tear;
The subject will deserve it. Such, as give
Their money out of hope they may believe,
May here find truth too. Those, that come to see
Only a show or two, (and so agree,
The Play may pass) if they be still and willing,
I'll undertake, may see away their shilling
Richly in two short hours. Only they,
That come to hear a merry, barudy play;
A noise of targets; or to see a fellow
In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow;
Will be deceiv'd: for, gentle hearers know,
To rank our chosen truth with such a show
As fool and fight is, (besides forfeiting
Our own brains, and th' opinion that we bring
To make that only true we now intend)
Will leave us ne'er an understanding friend.
Therefore, for goodness' sake, as you are known
The first and happiest hearers of the town,
Be sad, as we would make ye. Think ye see
The very persons of our noble story,
As they were living: think, you see them great,
And follow'd with the gen'ral throng, and sweat
Of thousand friends; Then, in a moment, see
How soon this mightiness meets Misery!
And, if you can be merry then, I'll say,
A man may weep upon his wedding-day.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

KING Henry the Eighth.

Cardinal Wolsey, his first Minister and Favourite.

Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury.

Duke of Norfolk.

Duke of Buckingham.

Duke of Suffolk.

Earl of Surrey.

Lord Chamberlain.

Cardinal Campeius, the Pope's Legat.

Capucius, Ambassador from the Emperor Charles the Fifth.

*Sir Thomas Audleie, Lord Keeper after Sir Thomas
More; and then Lord Chancellor.*

Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester.

Bishop of Lincoln.

Lord Abergavenny.

Lord Sands.

Sir Henry Guilford.

Sir Thomas Lovell.

Sir Anthony Denny.

Sir Nicholas Vaux.

Sir William Sands.

Cromwel, first Servant to Wolsey, afterwards to the King.

Griffith, Gentleman-Usher to Queen Catharine.

Three Gentlemen.

Doctor Butts, Physician to the King.

Garter, King at Arms.

Surveyor to the Duke of Buckingham.

Brandon, and Serjeant at Arms.

Door-Keeper of the Council-Chamber.

Porter, and his Man.

*Queen Catharine, first Wife to King Henry, afterwards
divorced.*

*Anne Bullen, beloved by the King, and afterwards mar-
ried to him*

An old Lady, Friend to Anne Bullen.

Patience, Woman of the Bed-chamber to Queen Catharine.

*Several Lords and Ladies in the Dumb Shews. Women
attending upon the Queen; Spirits, which appear to her.*

Scribes, Officers, Guards, and other Attendants.

*The SCENE lies mostly in London and Westminster;
once, at Kimbolton.*

The LIFE of
King *HENRY* VIII.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Antichamber in the Palace.

*Enter the Duke of Norfolk, at one door: at the other,
the Duke of Buckingham, and the Lord Aberga-
venny.*

BUCKINGHAM.

GOOD morrow, and well met. How have you
done,
Since last we saw in *France*?

Nor. I thank your Grace:

Healthful, and ever since a fresh admirer
Of what I saw there.

Buck. An untimely ague
Staid me a prisoner in my chamber, when
Those suns of glory, those two lights of men,
Met in the vale of *Arde*.

Nor. 'Twixt *Guynes* and *Arde*:

I was then present, saw 'em salute on horse-back,
Beheld them when they lighted, how they clung
In their embracement, as they grew together;
Which had they, what four thron'd ones could have
weigh'd

Such a compounded one?

Buck. All the whole time,
I was my chamber's prisoner.

Nor. Then you lost
The view of earthly glory: men might say,

'Till

1 'Till this time Pomp was single, but now marry'd
 To one above it self. Each following day
 Became the next day's master, 'till the last
 2 Made former wonders, it's. To day the *French*,
 All clinquant, all in gold, like heathen gods,
 Shone down the *English*; and to morrow they
 Made *Britain, India*: every man that stood,
 Shew'd like a mine. Their dwarfish pages were
 As Cherubins, all gilt; the Madams too,
 Not us'd to toil, did almost sweat to bear
 The pride upon them; 3 that their very labour
 Was to them as a painting. Now this mask
 Was cry'd, incomparable; and th' ensuing night
 Made it a fool and beggar. The two Kings,
 Equal in lustre, were now best, now worst,
 As presence did present them; him in eye,
 Still him in praise; and being present both,
 'Twas said, they saw but one; and no discerners
 4 Durst wag his tongue in censure. When these suns
 (For so they phrase 'em) by their heralds challeng'd
 The noble spirits to arms, they did perform
 Beyond thought's compass; that old fabulous story
 (Being now seen possible enough) got credit;
 That 5 *Bevis* was believ'd.

Buck. Oh, you go far.

Nor. As I belong to worship, and affect
 In honour, honesty; the tract of every thing

1 'Till this time Pomp was single, but now marry'd
 To one above it self.—] The thought is odd and whimsical; and
 obscure enough to need an explanation——'Till this time (says the
 speaker) Pomp led a single life, as not finding a husband able to sup-
 port her according to her dignity; but she has now got one in *Henry*
VIII. who could support her even above her condition in finery.

2 Made former wonders, it's.—] i. e. the last drew over all the
 former wonders into it self, as the greater draws the less.

3 ——— that their very labour
 Was to them as a painting.—] i. e. the labour they sustained in
 bearing the weight of their finery, gave them so fresh a colour, as
 saved the trouble and expence of painting.

4 Durst wag his tongue in censure.—] Censure for determination,
 of which had the noblest appearance.

5 *Bevis*] The old romantic legend of *Bevis of Southampton*.

Mr. Pope.

Would

Would by a good discourser lose some life,
Which Action's self was tongue to. ⁶ All was royal;
To the disposing of it nought rebell'd;
Order gave each thing view; The office did
Distinctly his full function.

Buck. Who did guide,
I mean, who set the body and the limbs
Of this great sport together, as you guess?

Nor. One, sure, ⁷ that promises no element
In such a business.

Buck. Pray you, who, my lord?

Nor. All this was order'd by the good discretion
Of the right rev'rend Cardinal of *York*.

Buck. The devil speed him! no man's pye is freed
From his ambitious finger. What had he
To do in these fierce vanities? I wonder,
⁸ That such a ketch can with his very bulk
Take up the rays o'th' beneficial sun,
And keep it from the earth.

Nor. Yet, surely, Sir,
There's in him stuff that puts him to these ends.
For being not propt by ancestry, whose grace
Chalks successors their way; nor call'd upon
For high feats done to th' Crown; neither ally'd
To eminent assistants; but spider-like
Out of his self-drawn web; — this gives us note,
The force of his own merit makes his way;
⁹ A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him
A place next to the King.

Aber. I cannot tell

⁶ ——— *All was royal, &c.*] This speech was given in all the editions to *Buckingham*; but improperly. For he wanted information, having kept his chamber during the solemnity. I have therefore given it to *Norfolk*.

⁷ ——— *that promises no element*] *element*, for talent, capacity.

⁸ *That such a ketch*——] *Ketch*, from the *Italian Caicchie*, signifying a tub, barrel, or hoghead. *Skinner*. *Mr. Pope*.

⁹ *A gift that heaven gives for him, which buys*
A place next to the King.] It is evident a word or two in the sentence is misplaced, and that we should read,

A gift that heaven gives; which buys for him
A place next to the King——

What heav'n hath giv'n him ; let some graver eye
 Pierce into that : but I can see his pride
 Peep through each part of him ; whence has he that ?
 If not from hell, the devil is a niggard,
 Or has given all before ; and he begins
 A new hell in himself.

Buck. Why the devil,
 Upon this *French* Going out, took he upon him,
 Without the privy o'th' King, t'appoint
 Who should attend him ? he makes up the file
 Of all the gentry : for the most part such,
 To whom as great a charge as little honour
 He meant to lay upon : And his own letter
 (The honourable board of council out)
 Must fetch in him he papers.

Aber. I do know
 Kinsmen of mine, three at the least, that have
 By this so sicken'd their estates, that never
 They shall abound as formerly.

Buck. O, many
 Have broke their backs with laying mannors on 'em
 For this great journey. What did this vanity
 But minister communication of
 A most poor issue ?

Nor. Grievingly, I think,
 The peace between the *French* and us not values
 The cost, that did conclude it.

Buck. Every man,
 After the hideous storm that follow'd, was
 A thing inspir'd ; and not consulting, broke

1 ——— whence has he that,
 If not from hell ? the devil—] This ill pointing makes nonsense
 of the thought, I have regulated it as it now stands.

2 Must fetch in him he papers.] He papers, a verb ; his own letter,
 by his own single authority, and without the concurrence of the
 council, must fetch in him whom he papers down.—I don't under-
 stand it unless this be the meaning. Mr. Pope.

3 ——— Every man,
 After the hideous storm that follow'd, &c.] His author, Hall,
 says, Monday 18th day of June there blew such storms of wind and
 weather that marvel was to bear ; for which hideous tempest some said
 it was a very prognostication of trouble and hatred to come between prin-
 ces. In Henry VIII. p. 80.

Into a general prophesie, that this tempest,
Dashing the garment of this peace, aboaded
The sudden breach on't.

Nor. Which is budded out:

For *France* hath flaw'd the league, and hath attach'd
Our merchants' goods at *Bordeaux*.

Aber. Is it therefore

4 Th' ambassador is silenc'd?

Nor. Marry, is't.

Aber. A proper title of a peace, and purchas'd
At a superfluous rate!

Buck. Why, all this business
Our rev'rend Cardinal carried.

Nor. Like it your Grace,
The state takes notice of the private difference
Betwixt you and the Cardinal. I advise you,
(And take it from a heart, that wishes tow'rds you
5 Honour and plenteous safety;) that you read
The Cardinal's malice and his potency
Together: to consider further, that
What his high hatred would effect, wants not
A minister in his pow'r. You know his nature,
That he's revengeful; and, I know, his sword
Hath a sharp edge: it's long, and, 't may be said,
It reaches far; and where 'twill not extend,
Thither he darts it. Bosom up my counsel,
You'll find it wholesome. Lo, where comes that rock,
That I advise your shunning.

SCENE II.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey, the purse borne before him, certain of the guard, and two secretaries with Papers; the Cardinal in his passage fixeth his eye on Buckingham, and Buckingham on him, both full of disdain.

Wol. The Duke of Buckingham's surveyor? ha?

4 Th' ambassador is silenc'd?] *Silenc'd* for recall'd. This being proper to be said of an Orator; and an ambassador or publick minister being called an Orator, he applies *silenc'd* to ambassador.

5 Honour and plenteous safety;—] *plenteous*, for full, entire. But full also signifying *plenteous* he uses *plenteous* to denote *entire*.

Where's his examination?

Secr. Here, so please you.

Wol. Is he in person ready?

Secr. Ay, an't please your Grace.

Wol. Well, we shall then know more;
And *Buckingham* shall lessen this big look.

[*Exeunt Cardinal and his train.*]

Buck. This butcher's cur is venom-mouth'd, and I
Have not the pow'r to muzzle him; therefore best
Not wake him in his slumber. A beggar's book
Out-worths a noble's blood.

Nor. What, are you chaf'd?
Ask God for temp'rance; that's th' appliance only,
Which your disease requires.

Buck. I read in's looks
Matter against me, and his eye revil'd
Me as his abject object; at this instant
He bores me with some trick, he's gone to th' King:
I'll follow and out-stare him.

Nor. Stay, my lord;
And let your reason with your choler question
What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills,
Requires slow pace at first. Anger is like
A full-hot horse, who being allow'd his way,
Self-mettle tires him: not a man in *England*
Can advise me, like you: be to your self,
As you would to your friend.

Buck. I'll to the King,
And from a mouth of honour quite cry down
This *Ipswich* fellow's insolence; or proclaim,
There's diff'rence in no persons.

Nor. Be advis'd;
Heat not a furnace for your foe so hot,
That it do singe your self. We may out-run
By violent swiftnes, that which we run at;
And lose by over-running: know you not,
The fire that mounts the liquor 'till't run o'er,
Seeming t' augment it, wastes it? be advis'd:
I say again, there is no *English* Soul
More stronger to direct you than your self;
If with the sap of reason you would quench,

Or

Or but allay, the fire of passion.

Buck. Sir,
I'm thankful to you, and I'll go along
By your Prescription ; but this top-proud fellow,
Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
⁶ From sincere motions ; by intelligence,
And proofs as clear as founts in *July*, when
We see each grain of gravel, I do know
To be corrupt and treasonous.

Nor. Say not, treasonous.

Buck. To th' King I'll say't, and make my vouch as
strong
As shore of rock. ——— Attend. This holy fox,
Or wolf, or both, (for he is equal rav'nous,
As he is subtle ; and as prone to mischief,
As able to perform't ;) ⁷ his mind and place
Infecting one another, yea, reciprocally,
Only to shew his pomp, as well in *France*
As here at home, ⁸ suggests the King our master
To this last costly treaty, th' interview,
That swallow'd so much treasure, and like a glass
Did break i'th' rinsing.

Nor. Faith, and so it did.

Buck. Pray, give me favour, Sir. ——— This cunning
Cardinal
The articles o'th' combination drew,
As himself pleas'd ; and they were ratify'd,
As he cry'd, *let it be* ——— to as much end,
As give a crutch to th' dead. But our Court-Cardinal
Has done this, and 'tis well ——— for worthy *Wolsey*,
Who cannot err, he did it. Now this follows,
(Which, as I take it, is a kind of puppy
To th' old dam, treason ;) *Charles* the Emperor,
Under pretence to see the Queen his aunt,

⁶ *From sincere motions ;*] in the sense of *syncerus*, *Lat.* legitimate, out of love to my country, and from no private prejudices.

⁷ ——— *his mind and place*

Infecting one another ;] This is very satirical. His mind he represents as highly corrupt ; and yet he supposes the contagion of the place of first minister as adding an infection to it.

⁸ ——— *suggests the King our master*] *suggests*, for excites.

(For 'twas indeed his colour, but he came
 To whisper *Wolsey*;) here makes visitation:
 His fears were, that the interview betwixt
England and *France* might through their amity
 Breed him some prejudice; for from this league
 Peep'd harms, that menac'd him. He privily
 Deals with our Cardinal, and, as I trow,
 Which I do well——for, I am sure, the Emperor
 Paid ere he promis'd, whereby his suit was granted,
 Ere it was ask'd. But when the way was made,
 And pay'd with gold; the Emp'ror thus desir'd,
 That he would please to alter the King's course,
 And break the foresaid peace. Let the King know,
 (As soon he shall by me) that thus the Cardinal
 Does buy and sell his honour as he pleases,
 And for his own advantage.

Nor. I am sorry
 To hear this of him; and could wish, you were
 Something mistaken in't.

Buck. No, not a syllable:
 I do pronounce him in that very shape,
 He shall appear in proof.

S C E N E III.

*Enter Brandon, a Serjeant at Arms before him, and two
 or three of the guard.*

Bran. Your office, Serjeant; execute it.

Serj. Sir,
 My lord the Duke of *Buckingham*, and Earl
 Of *Hertford*, *Stafford*, and *Northampton*, I
 Arrest thee of high treason, in the name
 Of our most Sov'reign King.

Buck. Lo you, my lord,
 The net has fall'n upon me; I shall perish
 Under device and practice.

Bran. I am sorry
 To see you ta'en from liberty, to look on
 The business present. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure
 You shall to th' *Tower*.

Buck. It will help me nothing

To

To plead mine innocence ; for that dye is on me,
Which makes my whit'ft part black. The will of
heav'n

Be done in this and all things ! I obey.

O my lord *Aberga'ny*, fare ye well.

Bran. Nay, he must bear you company. The King
Is pleas'd you shall to th' *Tower*, 'till you know
How he determines further.

Aber. As the Duke said,
The will of heav'n be done, and the King's pleasure
By me obey'd !

Bran. Here is a warrant from
The King, t'attach lord *Montague* ; and the bodies
Of the Duke's confessor, *John de la Court*
And *Gilbert Peck* his chancellor.

Buck. So, so ;
These are the limbs o'th' plot ; no more, I hope ?

Bran. A monk o'th' *Chartreux*.

Buck. *Nicholas Hopkins* ?

Bran. He.

Buck. My surveyor is false, the o'er-great Cardinal
Hath shew'd him gold ; my life is spann'd already :
I am the shadow of poor *Buckingham*,
Whose figure ev'n this instant cloud puts on,
By dark'ning my clear sun. My lord, farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to the Council-Chamber.

Cornet. Enter King Henry, leaning on the Cardinal's
shoulder ; the Nobles, and Sir Thomas Lovel ; the
Cardinal places himself under the King's feet, on his
right side.

King. MY life it self, ^s and the best heart of it,
Thanks you for this great care : I stood
i'th level

8 ———and the best heart of it,] The expression is monstrous.
The heart is supposed the seat of life : But, as if he had many lives,
and to each of them, a heart, he says, *his best heart*. A way of
speaking that would have become a cat rather than a King.

Of a full-charg'd confed'racy, and give thanks
 To you that choak'd it. Let be call'd before us
 That gentleman of *Buckingham's* in person;
 I'll hear him his confessions justifie,
 And point by point the treasons of his master
 He shall again relate.

*A noise within, crying, Room for the Queen. Enter
 the Queen usher'd by the Dukes of Norfolk, and Suf-
 folk: she kneels. The King riseth from his state, takes
 her up, kisses and placeth her by him.*

Queen. Nay, we must longer kneel; I am a suitor.

King. Arise, and take your place by us; half your
 suit

Never name to us; you have half our power:
 The other moiety, ere you ask, is given;
 Repeat your will, and take it.

Queen. Thank your Majesty.

That you would love your self, and in that love
 Not unconsider'd leave your honour, nor
 The dignity of your office, is the point
 Of my petition.

King. Lady mine, proceed.

Queen. I am sollicitated, not by a few,
 And those of true condition, that your subjects
 Are in great grievance. There have been commissions
 Sent down among 'em, which have flaw'd the heart
 Of all their loyalties; wherein although [*To Wolsey.*
 (My good Lord Cardinal) they vent reproaches
 Most bitterly on you, as putter on
 Of these exactions; yet the King our master
 (Whose honour heav'n shield from foil) ev'n he 'scapes not
 Language unmannerly; yea such, which breaks
 The fides of loyalty, and almost appears
 In loud rebellion.

Nor. Not almost appears,
 It doth appear; for, upon these taxations,
 The clothiers all, not able to maintain
 The many to them 'longing, have put off
 The spinsters, carders, fullers, weavers; who,

Unfit

Unfit for other life, compell'd by hunger
 9 And lack of other means, in desp'rate manner
 Daring th' event to th' teeth, are all in uproar,
 1 And Danger serves among them.

King. Taxation?

Wherein? and what taxation? my Lord Cardinal,
 You, that are blam'd for it alike with us,
 Know you of this taxation?

Wol. Please you, Sir,

I know but of a single part in aught
 Pertains to th' state, and front but in that file
 Where others tell steps with me.

Queen. No, my Lord,

You know no more than others: but you frame,
 2 Things that are known alike, which are not wholesome
 To those which would not know them, and yet must
 Perforce be their acquaintance. These exactions
 (Whereof my Sov'reign would have note) they are
 Most pestilent to th' hearing; and, to bear 'em,
 The back is sacrifice to th' load; they say,
 They are devis'd by you, or else you suffer
 Too hard an exclamation.

King. Still, exaction!

The nature of it, in what kind let's know
 Is this exaction?

Queen. I am much too vent'rous

In tempting of your patience, but am bolden'd

9 *And lack of other means, ———*] *Means* does not signify methods of livelihood, for that was said immediately before—*unfit for other life*; but it signifies, *necessaries*—*compelled*, says the speaker, *for want of bread and other necessities*. But the poet using, for the thing, [*want of bread*] the effect of it, [*hunger*] the passage is become doubly obscure; first, by using a term in a licentious sense, and then by putting it to a vicious construction. The not apprehending that this is one of the distinguishing peculiarities in *Shakespeare's* style, has been the occasion of so much ridiculous correction of him.

1 *And Danger serves among them.*] Could one easily believe, that a writer, who had, but immediately before, sunk so low in his expression, should here rise again to a height so truly sublime? where, by the noblest stretch of fancy, *Danger* is personalized as serving in the rebel army, and shaking the established government.

2 *Things that are known alike———*] *alike*, for equally to all.

Under your promis'd pardon. The subjects' grief
Comes through commissions, which compel from each
The sixth part of his substance, to be levy'd
Without delay; and the pretence for this
Is nam'd, your wars in *France*. This makes bold
mouths;

Tongues spit their duties out, and cold hearts freeze
Allegiance in them; All their curses now
Live where their pray'rs did; and it's come to pass,
That tractable obedience is a slave
To each incens'd will. I would, your Highness
Would give it quick consideration, for
3 There is no primer business.

King. By my life,
This is against our pleasure.

Wol. And for me,
I have no further gone in this, than by
A single voice; and that not past me, but
By learned approbation of the judges.
If I'm traduc'd by tongues, which neither know
My faculties, nor person; yet will be
The chronicles of my doing; let me say,
'Tis but the fate of place, and the rough brake
That virtue must go through: we must not stint
Our necessary actions, in the fear
To cope malicious censurers; which ever,
As rav'nous fishes do a vessel follow
That is new trimm'd; but benefit no further
Than vainly longing. What we oft do best,
4 By sick interpreters, or weak ones, is
Not ours, or not allow'd: what worst, as oft

3 *There is no primer BASENESS.*] The Queen is here complaining of the suffering of the Commons; which, she suspects, arose from the abuse of power in some great men. But she is very reserved in speaking her thoughts concerning the quality of it. We may be assured then, that she did not, in conclusion, call it the highest *baseness*; but rather made use of a word that could not offend the Cardinal, and yet would incline the King to give it a speedy hearing. I read therefore,

There is no primer BUSINESS.
i. e. no matter of state that more earnestly presses a dispatch.

4 *By sick interpreters, or weak ones, —*] Sick, for prejudiced.

Hitting

Hitting a grosser quality, is cry'd up
 For our best act: if we stand still, in fear
 Our motion will be mock'd or carped at,
 We should take root here where we sit:
 Or sit state-statues only.

King. Things done well,
 And with a care, exempt themselves from fear:
 Things done without example, in their issue
 Are to be fear'd. Have you a precedent
 Of this commission? I believe, not any.
 We must not rend our subjects from our laws,
 And stick them in our will. Sixth part of each!
 A trembling contribution! ——— why, we take
 5 From ev'ry tree, lop, bark, and part o'th' timber:
 And though we leave it with a root, thus hackt,
 The air will drink the sap. 'To ev'ry county,
 Where this is question'd, send our letters, with
 Free pardon to each man that has deny'd
 The force of this commission: pray look to't;
 I put it to your care.

Wol. A word with you. [To the Secretary.
 Let there be letters writ to ev'ry shire,
 Of the King's grace and pardon: The griev'd commons
 Hardly conceive of me, let it be nois'd,
 That, through our intercession, this revokement
 And pardon comes; I shall anon advise you
 Further in the proceeding. *Exit Secretary.*

S C E N E V.

Enter Surveyor.

Queen. I'm sorry, that the Duke of Buckingham
 Is run in your displeasure.

King. It grieves many;
 The gentleman is learn'd, a most rare speaker,
 To nature none more bound; his training such,
 That he may furnish and instruct great teachers,
 And never seek for aid out of himself.

5 From every tree, lop, bark, and part o'th' timber:] *Lop* is a substantive, and signifies the branches.

Yet see, when ⁶ noble benefits shall prove
 7 Not well dispos'd, the mind grown once corrupt,
 8 They turn to vicious forms, ten times more ugly
 Than ever they were fair. This man so compleat,
 Who was enroll'd 'mongst wonders, and when we,
 Almost with list'ning ravish'd, could not find
 His hour of speech, a minute; he, my lady,
 Hath into monstrous habits put the graces
 That once were his; and is become as black,
 As if besmear'd in hell. Sit, you shall hear
 (This was his gentleman in trust) of him
 Things to strike honour sad. Bid him recount
 The fore-recited practices, whereof
 We cannot feel too little, hear too much.

Wol. Stand forth, and with bold spirit relate, what
 you,

Most like a careful subject, have collected
 Out of the Duke of *Buckingham*.

King. Speak freely.

Surv. First, it was usual with him, ev'ry day
 It would infect his speech, that if the King
 Should without issue die, he'd carry it so
 To make the scepter his. These very words
 I've heard him utter to his son-in-law,
 Lord *Aberga'ny*, to whom by oath he menac'd
 Revenge upon the Cardinal.

Wol. Please your Highness, note
 His dangerous conception in this point:
 Not friended by his wish to your high person,
 His will is most malignant, and it stretches
 Beyond you to your friends.

Queen. My learn'd Lord Cardinal,
 Deliver all with charity.

King. Speak on;
 How grounded he his title to the crown,
 Upon our fail? to this point hast thou heard him

6 ——— noble benefits, ———] *benefits*, for accomplishments.

7 Not well dispos'd, ———] *dispos'd*, for placed, situate.

8 They turn to vicious forms, ———] *Forms*, for habits, which he
 afterwards calls *monstrous habits*.

At any time speak aught?

Surv. He was brought to this,
By a vain prophesy of *Nicholas Hopkins*.

King. What was that *Hopkins*?

Surv. Sir, a *Chartreux* Friar,
His confessor, who fed him ev'ry minute
With words of Sov'reignty.

King. How know'st thou this?

Surv. Not long before your Highness sped to *France*,
The Duke being at the *Rose*, within the parish
St. *Lawrence Poultny*, did of me demand
What was the speech among the *Londoners*
Concerning the *French* journey? I reply'd,
Men fear'd, the *French* would prove perfidious,
To the King's danger: presently the Duke
Said, 'twas the fear, indeed; and that he doubted,
'Twould prove the verity of certain words
Spoke by a holy Monk; that oft, says he,
Hath sent to me, wishing me to permit
John de la Court, my Chaplain, a choice hour
To hear from him a matter of some moment:
Whom after under the (a) Confession's seal
He solemnly had sworn, that, what he spoke,
My Chaplain to no creature living, but
To me, shou'd utter; with demure confidence,
Thus pausingly ensu'd;—Neither the King, nor's heirs
(Tell you the Duke) shall prosper; bid him strive
To gain the love o'th' commonalty; the Duke
Shall govern *England*.——

Queen. If I know you well,
You were the Duke's surveyor, and lost your office
On the complaint o'th' tenants; take good heed,
You charge not in your spleen a noble person,
And spoil your nobler soul: I say, take heed;
Yes, heartily I beseech you.

King. Let him on.
Go forward.

Surv. On my soul, I'll speak but truth.
I told my Lord the Duke, by th' devil's illusions

[(a) Confession—Mr. Theobald] Vulg. Commission.]

The Monk might be deceiv'd ; and that 'twas dang'rous
 For him to ruminate on this, until
 It forg'd him some design, which, being believ'd,
 It was much like to do : he answer'd, Tush,
 It can do me no damage : adding further,
 That had the King in his last sickness fail'd,
 The Cardinal's and Sir *Thomas Lovell's* heads
 Should have gone off.

King. Ha ! what, so rank ? ah ha ———
 There's mischief in this man ; canst thou say further ?

Surv. I can, my Liege.

King. Proceed.

Surv. Being at *Greenwich*,
 After your Highness had reprov'd the Duke
 About Sir *William Blomer* ———

King. I remember
 Of such a time, he being my sworn servant,
 The Duke retain'd him his. But on ; what hence ?

Surv. If, quoth he, I for this had been committed,
 As to the *Tower*, I thought ; I would have plaid
 The part my father meant to act upon
 Th' usurper *Richard*, who, being at *Salisbury*,
 Made suit to come in's presence ; which, if granted,
 (As he made semblance of his duty) would
 Have put his knife into him.

King. A giant traitor !

Wol. Now, Madam, may his Highness live in free-
 dom,
 And this man out of prison ?

Queen. God mend all !

King. There's something more would out of thee ;
 what say'st ?

Surv. After the Duke his father with the knife, —
 He stretch'd him, and with one hand on his dagger,
 Another spread on's breast, mounting his eyes,
 He did discharge a horrible oath, whose tenour
 Was, were he evil-us'd, he would out-go
 His father, by as much as a performance
 9 Does an irresolute purpose.

9 Does an irresolute purpose.] *Irresolute*, for unperformed simply.

King.

King. There's his period,
To sheath his knife in us ; he is attach'd,
Call him to present tryal ; if he may
Find mercy in the law, 'tis his ; if none,
Let him not seek't of us : by day and night,
He's traitor to the height.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VI.

An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Sands.

Cham. **I**S't possible, the spells of *France* should
juggle
Men into such strange mockeries?

Sands. New customs,
Though they be never so ridiculous,
Nay, let 'em be unmanly, yet are follow'd.

Cham. As far as I see, all the good our *English* Have got by the last voyage, is but meerly A fit or two o'th' face, but they are shrewd ones; For when they hold 'em, you would swear directly Their very noses had been counsellors To *Pepin* or *Clotharius*; they keep state so.

Sands. They've all new legs, and lame ones; one would take it,

1 *Is't possible, the spells of France should juggle*

Men into such strange MYSTERIES?] These *mysteries* were the fantastic court-fashions. He says they were occasioned by the *spells* of *France*. Now it was the opinion of the common people, that conjurers, jugglers, &c. with *spells* and *charms* could force men to commit idle fantastic actions; and change even their shapes to something ridiculous and grotesque. To this superstition the poet alludes, who, therefore, we must think, wrote the second line thus,

Men into such strange MOCKERIES:

A word well expressive of the whimsical fashions here complained of. Sir *Thomas More*, speaking of this very matter at the same time, says,

Ut more SIMIÆ laboret fingere

Et æmulari Gallicas ineptias.

But the *Oxford Editor*, without regard to the metaphor, but in order to improve on the emendation, reads *mimick'ries*; not considering neither that whatsoever any thing is changed or juggled into by *spells*, must have a *passive* signification, as *mockeries*, [i. e. visible figures.] not an *active*, as *mimick'ries*.

(That

(That never saw 'em pace before) the spavin
And spring-halt reign'd among 'em.

Cham. Death! my Lord,
Their cloaths are after such a pagan cut too,
That, sure, they've worn out Christendom: how now?
What news, Sir *Thomas Lovell*?

Enter Sir Thomas Lovell.

Lov. Faith, my Lord,
I hear of none, but the new proclamation
That's clap'd upon the court-gate.

Cham. What is't for?

Lov. The reformation of our travell'd gallants,
That fill the court with quarrels, talk, and tailors.

Cham. I'm glad, 'tis there; now I would pray our
Monfieurs

To think an *English* courtier may be wise,
And never see the *Louvre*.

Lov. They must either
(For so run the conditions) "leave those remnants
"Of fool and feather, that they got in *France*;
"With all their honourable points of ignorance
"Pertaining thereunto, as fights and fire-works;
"Abusing better men than they can be,
"Out of a foreign wisdom; clean renouncing
"The faith they have in tennis, and tall stockings,
"Short-bolster'd breeches, ² and those types of travel;
"And understand again like honest men,
Or pack to their old play-fellows; there, I take it,
They may, *cum privilegio*, wear away
The lag-end of their lewdness, and be laugh'd at.

Sands. 'Tis time to give them physick, their dis-
eases
Are grown so catching.

Cham. What a loss our ladies
Will have of these trim vanities?

Lov.

²—*and those types of travel*;] Very finely called so; as the mark of that vanity of mind, which was all our youth had gained by travel.

Lov. Ay, marry,
There will be woe indeed, Lords; the fly whoresons
Have got a speeding trick to lay down Ladies:
A *French* song and a fiddle has no fellow.

Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I'm glad, they're
going

For, sure, there's no converting 'em: now, Sirs,
An honest country Lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song,
And have an hour of hearing, and, by'r Lady,
Held current musick too.

Cham. Well said, Lord *Sands*;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet?

Sands. No, my Lord,
Nor shall not, while I have a stump.

Cham. Sir *Thomas*,
Whither are you going?

Lov. To the Cardinal's;
Your Lordship is a guest too.

Cham. O, 'tis true;
This night he makes a supper, and a great one,
To many Lords and Ladies; there will be
The beauty of this kingdom, I'll assure you.

Lov. That churchman bears a bounteous mind,
indeed;
A hand as fruitful as the land that feeds us,
His dew falls every where.

Cham. No doubt, he's noble;
He had a black mouth, that said other of him.

Sands. He may, my Lord, h'as wherewithal: in
him,
Sparing would shew a worse sin than ill doctrine.
Men of his way should be most liberal,
They're set here for examples.

Cham. True, they are so;
But few now give so great ones: my barge stays;
Your Lordship shall along: come, good Sir *Thomas*,
We shall be late else, which I would not be,
For I was spoke to, with Sir *Henry Guilford*,
This night to be comptrollers.

Sands. I'm your Lordship's.

[*Exeunt.*
S C E N E

S C E N E VII.

Changes to York-house.

Hautboys. *A small table under a state for the Cardinal, a longer table for the guests. Then enter Anne Bullen, and divers other ladies and gentlewomen, as guests, at one door; at another door, enter Sir Henry Guilford.*

Guil. **L**ADIES, a gen'ral welcome from his Grace Salutes you all: this night he dedicates To fair content and you: none here, he hopes, In all this noble bevy, has brought with her One care abroad: he would have all as merry, As first-good company, good wine, good welcome, Can make good people.

Enter Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands and Lovell.

O my Lord, y'are tardy;
The very thoughts of this fair company
Clap'd wings to me.

Cham. Your're young, Sir Harry Guilford.

Sands. Sir Thomas Lovell, had the Cardinal
But half my lay-thoughts in him, some of these
Should find a running banquet ere they rested:
I think, would better please 'em: by my life,
They are a sweet society of fair ones.

Lov. O, that your Lordship were but now confessor
To one or two of these.

Sands. I would, I were;
They should find easie penance.

Lov. Faith, how easie?

Sands. As easie, as a down-bed would afford it.

Cham. Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side, I'll take the charge of this:
His Grace is entring; nay, you must not freeze;
Two women, plac'd together, make cold weather:
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking;
Pray, sit between these ladies.

Sands. By my faith,

And

And thank your lordship. By your leave; sweet ladies;
If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me:
I had it from my father.

Anne. Was he mad, Sir?

Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
But he would bite none; just as I do now,
He'd kiss you twenty with a breath.

Cham. Well said, my Lord:

So now y'are fairly seated: gentlemen,
The penance lyes on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.

Sands. For my little cure,
Let me alone.

Hautboys. Enter Cardinal Wolsey, and takes his state.

Wol. Y'are welcome, my fair guests; that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This, to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [Drinks.

Sands. Your Grace is noble:
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My Lord Sands,
I am beholden to you; cheer your neighbour;
Ladies, you are not merry; gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my Lord, then we shall have 'em
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You're a merry gamester,
My Lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play:
Here's to your Ladyship, and pledge it, Madam;
For 'tis to such a thing —

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your Grace, that they would talk anon.
[Drum and trumpets, chambers discharged.

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of ye.

Wol. What warlike voice,

And

And to what end is this? nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war y'are privileged.

Enter a Servant.

Cham. How now, what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers,
For so they seem, have left their barge and landed;
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign Princes.

Wol. Good Lord Chamberlain,
Go, give 'em welcome; you can speak the *French*
tongue;

And, pray, receive 'em nobly, and conduct 'em
Into our presence, where this heav'n of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them. Some attend him.

[All arise, and tables removed.]

You've now a broken banquet, but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all; and, once more,
I shewre a welcome on ye: welcome all.

Hautboys. *Enter King and others as Maskers, habited
like Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain.
They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully
salute him.*

A noble company! what are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no *English*, thus they pray'd
To tell your Grace, that having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly,
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks, and under your fair conduct
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with 'em.

Wol. Say, Lord Chamberlain,
They've done my poor house grace: for which I pay
'em

A thousand thanks, and pray 'em, take their pleasures.

[Chuse ladies, King and Anne Bullen.]

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O beauty,
'Till now I never knew thee.

[Musick. Dance.]

Wol. My Lord. —

Cham.

Cham. Your Grace?

Wol. Pray tell 'em thus much from me:
There should be one amongst 'em by his person
More worthy this place than my self, to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

[*Whisper.*

Cham. I will, my Lord.

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confefs,
There is, indeed; which they would have your Grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then:

By all your good leaves, gentlemen, here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You've found him, Cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly: you do well, Lord.
You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, Cardinal:
I should judge now unhappily.

Wol. I'm glad,
Your Grace is grown so pleasant.

King. My Lord Chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither, what fair lady's that?

Cham. An't please your Grace, Sir *Thomas Bullen's*
daughter,
(*The Viscount Rochford*,) one of her Highness' women.

King. By heaven, she's a dainty one: sweet heart,
I were unmannerly to take you out,

[*To Anne Bullen.*

And not to kiss you. A health, gentlemen,
Let it go round.

Wol. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, is the banquet ready
I'th' privy chamber?

Lov. Yes, my Lord,

Wol. Your Grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.

King. I fear, too much.

Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.

King. Lead in your ladies every one: sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you; let's be merry.

Good my lord Cardinal, I have half a dozen healths

To

To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
 To lead them once again; and then let's dream
 Who's best in favour. Let the musick knock it.

[*Exeunt with Trumpets.*]

ACT II. SCENE I.

A STREET.

Enter two Gentlemen at several Doors.

1 Gen. **W**Hither away so fast?

2 Gen. O Sir, God save ye:
 Ev'n to the hall, to hear what shall become
 Of the great Duke of *Buckingham*.

1 Gen. I'll save you

That labour, Sir. All's now done, but the Ceremony
 Of bringing back the pris'ner.

2 Gen. Were you there?

1 Gen. Yes, indeed, was I.

2 Gen. Pray, speak, what has happen'd?

1 Gen. You may guess quickly, what.

2 Gen. Is he found guilty?

1 Gen. Yes, truly is he, and condemn'd upon't.

2 Gen. I'm sorry for't.

1 Gen. So are a number more.

2 Gen. But, pray, how pass'd it?

1 Gen. I'll tell you in a little. The great Duke
 Came to the Bar; where, to his Accusations
 He pleaded still not guilty; and alledg'd
 Many sharp reasons to defeat the law.
 The King's Attorney, on the contrary,
 Urg'd on examinations, proofs, confessions
 Of divers witnesses, which the Duke desir'd
 To have brought *vivâ voce* to his Face;
 At which appear'd against him, his surveyor,
 Sir *Gilbert Peck* his chancellor, and *John Court*
 Confessor to him, with that devil-Monk
Hopkins, that made this mischief.

2 Gen. That was he,

That

That fed him with his prophecies.

1 *Gen.* The same.

All these accus'd him strongly, which he fain
Would have flung from him; but, indeed, he could not:
And so his Peers upon this evidence
Have found him guilty of high treason. Much
He spoke, and learnedly for life; but all
Was either pitied in him, or forgotten.

2 *Gen.* After all this, how did he bear himself?

1 *Gen.* When he was brought again to th' bar, to
hear

His knell rung out, his Judgment, he was stirr'd
With such an agony, he sweat extremely;
And something spoke in choler, ill and hasty;
But he fell to himself again, and sweetly
In all the rest shew'd a most noble patience.

2 *Gen.* I do not think, he fears death.

1 *Gen.* Sure, he does not,
He never was so womanish; the cause
He may a little grieve at.

2 *Gen.* Certainly,
The Cardinal is the end of this.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis likely,
By all conjectures: first, *Kildare's* attainder,
Then Deputy of *Ireland*; who remov'd,
Earl *Surrey* was sent thither, and in haste too,
Lest he should help his father.

2 *Gen.* That trick of state
Was a deep, envious one.

1 *Gen.* At his return,
No doubt, he will requite it; this is noted,
And, gen'rally, who-ever the King favours,
The Cardinal instantly will find employment for,
And far enough from court too.

2 *Gen.* All the commons
Hate him perniciously: and, o' my conscience,
Wish him ten fathom deep: this Duke as much
They love and doat on, call him bounteous *Bucking-*
ham,

The Mirror of all courtesie.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

Enter Buckingham from his Arraignment, (Tipstaves before him, the Axe with the edge towards him. Halberds on each side) accompanied with Sir Thomas Lovell, Sir Nicholas Vaux, Sir William Sands, and common People, &c.

1 Gen. Stay there, Sir,
And see the noble ruin'd Man you speak of.

2 Gen. Let's stand close and behold him.

Buck. All good People,
You that thus far have come to pity me,
Hear what I say, and then go home and lose me :
I have this day receiv'd a traitor's judgment,
And by that name must die ; yet, heav'n bear witness,
And if I have a conscience, let it sink me
Even as the axe falls, if I be not faithful.
'To th' law I bear no malice for my death,
'T has done, upon the Premises, but Justice :
But those that fought it, I could wish more Christians ;
Be what they will, I heartily forgive 'em ;
Yet let 'em look, they glory not in mischief ;
Nor build their evils on the graves of great men ;
For then, my guiltless blood must cry against 'em.
For further life in this world I ne'er hope,
Nor will I sue, although the King have mercies
More than I dare make faults. You few that lov'd me,
And dare be bold to weep for *Buckingham*,
His noble friends and fellows, whom to leave
Is only bitter to him, only dying ;
Go with me, like good Angels, to my end :
And as the long divorce of steel falls on me,
Make of your prayers one sweet sacrifice,
And lift my soul to heav'n. Lead on, o' God's name.

Lov. I do beseech your Grace for charity,
If ever any malice in your heart
Were hid against me, now forgive me frankly.

Buck. Sir *Thomas Lovell*, I as free forgive you,
As I would be forgiven : I forgive all.
There cannot be those numberless offences

'Gainst

'Gainst me, I can't take peace with : ' no black envy
 Shall mark my grave. — Commend me to his Grace :
 And, if he speak of *Buckingham*, pray tell him,
 You met him half in heav'n : my vows and pray'rs
 Yet are the King's ; and, 'till my soul forsake me,
 Shall cry for blessings on him. May he live
 Longer than I have time to tell his years !
 Ever belov'd and loving may his rule be !
 And when old time shall lead him to his end,
 Goodness, and he fill up one monument !

Lox. To th' water-side I must conduct your Grace,
 Then give my charge up to Sir *Nicholas Vaux*,
 Who undertakes you to your end.

Vaux. Prepare there,
 The Duke is coming : see, the barge be ready :
 And fit it with such furniture as suits
 The greatness of his Person.

Buck. Nay, Sir *Nicholas*,
 Let it alone ; my state now will but mock me.
 When I came hither, I was Lord high Constable,
 And Duke of *Buckingham* ; now, poor *Edward Bohun* :
 Yet I am richer than my base accusers,
 That never knew what truth meant. I now seal it ;
 And with that blood, will make 'em one day groan
 for't.

My noble father, *Henry of Buckingham*,
 Who first rais'd head against usurping *Richard*,
 Flying for succour to his servant *Banister*,
 Being distress'd, was by that wretch betray'd,
 And without tryal fell ; God's peace be with him !
Henry the Sev'nth succeeding, truly pitying

I ——— no black envy

Shall MAKE my grave.—] The sense of this is, that envy
 should not procure or advance his death. But this is not what he
 would say ; he believed the Cardinal's envy did procure his death.
 He is speaking not of another's envy, but his own. And his thought
 is, that he would not be remembered for an implacable unforgiving
 temper. We should read therefore,

————— no black envy

Shall MARK my grave—

alluding to the old custom of marking good or ill, by a white or black
 stone.

My

My father's loss, like a most royal Prince
 Restor'd to me my honours; and, from ruins,
 Made my name once more noble. Now his son,
Henry the Eighth, life, honour, name, and all
 That made me happy, at one stroak has taken
 For ever from the world. I had my tryal,
 And must needs say, a noble one; which makes me
 A little happier than my wretched father:
 Yet thus far we are one in fortune, both
 Fell by our servants, by those men we lov'd.
 A most unnatural and faithless service!
 Heav'n has an end in all: yet, you that hear me,
 This from a dying man receive as certain:
 2 Where you are lib'ral of your loves and counsels,
 Be sure, you be not loose; those you make friends,
 And give your hearts to, when they once perceive
 The least rub in your fortunes, fall away
 Like water from ye, never found again,
 But where they mean to sink ye. All good people,
 Pray for me! I must leave ye; the last hour
 Of my long weary life is come upon me:
 Farewel; and when you would say something sad,
 Speak, how I fell—I've done; and God forgive me!
 [*Exeunt Buckingham and Train.*]

1 *Gen.* O, this is full of pity; Sir, it calls,
 I fear, too many curses on their heads,
 That were the authors.

2 *Gen.* If the Duke be guiltless,
 'Tis full of woe; yet I can give you inkling
 Of an ensuing evil, if it fall,
 Greater than this.

1 *Gen.* Good angels keep it from us!
 What may it be? you do not doubt my faith, Sir?

2 *Gen.* This secret is so weighty, 'twill require

2 *Where you are lib'ral, &c.*] The poet, supported by the truth of history, has very judiciously made this Duke of *Buckingham*, and his great rival, the Cardinal, in their fall, complain that their misfortunes were owing to two opposite causes: The one, by making friends indiscreetly: The other, by making none at all. An useful lesson to men of their rank and station. See ote to Act III, Scene 6.

A strong

A strong faith to conceal it.

1 Gen. Let me have it;

I do not talk much.

2 Gen. I am confident;

You shall, Sir; did you not of late days hear

A buzzing of a separation

Between the King and *Cath'rine*?

1 Gen. Yes, but it held not;

For when the King once heard it, out of anger

He sent command to the Lord Mayor strait

To stop the rumour; and allay those tongues,

That durst disperse it.

2 Gen. But that slander, Sir,

Is found a truth now; for it grows again

Fresher than e'er it was: and held for certain,

The King will venture at it. Either the Cardinal,

Or some about him near, have (out of malice

To the good Queen) possess'd him with a scruple

That will undo her: to confirm this too,

Cardinal *Campeius* is arriv'd, and lately,

As all think, for this business.

1 Gen. 'Tis the Cardinal;

And meerly to revenge him on the Emperor,

For not bestowing on him, at his asking,

The Arch-bishoprick of *Toledo*, this is purpos'd.

2 Gen. I think, you've hit the mark; but is't not cruel,

That she should feel the smart of this? the Cardinal

Will have his will, and she must fall.

1 Gen. 'Tis woful.

We are too open here to argue this:

Let's think in private more.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An Antechamber in the Palace.

Enter Lord Chamberlain reading a letter.

MY lord, the horses your lordship sent for, with all the care I had, I saw well chosen, ridden, and furnish'd. They were young and handsome, and of the best breed in the North. When they were ready to set out for

London, a man of my lord Cardinal's, by commission and main power took 'em from me, with this reason; his master would be serv'd before a subject, if not before the King, which stopp'd our mouths, Sir.

I fear, he will, indeed; well, let him have them;
He will have all, I think.

*Enter to the Lord Chamberlain, the Dukes of Norfolk
and Suffolk.*

Nor. Well met, my Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good day to both your Graces.

Suf. How is the King employ'd?

Cham. I left him private,
Full of sad thoughts and troubles.

Nor. What's the cause?

Cham. It seems, the marriage with his brother's wife
Has crept too near his conscience.

Suf. No, his conscience
Has crept too near another lady.

Nor. 'Tis so;
This is the Cardinal's doing; the King-Cardinal:
That blind priest, like the eldest son of fortune,
Turns what he lists. The King will know him one day.

Suf. Pray God, he do! he'll never know himself else.

Nor. How holily he works in all his business,
And with what zeal? for now he has crackt the league
'Tween us and th' Emperor, the Queen's great nephew:
He dives into the King's soul, and there scatters
Doubts, dangers, wringing of the conscience,
Fears, and despair, and all these for his marriage;
And out of all these, to restore the King,
He counsels a divorce; a loss of Her,
That, like a jewel, has hung twenty years
About his neck, yet never lost her lustre;
Of her, that loves him with that excellence,
That angels love good men with; even of her,
That, when the greatest stroke of fortune falls,
Will bless the King; and is not this course pious?

Cham. Heav'n keep me from such counsel! 'tis most
true,

These news are ev'ry where; ev'ry tongue speaks 'em,
And

And ev'ry true heart weeps for't. All, that dare
Look into these affairs, see his main end,
The *French* King's sister. Heav'n will one day open
The King's eyes, that so long have slept upon
This bold, bad man.

Suf. And free us from his slavery.

Nor. We had need pray, and heartily, for deliv'rance;
Or this imperious man will work us all
From princes into pages; all men's honours
Lye like one lump before him, to be fashion'd
3 Into what pinch he please.

Suf. For me, my lords,
I love him not, nor fear him, there's my Creed:
As I am made without him, so I'll stand,
If the King please: his curses and his blessings
Touch me alike; they're breath I not believe in.
I knew him, and I know him; so I leave him
To him, that made him proud, the Pope.

Nor. Let's in,
And with some other business put the King
From these sad thoughts, that work too much upon him;
My lord, you'll bear us company?

Cham. Excuse me,
The King hath sent me other-where; besides,
You'll find a most unfit time to disturb him:
Health to your lordships. [*Exit Lord Chamberlain.*]

Nor. Thanks, my good Lord Chamberlain.

S C E N E IV.

*The Scene draws, and discovers the King sitting and
reading pensively.*

Suf. How sad he looks! sure, he is much afflicted.

King. Who's there? ha?

Nor. Pray God, he be not angry.

King. Who's there, I say? how dare you thrust your
selves

3 Into what PITCH he please.] Here is a strange distance in
the metaphor, which is taken from unbaked dough. I read,

Into what PINCH he please.

i. e. into what shape he please.

Into my private meditations?

Who am I? ha?

Nor. A gracious King, that pardons all offences,
Malice ne'er meant: our breach of duty, this way,
Is business of estate; in which we come
To know your royal pleasure.

King. Ye are too bold:
Go to; I'll make ye know your times of business:
Is this an hour for temporal affairs? ha?

*Enter Wolsey, and Campeius the Pope's Legat, with a
Commission.*

Who's there? my good Lord Cardinal? O my *Wolsey*,
The quiet of my wounded conscience!
Thou art a cure fit for a King. — You're welcome,
Most learned rev'rend sir, into our kingdom;
[To Campeius.

Use us, and it: my good lord, have great care
I be not found a talker.

Wol. Sir, you cannot:
I would your Grace would give us but an hour
Of private Conf'rence.

King. We are busie; go. [To Norfolk and Suffolk.

Nor. This priest has no pride in him?

Suf. Not to speak of:
I would not be so sick though, for his place:
But this cannot continue.

Nor. If it do,
I'll venture one heave at him.

Suf. I another. [Exeunt Norfolk and Suffolk.

Wol. Your Grace has giv'n a precedent of wisdom
Above all Princes, in committing freely
Your scruple to the voice of Christendom:
Who can be angry now? what envy reach you?
The *Spaniard*, ty'd by blood and favour to her,
Must now confess, if they have any goodness,
The trial just and noble. All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in christian kingdoms,
Have their free voices. *Rome*, the nurse of Judgment,
Invited by your noble self, hath sent
One gen'ral tongue unto us, this good man,

This

This just and learned priest, Cardinal *Campeius* ;
Whom once more I present unto your Highness.

King. And once more in mine arms I bid him welcome,

And thank the holy Conclave for their loves ;
They've sent me such a man I would have wish'd for.

Cam. Your Grace must needs deserve all strangers' loves,

You are so noble : to your Highness' hand
I tender my commission ; by whose virtue,
(The court of *Rome* commanding) you, my lord
Cardinal of *York*, are join'd with me, their servant,
In the impartial judging of this business.

King. Two equal men : the Queen shall be acquainted
Forthwith for what you come. Where's *Gardiner* ?

Wol. I know your Majesty has always lov'd her
So dear in heart, not to deny her what
A woman of less place might ask by law ;
Scholars, allow'd freely to argue for her.

King. Ay, and the best, she shall have ; and my
favour

To him that does best, God forbid else. Cardinal,
Pr'ythee, call *Gardiner* to me, my new Secretary,
I find him a fit fellow.

Enter Gardiner.

Wol. Give me your hand ; much joy and favour to
you ;

You are the King's now.

Gard. But to be commanded
For ever by your Grace, whose hand has rais'd me.

King. Come hither, *Gardiner*. [*Walks and whispers.*]

Cam. My lord of *York*, was not one Doctor *Pace*
In this man's place before him ?

Wol. Yes, he was.

Cam. Was he not held a learned man ?

Wol. Yes, surely.

Cam. Believe me, there's an ill opinion spread then
Ev'n of your self, lord Cardinal.

Wol. How ! of me ?

Cam. They will not stick to say, you envy'd him ;

And fearing he would rise, he was so virtuous,
Kept him a foreign man still: which so griev'd him,
That he ran mad and dy'd.

Wol. Heav'n's peace be with him!
That's christian care enough: for living murmurers,
There's places of rebuke. He was a fool,
For he would needs be virtuous. That good fellow,
If I command him, follows my appointment;
I will have none so near else. Learn this, brother,
We live not to be grip'd by meaner persons.

King. Deliver this with modesty to th' Queen.

[*Exit Gardiner.*]

The most convenient place that I can think of,
For such receipt of learning, is *Black-Fryers*:
There ye shall meet about this weighty business.
My *Wolsey*, see it furnish'd. O my lord,
Would it not grieve an able man to leave
So sweet a bedfellow? but, conscience, conscience!—
O, 'tis a tender place, and I must leave her.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

An Antechamber of the Queen's Apartments.

Enter Anne Bullen, and an old Lady.

Anne. **N**OT for that neither——here's the pang,
that pinches.

His Highness having liv'd so long with her, and she
So good a lady, that no tongue could ever
Pronounce dishonour of her; by my life,
She never knew harm-doing; oh, now after
So many courses of the sun, enthron'd,
Still growing in a majesty and pomp,
The which to leave 's a thousand-fold more bitter
Than sweet at first t'acquire; after this process,
To give her the avaunt! it is a pity
Would move a monster.

Old L. Hearts of most hard temper
Melt and lament for her.

Anne. In God's will, better

She

She ne'er had known pomp; though't be temporal,
 4 Yet if that quarrel, Fortune, do divorce
 It from the bearer, 'tis a suff'rance panging
 As soul and body's sev'ring.

Old L. Ah! poor lady,
 She's stranger now again.

Anne. So much the more
 Must pity drop upon her; verily,
 I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
 And range with humble livers in content;
 Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
 And wear a golden sorrow.

Old L. Our content
 Is our best Having.

Anne. By my troth and maidenhead,
 I would not be a Queen.

Old L. Beshrew me, I would,
 And venture maidenhead for't; and so would you,
 For all this spice of your hypocrisie;
 You, that have so fair parts of woman on you,
 Have too a woman's heart; which ever yet
 Affected eminence, wealth, sovereignty;
 Which, to say sooth, are blessings: and which gifts
 (Saving your mincing) the capacity
 Of your soft cheveril conscience would receive,
 If you might please to stretch it.

Anne. Nay, good troth —

Old L. Yes, troth and troth: you would not be a
 Queen?

Anne. No, not for all the riches under heav'n.

Old L. 'Tis strange; a three-pence bow'd would hire
 me,

Old as I am, to queen it; but I pray you,
 What think you of a Dutches? have you limbs
 To bear that load of title?

Anne. No, in truth.

4 Yet if that quarrel, Fortune, —] He calls Fortune a quarrel
 or arrow, from her striking so deep and suddenly. Quarrel was a
 large arrow so called. Thus Fairfax,

—Twang'd the string, out-flew the quarrel long.

Q 4

Old L.

Old L. Then you are weakly made: pluck off a little:

I would not be a young Count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to: If your back
Cannot vouchsafe this burthen, 'tis too weak
Ever to get a boy.

Anne. How do you talk!
I swear again, I would not be a Queen
For all the world.

Old L. In faith, for little *England*
You'd venture an emballing: I my self
Would for *Carnarvanshire*, though there belong'd
No more to th' Crown but that. Lo, who comes
here?

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Good morrow, ladies; what were't worth to
know
The secret of your conference?

Anne. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.

Cham. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope,
All will be well.

Anne. Now I pray God, amen!

Cham. You bear a gentle mind, and heav'nly blessings

Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues; the King's Majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than Marchioness of *Pembroke*; to which title
A thousand pounds a year, annual support,
Out of his Grace he adds.

Anne. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
5 More than my all, which is nothing: Nor my prayers
Are

5 *More than my all, is nothing:*] No figure can free this expression
from

Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
 More worth than vanities ; yet pray'rs and wishes
 Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
 Vouchsafe to speak my thanks and my obedience,
 As from a blushing handmaid to his Highness ;
 Whose health and royalty I pray for.

Cham. Lady,
 I shall not fail t'approve the fair conceit,
 The King hath of you.—I've perus'd her well ;
 Beauty and honour in her are so mingled, [Aside.
 That they have caught the King ; and who knows yet,
 But from this lady may proceed a Gem,
 To lighten all this isle—I'll to the King,
 And say, I spoke with you. [Exit Lord Chamberlain.

Anne. My honour'd lord.

Old L. Why, this it is : see, see !
 I have been begging sixteen years in court,
 (Am yet a courtier beggarly) nor could
 Come pat betwixt *too early* and *too late*,
 For any suit of pounds : And you, oh fate !
 (A very fresh fish here ; fie, fie upon
 This compell'd fortune) have your mouth fill'd up,
 Before you open it.

Anne. This is strange to me.

Old L. How tastes it ? is it bitter ? forty pence, no ?
 There was a lady once ('tis an old story)
 That would not be a Queen, that would she not,
 For all the mud in *Egypt* ; have you heard it ?

Anne. Come, you are pleasant.

Old L. With your theme, I could
 O'ermount the lark. The Marchioness of *Pembroke* !
 A thousand pounds a year, for pure respect !
 No other Obligation ? By my life,
 That promises more thousands : honour's train
 Is longer than his fore-skirt. By this time,
 I know, your back will bear a Dutches. Say,
 Are you not stronger than you were ?

Anne. Good lady,

from nonsense. In spite of the exactness of measure, we should
 read,

More than my all, WHICH is nothing, i. e. which all is nothing.

Make your self mirth with your particular fancy,
And leave me out on't. 'Would I had no being,
If this salute my blood a jot; it faints me
To think what follows.

The Queen is comfortless, and we forgetful
In our long absence! pray, do not deliver
What here y've heard, to her.

Old L. What do you think me?—

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Changes to Black-Fryers.

Trumpets, Sennet, and Cornets. Enter two Vergers, with short silver Wands; next them, two Scribes in the habits of Doctors: after them, the Bishop of Canterbury alone; after him, the Bishops of Lincoln, Ely, Rochester, and St. Asaph; next them, with some small distance, follows a gentleman bearing the purse, with the great seal, and the Cardinal's hat; then two Priests, bearing each a silver Cross; then a gentleman-usher bare-headed, accompanied with a serjeant at arms, bearing a mace; then two gentlemen, bearing two great silver pillars; after them, side by side, the two Cardinals; two noblemen with the sword and mace. The King takes place under the cloth of state; the two Cardinals sit under him, as judges. The Queen takes place, some distance from the King. The Bishops place themselves on each side the Court, in manner of a Consistory: below them the scribes. The Lords sit next the Bishops. The rest of the attendants stand in convenient order about the stage.

Wol. **W**Hilst our commission from Rome is read,
Let silence be commanded.

King. What's the need?

It hath already publickly been read,
And on all sides th' authority allow'd;
You may then spare that time.

Wol. Be't so; proceed.

Scribe. Say, Henry King of England, come into the
Court.

Cryer.

Cryer. Henry King of England, &c.

King. Here.

Scribe. Say, Catharine, Queen of England,
Come into the Court.

Cryer. Catharine, Queen of England, &c.

[*The Queen makes no answer, rises out of her chair, goes about the Court, comes to the King, and kneels at his feet; then speaks;*]

Queen. Sir, I desire you, do me right and justice;
And to bestow your pity on me; for
I am a most poor Woman, and a stranger,
Born out of your dominions; having here
No judge indiff'rent, and no more assurance
Of equal friendship and proceeding. Alas, Sir,
In what have I offended you? what cause
Hath my behaviour giv'n to your displeasure,
That thus you should proceed to put me off,
And take your good grace from me? Heaven witness,
I've been to you a true and humble wife,
At all times to your will conformable:
Ever in fear to kindle your dislike,
Yea, subject to your count'nance; glad or sorry,
As I saw it inclin'd: when was the hour,
I ever contradicted your desire?
Or made it not mine too? which of your friends
Have I not strove to love, although I knew
He were mine enemy? what friend of mine,
That had to him deriv'd your anger, did I
Continue in my liking? nay, gave notice,
He was from thence discharg'd. Sir, call to mind,
That I have been your wife, in this obedience,
Upward of twenty years; and have been blest
With many children by you. If in the course
And process of this time you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond of wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person; in God's name,
Turn me away: And let the foul'st contempt
Shut door upon me, and so give me up
To th' sharpest kind of justice. Please you, Sir,
The King your father was reputed for

A Prince

A Prince most prudent, of an excellent
 And unmatched wit and judgment. *Ferdinand*
 My father, King of *Spain*, was reckon'd one
 The wisest Prince that there had reign'd, by many
 A year before. It is not to be question'd
 That they had gather'd a wise Council to them
 Of ev'ry realm, that did debate this business,
 Who deem'd our marriage lawful. Wherefore humbly,
 Sir, I beseech you, spare me, 'till I may
 Be by my friends in *Spain* advis'd; whose counsel
 I will implore. If not, i'th' name of God,
 Your pleasure be fulfill'd!

Wol. You have here, lady,
 (And of your choice) these rev'rend fathers, men
 Of singular integrity and learning:
 Yea, the elect o'th'land, who are assembled
 To plead your cause. It shall be therefore bootless,
 That longer you defer the Court, as well
 For your own quiet, as to rectifie
 What is unfettled in the King.

Cam. His Grace
 Hath spoken well and justly; therefore, Madam,
 It's fit this royal Session do proceed;
 And that without delay their arguments
 Be now produc'd, and heard.

Queen. Lord Cardinal,
 To you I speak.

Wol. Your pleasure, Madam.

Queen. Sir,
 I am about to weep; but thinking that
 We are a Queen, or long have dream'd so; certain,
 The daughter of a King; my drops of tears
 I'll turn to sparks of fire.

Wol. Be patient yet——

Queen. I will, when you are humble: nay, before;
 Or God will punish me. I do believe,
 Induc'd by potent circumstances, that
 You are mine enemy, and make my challenge;
 You shall not be my judge. For it is you
 Have blown this coal betwixt my lord and me;
 Which God's dew quench! therefore, I say again,
 I utterly

I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
 Refuse you for my judge; whom yet once more
 I hold my most malicious foe, and think not
 At all a friend to truth.

Wol. I do profess,
 You speak not like your self; who ever yet
 Have stood to charity, and display'd th' effects
 Of disposition gentle, and of wisdom
 O'er-topping woman's power. Madam, you wrong me.
 I have no spleen against you, nor injustice
 For you, or any; how far I've proceeded,
 Or how far further shall, is warranted
 By a commission from the Consistory,
 Yea, the whole Consist'ry of *Rome*. You charge me,
 That I have blown this coal; I do deny it.
 The King is present; if't be known to him
 That I gainsay my deed, how may he wound,
 And worthily, my falsehood? yea, as much
 As you have done my truth. But if he know
 That I am free of your report, he knows,
 I am not of your wrong. Therefore in him
 It lyes to cure me, and the cure is to
 Remove these thoughts from you. The which before
 His Highness shall speak in, I do beseech
 You, gracious Madam, to unthink your speaking;
 And to say so no more.

Queen. My lord, my lord,
 I am a simple woman, much too weak
 T' oppose your cunning. You are meek, and humble-
 mouth'd;

6 You sign your place and calling, in full seeming,
 With meekness and humility; but your heart
 Is cramm'd with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.
 You have by fortune, and his Highness' favours,
 Gone slightly o'er low steps; and now are mounted,
 Where Pow'rs are your retainers; and your words,
 Domesticks to you, serve your will, as't please
 Your self pronounce their office, I must tell you,
 You tender more your person's honour, than

6 You sign your place and calling, ———] Sign, for answer.

Your

Your high profession spiritual: That again
I do refuse you for my judge; and here,
Before you all, appeal unto the Pope,
To bring my whole cause 'fore his Holiness;
And to be judg'd by him.

[She curtsies to the King, and offers to depart.]

Cam. The Queen is obstinate,
Stubborn to justice, apt t'accuse it, and
Disdainful to be try'd by't; 'tis not well.
She's going away.

King. Call her again.

Cryer. Catharine, Queen of England, come into the
Court.

Usher. Madam, you are call'd back.

Queen. What need you note it? pray you, keep your
way.

When you are call'd, return: Now the Lord help,
They vex me past my patience!—pray you, pass on;
I will not tarry; no, nor ever more
Upon this business my appearance make
In any of their Courts.

[Exeunt Queen and her Attendants.]

SCENE VII.

King. Go thy ways, Kate;
That man i'th' world who shall report he has
A better wife, let him in nought be trusted;
For speaking false in that. Thou art alone,
(If thy rare qualities, sweet gentleness,
Thy meekness saint-like, wife-like government,
Obeying in commanding, and thy parts
Sovereign and pious else, could speak thee out)
The Queen of earthly Queens. She's noble born;
And, like her true nobility, she has
Carried her self tow'ards me.

Wol. Most gracious Sir,
In humblest manner I require your Highness,
That it shall please you to declare, in hearing
Of all these ears (for where I'm robb'd and bound,

There

There must I be unloos'd ; 7 although not there
 Aton'd, and fully satisfy'd ;) if I
 Did broach this business to your Highness, or
 Laid any scruple in your way, which might
 Induce you to the question on't: or ever
 Have to you, but with thanks to God for such
 A royal lady, spake one the least word,
 That might be prejudice of her present state,
 Or touch of her good person ?

King. My lord Cardinal,
 I do excuse you ; yea, upon mine honour,
 I free you from't: you are not to be taught,
 That you have many enemies, that know not
 Why they are so ; but, like the village curs,
 Bark when their fellows do. By some of these
 The Queen is put in anger ; y'are excus'd:
 But will you be more justify'd ? you ever
 Have wish'd the sleeping of this business, never
 Desir'd it to be stirr'd ; but oft have hindred
 The passages made tow'rds it:—On my honour,
 I speak my good lord Cardinal to this point ;
 And thus far clear him. Now, what mov'd me to't,
 I will be bold with time and your attention:
 Then mark th' inducement. Thus it came ; give heed
 to't.

My conscience first receiv'd a tendernefs,
 Scruple, and prick, on certain speeches utter'd
 By th' bishop of *Bayon*, then *French* ambassador ;
 Who had been hither sent on the debating
 A marriage 'twixt the Duke of *Orleans* and
 Our daughter *Mary*: I'th' progress of this business,
 Ere a determinate resolution, he
 (I mean the bishop) did require a respite ;
 Wherein he might the King his lord advertise,

7 ————— *although not there*
 AT ONCE, *and fully satisfy'd ;* —————] What he aims at is
 this ; where I am robbed and bound, there must I be unloosed, tho'
 the injurers be not there to make me satisfaction : as much as to
 say, I owe so much to my own innocence, as to clear up my cha-
 racter, tho' I do not expect my wrongers will do me justice. It
 seems then that *Shakespeare* wrote,

ATON'D, *and fully satisfy'd.* —————

Whether

Whether our daughter were legitimate,
 Respecting this our marriage with the Dowager,
 Sometime our brother's wife. This respite shook
 The Bosom of my conscience, enter'd me,
 Yea, with a splitting power; and made to tremble
 The region of my breast; which forc'd such way,
 That many maz'd considerations did throng,
 And prest in with this caution. First, methought,
 I stood not in the smile of heav'n, which had
 Commanded nature, that my lady's womb
 (If it conceiv'd a male-child by me) should
 Do no more Offices of life to't, than
 The grave does to the dead; for her male-issue
 Or died where they were made, or shortly after
 This world had air'd them. Hence I took a thought,
 This was a judgment on me, that my kingdom
 (Well worthy the best heir o' th' world) should not
 Be gladdened in't by me. Then follows, that
 I weigh'd the danger which my realms stood in
 By this my issue's fail; and that gave to me
 Many a groaning throe: thus hulling in
 The wild sea of my conscience, I did steer
 Towards this remedy, whereupon we are
 Now present here together; that's to say,
 I meant to rectifie my conscience, (which
 I then did feel full-sick, and yet not well;)
 By all the rev'rend fathers of the land
 And doctors learn'd. First, I began in private
 With you, my lord of *Lincoln*; you remember,
 How under my oppression I did reek,
 When I first mov'd you.

Lin. Very well, my liege.

King. I have spoke long; be pleas'd your self to say
 How far you satisfy'd me.

Lin. Please your Highness,
 The question did at first so stagger me,
 Bearing a state of mighty moment in't,
 And consequence of dread; that I committed
 The daring'st counsel, which I had, to doubt:
 And did intreat your Highness to this course,
 Which you are running here.

King.

King. I then mov'd you,
 My lord of *Canterbury*; and got your leave
 To make this present summons: Unsollicited
 I left no rev'rend person in this Court,
 But by particular consent proceeded
 Under your hands and seals. Therefore go on;
 For no dislike i' th' world against the person
 Of our good Queen, but the sharp thorny points
 Of my alledged reasons drive this forward.
 Prove but our marriage lawful, by my life
 And kingly dignity, we are contented
 To wear our mortal state to come, with her,
 (*Catharine* our Queen) before the prime creature
 That's paragon'd i' th' world.

Cam. So please your Highness,
 The Queen being absent, 'tis a needful fitness
 That we adjourn this Court to further day;
 Mean while must be an earnest motion
 Made to the Queen, to call back her appeal
 She intends to his Holiness.

King. I may perceive,
 These Cardinals trifle with me: I abhor
 This dilatory sloth, and tricks of *Rome*:
 My learn'd and well-beloved servant *Cranmer*,
 Pr'ythee, return! with thy approach, I know,
 My comfort comes along. Break up the Court,
 I say, set on. [*Exeunt, in manner as they enter'd.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Queen's Apartment.

The Queen and her Women, as at Work.

Queen. TAKE thy lute, wench, my soul grows
 sad with troubles:
 Sing, and disperse 'em, if thou canst: leave working.

SONG.

S O N G.

ORpheus with his lute made trees,
 And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
 Bow themselves when he did sing.
 To his musick, plants and flowers
 Ever sprung, as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Ev'ry thing that heard him play,
 Ev'n the billows of the sea,
 Hung their Heads, and then lay by.
 In sweet musick is such art,
 Killing-care, and grief of heart.
 Fall asleep, or hearing die.

Enter a Gentleman.

Queen. How now?

Gen. An't please your Grace, the two great Cardinals
 Wait in the presence.

Queen. Would they speak with me?

Gen. They will'd me say so, Madam.

Queen. Pray their Graces
 To come near; what can be their business
 With me, a poor weak woman, fall'n from favour?
 I do not like their coming. Now I think on't,
 They should be good men, their affairs are righteous,
 But all hoods make not monks.

Enter the Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your Highness!

Queen. Your Graces find me here part of a housewife,
 (I would be all) against the worst may happen:
 What are your pleasures with me, rev'rend Lords?

Wol. May't please you, noble Madam, to withdraw

¹ They should be good men, their affairs are righteous,] Affairs for professions, and then the sense is clear and pertinent. The proposition is, they are priests. The illation, therefore they are good men; for being understood: But if affairs be interpreted in its common signification, the sentence is absurd.

Into

Into your private chamber; we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.

Queen. Speak it here.

There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner; 'would, all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My Lords, I care not (so much I am happy
Above a number) if my actions
Were try'd by ev'ry tongue, ev'ry eye saw 'em;
Envy and base opinion set against 'em;
I know my life so even. If your business
Do seek me out, and that way I am wise in,
Out with it boldly: truth loves open dealing.

Wol. *Tanta est erga te mentis integritas, Regina Serenissima,——*

Queen. O, good my lord, no *latin*;
I am not such a truant, since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in.
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspi-
cious:

Pray, speak in *English*; here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their poor mistrefs' sake.
Believe me, she has had much wrong. Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in *English*.

Wol. Noble lady,
I'm sorry my Integrity should breed
(And service to his Majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.
We come not by the way of accusation
To taint that honour, ev'ry good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty diff'rence
Between the King and you: and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions
And comforts to your cause.

Cam. Most honour'd Madam,
My lord of *York*, out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your Grace,
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure

Both.

Both of his truth and him; (which was too far)
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace
His service and his counsel. —

Queen. To betray me.

My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men; pray God, ye prove so!
But how to make ye suddenly an answer
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth, I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business,
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness) good your Graces,
Let me have time and counsel for my cause:
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.

Wol. Madam, you wrong the King's love with those
fears.

Your hopes and friends are infinite.

Queen. In England,
But little for my profit: can you think, lords,
That any *English* man dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend 'gainst his Highness' pleasure,
“ (Though he be grown so desp'rate to be honest,)
And live a subject? ² They, forsooth, my friends —
They, that must weigh out my afflictions,
They, that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my comforts are, far hence,
In my own country, Lords.

Cam. I would, your Grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.

Queen. How, Sir?

Cam. Put your main cause into the King's protection;
He's loving and most gracious. 'Twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause:
For if the tryal of the law o'er-take ye,
You'll part away disgrac'd.

Wol. He tells you rightly.

—NAY, forsooth,—] We should read, THEY, forsooth.

Queen's

Queen. Ye tell me what ye wish for Both, my ruin :
Is this your christian counsel? out upon ye !
Heav'n is above all yet ; there sits a judge,
That no King can corrupt.

Cam. Your rage mistakes us.

Queen. The more shame for ye ; holy men I thought
ye,
Upon my soul, two rev'rend Cardinal virtues ;
But Cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye :
Mend 'em for shame, my lords : is this your comfort ?
The cordial, that ye bring a wretched lady ?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd ?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity. But say, I warn'd ye ;
Take heed, take heed, for heav'n's sake, lest at once,
The burthen of my sorrows fall upon ye.

Wol. Madam, this is a meer distraction ;
3 You turn the good we offer into envy.

Queen. Ye turn me into nothing. Wo upon ye,
And all such false professors ! Would you have me
(If you have any justice, any pity,
“ 4 If ye be any thing, but churchmen's habits)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me ?
Alas ! h'as banish'd me his bed already ;
His love, too long ago. I'm old, my lords ;
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness ? all your studies
Make me a curse, like this !

Cam. Your fears are worse——

Queen. Have I liv'd thus long (let me speak my self,
Since virtue finds no friends) a wife, a true one ?
A woman (I dare say, without vain glory ;)
Never yet branded with suspicion ?

3 You turn the good we offer into envy.] Envy, for evil.

4 If ye be any thing, but churchmen's habits] This is finely express-
ed. Our great modern poet uses the same thought:

—— If the Monarch plays the Monk,
If Cobler-like the Parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and Want of it, the fellow ;
The rest is all but Leather or Prunello.

Have

Have I, with all my full affections
 Still met the King? lov'd him next heav'n, obey'd him?
 Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
 Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
 And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
 Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
 One, that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;
 And to that woman, when she has done most,
 Yet will I add an honour; a great patience.

Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.

Queen. My lord, I dare not make my self so guilty,
 To give up willingly that noble title
 Your master wed me to: nothing but death
 Shall e'er divorce my dignities.

Wol. Pray, hear me——

Queen. 'Would I had never trod this *English* earth,
 Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
 Ye've angels' faces, but heav'n knows your hearts.
 What shall become of me now! wretched lady!
 I am the most unhappy woman living.
 Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?

[*To her women.*]

Ship-wreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
 No friends, no hope! no kindred weep for me!
 Almost, no grave allow'd me! like the lilly,
 That once was mistress of the field and flourish'd,
 I'll hang my head, and perish.

Wol. If your Grace
 Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest;
 You'd feel more comfort. Why should we, good lady,
 Upon what cause, wrong you? alas! our places,
 The way of our profession is against it:
 We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow 'em.
 For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
 How you may hurt your self; nay, utterly
 Grow from the King's acquaintance, by this carriage.
 The hearts of Princes kiss obedience,
 So much they love it: but to stubborn spirits,
 They swell and grow as terrible as storms.
 I know, you have a gentle, noble, temper,
 A soul as even as a calm; pray, think us

Those

Those we profess, peace-makers, friends and servants.

Cam. Madam, you'll find it so: you wrong your virtues

With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The King loves
you;

Beware, you lose it not; for us (if you please
To trust us in your business) we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.

Queen. Do what you will, my lords; and, pray, forgive me,

If I have us'd my self unmannerly.

You know, I am a woman, lacking wit

To make a seemly answer to such persons.

Pray, do my service to his Majesty.

He has my heart yet; and shall have my prayers,

While I shall have my life. Come, rev'rend fathers,

Bestow your counsels on me. She now begs,

That little thought, when she set footing here,

She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Antechamber to the King's Apartments.

*Enter Duke of Norfolk, Duke of Suffolk, Lord Surrey,
and Lord Chamberlain.*

Nor. **I**F you will now unite in your complaints,
And force them with a constancy, the Cardinal

Cannot stand under them. If you omit
The offer of this time, I cannot promise,
But that you shall sustain more new disgraces,
With these you bear already.

Sur. I am joyful
To meet the least occasion that may give me
Remembrance of my father-in-law, the Duke,
To be reveng'd on him.

Suf. Which of the peers

Have

Have uncontain'd gone by him, ⁵ or at least
 Stood not neglected? ⁶ when did he regard
 The stamp of nobleness in any person;
 Out of't him self?

Cham. My lords, you speak your pleasures;
 What he deserves of you and me, I know:
 What we can do to him, (though now the time
 Give way to us) I much fear. If you cannot
 Bar his access to th' King, never attempt
 Any thing on him; for he hath a witchcraft
 Over the King in's tongue.

Nor. O, fear him not,
 His spell in that is out; the King hath found
 Matter against him, that for ever mars
 The honey of his language. No, he's settled,
 Not to come off, in his most high displeasure.

Sur. I should be glad to hear such news as this
 Once every hour.

Nor. Believe it, this is true.
 In the Divorce, his contrary proceedings
 Are all unfolded; wherein he appears,
 As I would wish mine enemy.

Sur. How came
 His practices to light?

Suf. Most strangely.

Sur. How?

Suf. The Cardinal's letters to the Pope miscarried,
 And came to th'eye o' th' King; wherein was read,
 How that the Cardinal did intreat his Holiness

5 _____ or at least
 STRANGELY neglected? —] The plain sense requires us
 to read, STOOD NOT neglected.

6 _____ when did he regard
 The stamp of nobleness in any person
 Out of himself?] The expression is bad, and the thought false.
 For it supposes *Wolsey* to be noble, which was not so: we should read
 and point,

_____ when did he regard
 The stamp of nobleness in any person;
 Out of't himself?

i. e. when did he regard nobleness of blood in another; having none
 of his own to value himself upon?

To stay the Judgment o' th' Divorce ; for if
It did take place, I do, quoth he, perceive
My King is tangled in affection to
A creature of the Queen's, lady *Anne Bullen*.

Sur. Has the King this?

Suf. Believe it.

Sur. Will this work?

Cham. The King in this perceives him, how he coasts
7 And edges his own way. But in this point
All his tricks founder ; and he brings his physick
After his patient's death ; the King already
Hath married the fair lady.

Sur. 'Would he had!

Suf. May you be happy in your wish, my lord,
For, I profess, you have it.

Sur. Now all joy
Trace the conjunction!

Suf. My Amen to't!

Nor. All men's!

Suf. There's order given for her Coronation :
Marry, this is yet but young ; and may be left
To some ears unrecounted. But, my lords,
She is a gallant creature, and compleat
In mind and feature. I persuade me, from her
Will fall some blessing to this land, which shall
In it be memoriz'd.

Sur. But will the King
Digest this letter of the Cardinal's?
The lord forbid!

Nor. Marry, Amen!

Suf. No, no :

There be more wasps, that buz about his nose,
Will make this sting the sooner. Cardinal *Campeius*
Is stol'n away to *Rome*, has ta'en no leave,
Hath left the cause o'th' King unhandled ; and
Is posted, as the agent of our Cardinal,

7 And *HEDGES* his own way.—] It is not said, that the King
perceives how he *obstructs* his own way ; but how *obliquely* he pursues
it ; we should read therefore,

HEDGES his own way.

To second all his plot. I do assure you,
The King cry'd, ha! at this.

Cham. Now, God incense him;
And let him cry, ha, louder?

Nor. But, my lord,
When returns *Cranmer*?

Suf. He is return'd with his opinions, which
Have satisfy'd the King for his Divorce,
Gather'd from all the famous colleges
Almost in Christendom; shortly, I believe,
His second marriage shall be publish'd, and
Her Coronation. *Catharine* no more
Shall be call'd Queen; but Princess dowager,
And widow to Prince *Arthur*.

Nor. This same *Cranmer*'s
A worthy fellow, and hath ta'en much pain
In the King's business.

Suf. He has, and we shall see him
For it an Archbishop.

Nor. So I hear.

Suf. 'Tis so.

Enter Wolsey and Cromwell.

The Cardinal——

Nor. Observe, observe, he's moody.

Wol. The packet, *Cromwell*,
Gave it you the King?

Crom. To his own hand, in's bed-chamber.

Wol. Look'd he o'th' inside of the paper?

Crom. Presently
He did unseal them, and the first he view'd,
He did it with a serious mind; a heed
Was in his countenance. You he bad
Attend him here this morning.

Wol. Is he ready to come abroad?

Crom. I think, by this he is.

Wol. Leave me a while.

[Exit Cromwell.]

It shall be to the Dutchess of *Alanson*, [Aside.
The French King's sister; he shall marry her.

Anns Bullen! no, I'll no *Anne Bullens* for him,
There's more in't than fair visage—*Bullen*!——

No,

No, we'll no *Bullens*! — speedily, I wish
To hear from *Rome* — the marchioness of *Pem.*
broke! —

Nor. He's discontented.

Suf. May be, he hears the King
Does whet his anger to him.

Sur. Sharp enough,
Lord, for thy justice!

Wol. [*Aside.*] The late Queen's gentlewoman! a
Knight's daughter!

To be her mistress' mistress! the Queen's Queen! —
This candle burns not clear: 'tis I must snuff it.
Then out it goes — what though I know her virtuous,
And well deserving? yet I know her for
A spleeny Lutheran; and not wholesome to
Our cause, that she should lye i'th' bosome of
Our hard-rul'd King. Again, there is sprung up
An heretick, an arch one, *Cranmer*; one,
Hath crawl'd into the favour of the King,
And is his oracle.

Nor. He's vex'd at something

S C E N E III.

Enter King, reading of a schedule; and Lovell.

Sur. I would, 'twere something that would fret the
string,

The master-cord of's heart!

Suf. The King, the King. —

King. What piles of wealth hath he accumulated
To his own portion! what expence by th' hour
Seems to flow from him! how, i'th' name of thrift,
Does he rake this together! Now, my lords;
Saw you the Cardinal?

Nor. My lord, we have
Stood here observing him. Some strange Commo-
tion

Is in his brain; he bites his lip, and starts;

R 2

8 Stops

⁸ Stops on a sudden, looks upon the ground,
Then lays his finger on his temple; strait,
Springs out into fast gait, then stops again;
Strikes his breast hard, and then anon he casts
His eye against the moon; in most strange postures
We've seen him set himself.

King. It may well be,
There is a mutiny in's mind. This morning
Papers of state he sent me to peruse,
As I requir'd; and, wot you, what I found
There, on my conscience put unwittingly?
Forsooth, an Inventory, thus importing;
The several parcels of his plate, his treasure,
Rich stuffs and ornaments of household, which
I find at such proud rate, that it out-speaks
Possession of a subject.

Nor. It's heav'n's will;
Some spirit put this paper in the packet,
To bless your eye withal.

King. If we did think,
His contemplations were above the earth,
And fix'd on spiritual objects, he should still
Dwell in his musings; but, I am afraid,
His thinkings are below the moon, nor worth
His serious considering.

[*He takes his seat, whispers Lovell, who goes to
Wolfey.*

Wol. Heav'n forgive me——
Ever God bless your Highness!——

King. Good my Lord,
You are full of heav'nly stuff, and bear the inventory
Of your best graces in your mind; the which
You were now running o'er; you have scarce time
To steal from spiritual leisure a brief span,
To keep your earthly audit; sure, in that
I deem you an ill husband, and am glad
To have you therein my companion.

⁸ Stops on a sudden, &c.] How well the poet copies nature here,
we may see by Sallust's description of Catiline's agitations, *Citus
modo, modo tardus incessus; prorsus in facie recordia inerat.*

Wol.

Wol. Sir,

For holy offices I have a time ;
A time, to think upon the part of business
I bear i'th' state ; and nature does require
Her times of preservation, which, perforce,
I her frail son, amongst my brethren mortal,
Must give my tendance to.

King. You have said well.

Wol. And ever may your Highness yoke together,
As I will lend you cause, my doing well
With my well saying !

King. 'Tis well said again ;
And 'tis a kind of good deed to say well.
And yet words are no deeds. My father lov'd you ;
He said, he did : and with his deed did crown
His word upon you. Since I had my office,
I've kept you next my heart ; have not alone
Imploy'd you where high profits might come home ;
But par'd my present havings, to bestow
My bounties upon you.

Wol. What should this mean ?

[*Aside.*

Sur. The lord increase this business !

[*Aside.*

King. Have I not made you
The prime man of the state ? I pray you, tell me,
If what I now pronounce, you have found true :
And, if you may confess it, say withal,
If you are bound to us, or no ? what say you ?

Wol. My Sovereign, I confess your royal graces
Showr'd on me daily have been more than could
My studied purposes requite, which went
9 Beyond all man's endeavours. My endeavours
Have ever come too short of my desires,
Yet, fill'd with my abilities, mine own Ends
Have been mine so, that evermore they pointed
To th' good of your most sacred person, and
The profit of the state : For your great graces
Heap'd upon me, poor undeserver, I

9 *Beyond all man's endeavours.*—] *Endeavours* for deserts. But the *Oxford Editor*, not knowing the sense in which the word is here used, alters it to *ambition*.

Can nothing render but allegiant thanks,
 My pray'rs to heav'n for you; my loyalty,
 Which ever has, and ever shall be growing,
 'Till death, that winter, kill it.

King. Fairly answer'd:
 A loyal and obedient subject is
 Therein illustrated; the honour of it
 Does pay the act of it, as i'th' contrary
 The foulness is the punishment. I presume,
 That as my hand has open'd bounty to you,
 My heart dropp'd love; my pow'r rain'd honour,
 more

On you, than any; so your hand and heart,
 Your brain, and ev'ry function of your power,
 Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
 As 'twere in love's particular, be more
 To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I profess,
 That for your Highness' good I ever labour'd,
 More than mine own; that am I, have been, will be:
 Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
 And throw it from their soul; though perils did
 Abound, as thick as thought could make 'em, and
 Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
 As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
 Should the approach of this wild river break,
 And stand unshaken yours.

King. 'Tis nobly spoken;
 Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
 For you have seen him open't. Read o'er this,
 [Giving him papers.
 And, after, this; and then to breakfast, with
 What appetite you may.

[Exit King, frowning upon Cardinal Wolsey; the
 Nobles throng after him, whispering and smiling.

SCENE IV.

Wol. What should this mean?
 • What sudden anger's this? how have I reap'd it?
 • He parted frowning from me, as if ruin
 • Leap'd

' Leap'd from his eyes. So looks the chafed lion
 ' Upon the daring huntsman, that has gall'd him;
 ' Then makes him nothing.' I must read this paper:
 I fear, the story of his anger——'tis so——
 This paper has undone me——'tis th' account
 Of all that world of wealth I've drawn together
 For mine own ends; indeed, to gain the Popedom,
 And fee my friends in *Rome*. O negligence,
 Fit for a fool to fall by! What cross devil
 Made me put this main secret in the packet
 I sent the King? is there no way to cure this?
 No new device to beat this from his brains?
 I know, 'twill stir him strongly; yet I know
 A way, if it take right, in spite of fortune
 Will bring me off again. What's this——*To the
 Pope?*

The letter, as I live, with all the business
 I writ to's Holiness. Nay, then farewell;
 I've touch'd the highest point of all my Greatness;
 And from that full meridian of my glory
 I haste now to my setting. ' I shall fall,
 ' Like a bright exhalation in the evening;
 ' And no man see me more.'

S C E N E V.

Enter to Wolsey, the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk,
 the Earl of Surrey, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Nor. Hear the King's pleasure, Cardinal, who com-
 mands you.

To render up the Great Seal presently
 Into our hands, and to confine your self
 To *Asper-house*, my lord of *Winchester's*,
 'Till you hear further from his Highness.

Wol. Stay:

Where's your commission, lords? words cannot carry
 Authority so mighty.

Suf. Who dare cross 'em,
 Bearing the King's will from his mouth expressly?

R. 4.

Wol.

Wol. 'Till I find more than will, or words to do it,

(I mean your malice ;) know, officious lords,
I dare, and must deny it. Now I feel
Of what coarse metal ye are molded, ——— Envy :
How eagerly ye follow my disgrace,
As if it fed ye ; and how sleek, and wanton,
Y'appear in ev'ry thing may bring my ruin.
Follow your envious courses, men of malice ;
You've christian warrant for 'em, and, no doubt,
In time will find their fit rewards. That Seal,
You ask with such a violence, the King
(Mine and your master) with his own hand gave me ;
Bad me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life ; and, to confirm his goodness,
Ty'd it by letters patents. Now, who'll take it ?

Sur. The King, that gave it.

Wol. It must be himself then.

Sur. Thou'rt a proud traitor, priest.

Wol. Proud lord, thou liest ;

Within these forty hours *Surrey* durst better
Have burnt that tongue, than said so.

Sur. Thy ambition,
Thou scarlet sin, robb'd this bewailing land
Of noble *Buckingham*, my father-in-law :
The heads of all thy brother Cardinals,
(With thee, and all thy best parts bound together,)
Weigh'd not a hair of his. Plague of your policy !

Till I find more than will, or words to do it,
(*I mean your malice ;*) know — — *I dare — — deny it.*] They bid
him render up his seal. He answers, *where's your commission ?* They
say, *we bear the King's will from his mouth.* He replies, *'Till I find,*
&c. i. e. all the *will* or *words* I yet discover proceed from your ma-
lice ; and, 'till I find more than that, I shall not comply with your
demand. One would think this plain enough ; yet the *Oxford Edi-*
tor, in the rage of emendation, alters the line thus,

Whilst I find more than his will, or words to it,
I mean your malice, &c.

which bears this noble sense, worthy a wise Lord Chancellor: Whilst
I find your malice joined to the King's will and pleasure, I shall not
obey that will and pleasure.

You

You sent me Deputy for *Ireland*,
 Far from his succour ; from the King ; from all,
 That might have mercy on the fault, thou gav'st
 him :

Whilst your great goodness, out of holy pity,
 Absolv'd him with an axe.

Wol. This, and all else
 This talking lord can lay upon my credit,
 I answer, is most false. The Duke by law
 Found his deserts. How innocent I was
 From any private malice in his end,
 His noble jury and foul cause can witness.
 If I lov'd many words, lord, I should tell you,
 You have as little honesty as honour ;
 That I, i'th' way of loyalty and truth
 Toward the King, my ever-royal master,
 Dare mate a founder man than *Surrey* can be,
 And all that love his follies.

Sur. By my soul,
 Your long coat, priest, protects you ; thou should'st feel
 My sword i'th' life-blood of thee else. My lords,
 Can ye endure to hear this arrogance ?
 And from this fellow ? if we live thus tamely,
 To be thus jaded by a piece of scarlet,
 Farewel, nobility ; let his Grace go forward,
 And dare us with his cap, like larks.

Wol. All goodness
 Is poison to thy stomach.

Sur. Yes, that goodness
 Of gleaning all the land's wealth into one,
 Into your own hands, Card'nal, by extortion :
 The goodness of your intercepted packets
 You writ to th' Pope, against the King ; your goodness,
 Since you provoke me, shall be most notorious.
 My lord of *Norfolk*, as you're truly noble,
 As you respect the common good, the state
 Of our despis'd nobility ; our issues,
 Who, if he live, will scarce be gentlemen ;
 Produce the grand sum of his sins, the articles
 Collected from his life. I'll startle you,
 Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench

Lay kissing in your arms, lord Cardinal.

Wol. How much, methinks, I could despise this man,

But that I'm bound in charity against it!

Nor. Those articles, my lord, are in th' King's hand:

But thus much, they are foul ones.

Wol. So much fairer,
And spotless, shall mine innocence arise;
When the King knows my truth.

Sur. This cannot save you:
I thank my memory, I yet remember
Some of these articles, and out they shall.
Now, if you can, blush, and cry guilty, Cardinal;
You'll shew a little honesty.

Wol. Speak on, Sir,
I dare your worst objections: if I blush,
It is to see a nobleman want manners.

Sur. I'd rather want those, than my head; have at you.

First, that without the King's assent, or knowledge,
You wrought to be a legat; by which power
You maim'd the jurisdiction of all bishops.

Nor. Then, that in all you writ to *Rome*, or else
To foreign Princes, *Ego & Rex meus*
Was still inscrib'd; in which you brought the King
To be your servant.

Suf. That without the knowledge
Either of King or Council, when you went
Ambassador to th' Emperor, you made bold
To carry into *Flanders* the great Seal.

Sur. Item, You sent a large commission
To *Gregory de Cassado*, to conclude,
Without the King's will or the State's allowance,
A league between his Highness and *Ferrara*.

Suf. That out of meer ambition, you have made
Your holy hat be stamp't on the King's coin.

Sur. Then, that you have sent innumerable substance

(By what means got, I leave to your own conscience)
To furnish *Rome*; and to prepare the ways

You

You have for dignities, to th' meer undoing
Of all the kingdom. Many more there are,
² Which since they are of you, and odious,
I will not taint my mouth with.

Cham. O, my lord,
Press not a falling man too far; 'tis virtue:
His faults lye open to the laws; let them,
Not you, correct him. My heart weeps to see him
So little of his great self.

Sur. I forgive him.

Suf. Lord Cardinal, the King's further pleasure is,
(Because all those things you have done of late,
By your pow'r legatine within this kingdom,
Fall in the compass of a *Præmunire*)
That therefore such a writ be su'd against you,
To forfeit all your goods, lands, tenements,
Castles, and whatsoever, and to be
Out of the King's protection. This is my charge.

Nor. And so we'll leave you to your meditations
How to live better. For your stubborn answer,
About the giving back the great Seal to us,
The King shall know it; and, no doubt, shall thank
you.

So fare you well, my little good lord Cardinal.

[*Exeunt all but Wolsey.*]

S C E N E VI.

Wol. So farewell to the little good you bear me:
Farewel, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man; to day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;
And when he thinks, good easie man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, ' nips his root;

And

² *Which since they are of you—*] i. e. regard your person. One was that knowing himself to be pox'd, he yet came near the King's person.

³ *—Nips his root;*] As spring frosts are not injurious to the roots of fruit trees, I should imagine the Poet wrote *shoot*, i. e. that ten-

And then he falls, as I do. I have ventur'd,
 Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
 These many summers in a sea of glory :
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye ;
 I feel my heart new open'd. Oh, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on Princes' favours !
 There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
 That sweet aspect of Princes, and our ruin,
 More pangs and fears than war or women have ;
 And, when he falls, he falls like *Lucifer*,
 Never to hope again.

Enter Cromwell, standing amaz'd.

Why, how now, *Cromwell*?

Crom. I have no power to speak, Sir.

Wol. What, amaz'd

At my misfortunes ? can thy spirit wonder,
 A great man should decline ? nay, if you weep,
 I'm fallen indeed.

Crom. How does your Grace ?

Wol. Why, well ;

Never so truly happy, my good *Cromwell*.

I know my self now, and I feel within me

A peace above all earthly dignities ;

A still and quiet conscience. The King has cur'd me,

I humbly thank his Grace ; and, from these shoulders,

These ruin'd pillars, out of pity taken

A load would sink a navy, too much honour.

der shoot on which are the young leaves and blossoms. The comparison, as well as expression of nips, is juster too in this reading. He has the same thought in *Love's Labour's Lost*.

Byron is like an envious sneaping frost

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

So *Milton* in *Sampson Agonistes*,

Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring,

Nip'd with the lagging rear of winter's frost.

which seems to be taken from the place in question.

O, 'tis

O, 'tis a burden, *Cromwell*, 'tis a burden,
Too heavy for a man that hopes for heav'n.

Crom. I'm glad, your Grace has made that right use
of it.

Wol. I hope, I have : I'm able now, methinks,
Out of a fortitude of soul I feel,
T' endure more miseries, and greater far,
Than my weak-hearted enemies dare offer.
What news abroad ?

Crom. The heaviest, and the worst,
Is your displeasure with the King.

Wol. God blefs him !

Crom. The next is, that Sir *Thomas More* is chosen
Lord Chancellor in your place.

Wol. That's somewhat sudden. —
But he's a learned man. May he continue
Long in his Highness' favour, and do justice
For truth's sake and his conscience ; that his bones,
When he has run his course, and sleeps in blessings,
May have a tomb of orphans' tears wept on him !
What more ?

Crom. That *Cranmer* is return'd with welcome ;
Install'd Lord Archbishop of *Canterbury*.

Wol. That's news, indeed.

Crom. Last, that the lady *Anne*,
Whom the King hath in secrecy long married,
This day was view'd in open, as his Queen,
Going to chapel ; and the voice is now
Only about her Coronation.

Wol. There was the weight that pull'd me down.
O *Cromwell*,
The King has gone beyond me : all my glories
In that one woman I have lost for ever.
No sun shall ever usher forth my honours,
Or gild again the noble troops, that waited
Upon my smiles. Go, get thee from me, *Cromwell* ;
I am a poor fall'n man, unworthy now
To be thy lord and master. Seek the King ;
(That sun, I pray, may never set) I've told him
What and how true thou art : he will advance thee :
Some little memory of me will stir him,

I know

I know his noble nature, not to let
Thy hopeful service perish too. Good *Cromwell*,
Neglect him not; make use now, and provide
For thine own future safety.

Crom. O my lord,
Must I then leave you? must I needs forego
So good, so noble, and so true a master?
Bear witness, all that have not hearts of iron,
With what a sorrow *Cromwell* leaves his lord.
The King shall have my service; but my prayers
For ever, and for ever, shall be yours.

Wol. *Cromwell*, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries; but thou hast forc'd me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman—
Let's dry our eyes: and thus far hear me, *Cromwell*;
And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me must more be heard: say then, I taught thee;
Say, & *Wolsey*, that once trod the ways of glory,
And founded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in:
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it,
Mark but my fall, and that which ruin'd me:
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition;
By that sin fell the angels; how can man then
(The image of his maker) hope to win by't?
Love thy self last; & cherish those hearts, that hate
thee:

Corruption

4 — *Wolsey, that once TROD the ways of glory.*] As the words,
founded, depths, shoals, wreck, follow: the uniformity of metaphor
would dispose *Shakespeare* methinks to write here,

— RODE the WAVES of glory.

So in *Troilus and Cressida*. *As if the passage and whole carriage of
this action RODE on his TIDE.*

5 — — *cherish those hearts, that HATE thee:*] Though this be
good divinity; and an admirable precept for our conduct in private
life; it was never calculated or designed for the magistrate or publick
minister. Nor could this be the direction of a man experienced in
affairs to his pupil. It would make a good christian but a very ill
and very unjust statesman. And we have nothing so infamous in tra-
dition, as the supposed advice given to one of our kings, *to cherish his
enemies*

Corruption wins not more than honesty.
 Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
 To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not.
 Let all the ends, thou aim'st at, be thy country's,
 Thy God's, and Truth's; then if thou fall'st, O

Cromwell,

Thou fall'st a blessed martyr. Serve the King;
 And, pr'ythee, lead me in ———

There, take an inventory of all I have;
 To the last penny, 'tis the King's. My robe,
 And my integrity to heav'n, is all
 I dare now call mine own. O *Cromwell, Cromwell,*
 Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
 I serv'd my King, he would not in mine age
 Have left me naked to mine enemies.

Crom. Good Sir, have patience.

Wol. So I have. Farewel

The hopes of Court! my hopes in heav'n do dwell.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I

A Street in Westminster.

Enter two Gentlemen, meeting one another.

1 Gen. **Y**OU'RE well met once again.

2 Gen. And so are you.

1 Gen. You come to take your stand here, and
 behold

*enemies and be in no pain for his friends. I am of opinion the Poet
 wrote*

— cherish those hearts that wait thee.

i. e. thy dependents. For the contrary practice had contributed to
Wolfey's ruin. He was not careful enough in making dependents by
 his bounty, while intent in amassing wealth to himself. The follow-
 ing line seems to confirm this correction,

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

i. e. You will never find men won over to your temporary occasions
 by bribery so useful to you as friends made by a just and generous mu-
 nificence.

The

The lady *Anne* pass from her Coronation.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis all my business. At our last encounter,
The Duke of *Buckingham* came from his tryal.

1 *Gen.* 'Tis very true. But that time offer'd sorrow:
This, general joy.

2 *Gen.* 'Tis well ; the citizens,
I'm sure, have shewn at full their loyal minds,
And, let 'em have their rights, they're ever forward
In celebration of this day with shews,
Pageants, and fights of honour.

1 *Gen.* Never greater,
Nor, I'll assure you, better taken, Sir:

2 *Gen.* May I be bold to task what That contains,
That paper in your hand?

1 *Gen.* Yes, 'tis the list
Of those that claim their offices this day,
By custom of the Coronation.
The Duke of *Suffolk* is the first, and claims:
To be High Steward ; next, the Duke of *Norfolk*,
To be Earl Marshal ; you may read the rest.

2 *Gen.* I thank you, Sir : had I not known those
customs,

I should have been beholden to your paper.
But, I beseech you, what's become of *Catharine*,
The Princess Dowager? how goes her business?

1 *Gen.* That I can tell you too ; the Archbishop
Of *Canterbury*, accompanied with other
Learned and rev'rend fathers of his order,
Held a late Court at *Dunstable*, six miles
From *Amptbil*, where the Princess lay ; to which
She oft was cited by them, but appear'd not :
And, to be short, for not appearance and
The King's late scruple, by the main assent
Of all these learned men she was divorc'd,
And the late marriage made of none effect :
Since which, she was remov'd to *Kimbolton*,
Where she remains now sick.

2 *Gen.* Alas, good lady ! ———
The trumpets sound ; stand close, the Queen is coming.

[Hautboys.

The

The Order of the Coronation.

1. *A lively flourish of trumpets.*
 2. *Then, two Judges.*
 3. *Lord Chancellor, with the purse and mace before him.*
 4. *Choristers singing.* [Musick.]
 5. *Mayor of London, bearing the mace. Then Garter in his coat of arms, and on his head a gilt copper crown.*
 6. *Marquess of Dorset, bearing a scepter of gold, on his head a demi-coronal of gold. With him, the Earl of Surrey, bearing the rod of silver with the dove, crown'd with an Earl's coronet. Collars of SS.*
 7. *Duke of Suffolk, in his robe of estate, his coronet on his head, bearing a long white wand, as High Steward. With him the Duke of Norfolk, with the rod of marshalship, a coronet on his head. Collars of SS.*
 8. *A canopy borne by four of the Cinque-ports, under it the Queen in her robe; in her hair richly adorned with pearl, crowned. On each side her, the bishops of London and Winchester.*
 9. *The old Dutcheſs of Norfolk, in a coronal of gold, wrought with flowers, bearing the Queen's train.*
 10. *Certain ladies or Countesses, with plain circlets of gold without flowers.*
- They paſs over the ſtage in order and ſtate, and then Exeunt, with a great flouriſh of trumpets.*

2 Gen. A royal train, believe me; theſe I know:
Who's that, who bears the Scepter?

1 Gen. Marquess Dorſet.

And that the Earl of Surrey, with the rod.

2 Gen. A bold brave gentleman. That ſhould be
The Duke of Suffolk.

1 Gen. 'Tis the ſame: High Steward.

2 Gen. And that my lord of Norfolk.

1 Gen. Yes.

2 Gen. Heav'n bleſs thee!

Thou haſt the ſweeteſt face I ever look'd on,

Sir,

Sir, as I have a soul, she is an angel ;
 Our King has all the *Indies* in his arms,
 And more and richer, when he strains that lady :
 I cannot blame his conscience.

1 *Gen.* They that bear
 The cloth of state above her, are four barons
 Of the *Cinque-Ports*.

2 *Gen.* Those men are happy ; so are all, are near
 her.

I take it, she that carries up the train,
 Is that old noble lady, the dutchess of *Norfolk*.

1 *Gen.* It is, and all the rest are countesses.

2 *Gen.* Their coronets say so. These are stars, in-
 deed :

And sometimes falling ones.

1 *Gen.* No more of that.

Enter a third Gentleman.

God save you, Sir ! Where have you been broiling ?

3 *Gen.* Among the crowd i'th' Abbey, where a fin-
 ger

Could not be wedg'd in more ; I am stifled,
 With the meer rankness of their joy.

2 *Gen.* You saw the ceremony ?

3 *Gen.* I did.

1 *Gen.* How was it ?

3 *Gen.* Well worth the seeing.

2 *Gen.* Good Sir, speak it to us.

3 *Gen.* As well as I am able. The rich stream
 Of lords and ladies, having brought the Queen
 To a prepar'd place in the choir, fell off
 A distance from her ; while her Grace sat down
 To rest a while, some half an hour, or so,
 In a rich chair of state ; opposing freely
 The beauty of her person to the people :
 (Believe me, Sir, she is the goodliest woman,
 That ever lay by man ;) which when the people
 Had the full view of, such a noise arose
 As the shrouds make at sea in a stiff tempest,
 As loud, and to as many tunes. Hats, cloaks,
 Doublets, I think, flew up ; and had their faces

Been

Been loose, this day they had been lost. Such joy
I never saw before. Great-belly'd women,
That had not half a week to go, like rams
In the old time of war, would shake the press,
And make 'em reel before 'em. No man living
Could say, this is my wife there, all were woven
So strangely in one piece.

2 Gen. But, pray, what follow'd?

3 Gen. At length her Grace rose, and with modest
paces

Came to the altar, where she kneel'd; and, faint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heav'n, and pray'd devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people:
When by the Archbishop of *Canterbury*,
Sh' had all the royal makings of a Queen:
As holy oil, *Edward* Confessor's Crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her: which perform'd, the choir,
With all the choicest musick of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again
To *York Place*, where the feast is held.

1 Gen. You must no more call it *York-Place*, that's
past.

For since the Cardinal fell, that title's lost,
'Tis now the King's, and call'd *Whitehall*.

3 Gen. I know it:

But 'tis so lately alter'd, that the old name
Is fresh about me.

2 Gen. What two reverend bishops
Were those, that went on each side of the Queen?

3 Gen. *Stokesly* and *Gardiner*; the one of *Winchester*,
Newly preferr'd from the King's Secretary:
The other, *London*.

2 Gen. He of *Winchester*
Is held no great good lover of th' Archbishop,
The virtuous *Cranmer*.

3 Gen. All the land knows that:
However, yet there's no great breach; when't comes,
Cranmer will find a friend will not shrink from him.

2 Gen. Who may that be, I pray you?

3 Gen.

3 *Gen.* *Thomas Cromwell,*
A man in much esteem with th' King, and, truly,
A worthy friend. The King has made him
Master o'th' jewel-house,
And one, already, of the privy-council.

2 *Gen.* He will deserve more.

3 *Gen.* Yes, without all doubt.
Come, gentlemen, you shall go my way,
Which is to th' Court, and there shall be my guests:
Something I can command; as I walk thither,
I'll tell ye more.

Both. You may command us, Sir. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Changes to Kimbolton.

*Enter Catharine Dowager, sick, led between Griffith
her gentleman usher, and Patience her woman.*

Grif. **H**OW does your Grace?

Cath. O Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaded branches, bow to th' earth,
Willing to leave their burthen: reach a chair—
So — now, methinks, I feel a little ease.

[Sitting down.]

Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal *Wolsey*,
Was dead?

Grif. Yes, Madam; but I think, your Grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.

Cath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd.
If well, he slept before me happily,
For my example.

Grif. Well, the voice goes, Madam.
For after the stout Earl of *Northumberland*
Arrested him at *York*, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill
He could not sit his mule.

Cath. Alas, poor man!

Grif. At last, with easie roads he came to *Leicester*;
Lodg'd.

Lodg'd in the Abbey ; where the rev'rend Abbot,
 With all his Convent, honourably receiv'd him ;
 To whom he gave these words, ' O father Abbot,
 ' An old man, broken with the storms of state,
 ' Is come to lay his weary bones among ye ;
 ' Give him a little earth for charity !'
 So went to bed ; where eagerly his sickness
 Pursu'd him still, and three nights after this,
 About the hour of eight, (which he himself
 Foretold, should be his last) full of repentance,
 Continual meditations, tears and sorrows,
 He gave his honours to the world again,
 His blessed part to heav'n, and slept in peace.

Cath. " So may he rest, his faults lie gently on him !
 " Yet thus far, *Griffith*, give me leave to speak him,
 " And yet with charity ; he was a man
 " Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
 " Himself with Princes : ' one, that by suggestion
 " Ty'd all the kingdom ; simony was fair play :
 " His own opinion was his law. I'th' Presence
 " He would say untruths, and be ever double
 " Both in his words and meaning. He was never,
 " But where he meant to ruin, pitiful.
 " His promises were, as he then was, mighty ;
 " But his performance, as he now is, nothing.
 " 2 Of his own body he was ill, and gave
 " The clergy ill example."

Grif. Noble madam,
 Men's evil manners live in brass, their virtues

I — one, that by suggestion

Ty'd all the kingdom ;] i. e. by giving the King pernicious counsel, he ty'd or enslaved the kingdom. He uses the word here with great propriety, and seeming knowledge of the *Latin* tongue. For the late *Roman* writers, and their glossers, agree to give this sense to it : *SUGGESTIO est cum magistratus quilibet principi salubre consilium suggerit*. So that nothing could be severer than this reflexion, that that wholsom counsel, which it is the minister's duty to give his prince, was so empoisoned by him, as to produce slavery to his country. Yet all this fine sense vanishes instantaneously before the touch of the *Oxford Editor*, by his happy thought of changing Ty'd into Tytb'd.

2 Of his own body he was ill, —] i. e. he abused his body by intemperance and luxury.

We write in water. May it please your Highness
To hear me speak his good now?

Cath. Yes, good *Griffith*,
I were malicious else.

Grif. This Cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour, from his cradle;
He was a scholar, and a ripe and good one;
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and perswading;
Lofty and sour to them, that lov'd him not:
But to those men, that fought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin) yet in bestowing, Madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich and *Oxford*! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to out-live the good he did it:
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,
So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not 'till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd, fearing God.

Cath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as *Griffith*.

Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour. Peace be with him!

Patience, be near me still, and set me lower.

I have not long to trouble thee. Good *Griffith*,

Cause the musicians play me that sad note,

I nam'd my knell! whilst I sit meditating

On that celestial harmony I go to.

Sad and solemn musick.

Grif. She is asleep: good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her. Softly, gentle *Patience*.

The

The vision. Enter solemnly one after another, six persons, clad in white robes, wearing on their heads garlands of bays, and golden vizards on their faces; branches of bays, or palm in their hands. They first congee unto her, then dance; and, at certain changes, the first two hold a spare garland over her head; at which, the other four make reverend curtsies. Then the two, that held the garland, deliver the same to the other next two; who observe the same order in their changes, and holding the garland over her head: Which done, they deliver the same garland to the last two, who likewise observe the same order: (At which, as it were by inspiration, she makes in her sleep signs of rejoicing, and holdeth up her hands to heaven.) And so in their dancing vanish, carrying the garland with them. The musick continues.

Cath. Spirits of peace; where are ye? are ye gone? And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?

Grif. Madam, we're here.

Cath. It is not you I call for; Saw ye none enter, since I slept?

Grif. None, Madam.

Cath. No? saw you not ev'n now a blessed troop Invite me to a banquet, whose bright faces Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun? They promis'd me eternal happiness And brought me garlands, *Griffith*, which I feel I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall assuredly.

Grif. I am most joyful, Madam, such good dreams Possess your fancy.

Cath. Bid the musick leave, 'Tis harsh and heavy to me.

[Musick ceases.]

Pat. Do you note, How much her Grace is alter'd on the sudden? How long her face is drawn? how pale she looks, And of an earthly cold? observe her eyes.

Grif. She is going, wench. Pray, pray, —

Pat. Heav'n comfort her!

Enter

Enter a Messenger.

Mes. An't like your Grace ———

Cath. You are a saucy fellow,
Deserve we no more rev'rence?

Grif. You're to blame,
Knowing she will not lose her wonted greatness,
To use so rude behaviour. Go to, kneel.

Mes. I humbly do intreat your Highness pardon :
My haste made me unmannerly. There is staying
A gentleman, sent from the King, to see you.

Cath. Admit him entrance, *Griffith.* But this fellow
Let me ne'er see again. [*Exit Messenger.*]

Enter Lord Capucius.

If my fight fail not,
You should be lord ambassador from the Emperor,
My royal nephew; and your name *Capucius*.

Cap. Madam, the same, your servant.

Cath. O my lord,
The times and titles now are alter'd strangely
With me, since first you knew me. But, I pray you,
What is your pleasure with me?

Cap. Noble lady,
First, mine own service to your Grace; the next,
The King's request that I would visit you;
Who grieves much for your weakness, and by me
Sends you his princely commendations,
And heartily intreats you take good comfort.

Cath. O my good lord, that comfort comes too
late;

'Tis like a pardon after execution;
That gentle physick, giv'n in time, had cur'd me;
But now I'm past all comforts here, but prayers.
How does his Highness?

Cap. Madam, in good health.

Cath. So may he ever do, and ever flourish,
When I shall dwell with worms, and my poor name
Banish'd the Kingdom! *Patience*, is that letter,
I caus'd you write, yet sent away?

Pat. No, Madam.

Cath.

Cath. Sir, I must humbly pray you to deliver
This to my lord the King.

Cap. Most willing, Madam.

Cath. In which I have commended to his goodness
The model of our chaste loves, his young daughter ;
(The dews of heav'n fall thick in blessings on her !)
Beseeching him to give her virtuous Breeding,
(She's young, and of a noble modest nature ;
I hope, she will deserve well) and a little
To love her for her mother's sake, that lov'd him,
Heav'n knows, how dearly ! my next poor petition
Is, that his noble Grace would have some pity
Upon my wretched women, that so long
Have follow'd both my fortunes faithfully ;
Of which there is not one, I dare avow,
(And now I should not lye) but well deserve,
For virtue and true beauty of the soul,
For honesty and decent carriage,
A right good husband, let him be a noble :
And, sure, those men are happy, that shall have 'em.
The last is for my men ; they are the poorest,
But poverty could never draw 'em from me ;
That they may have their wages duly paid 'em,
And something over to remember me.
If heav'n had pleas'd to've giv'n me longer life
And able means, we had not parted thus.
These are the whole contents. And, good my lord,
By that you love the dearest in this world,
As you wish christian peace to souls departed,
Stand these poor people's friend, and urge the King
To do me this last right.

Cap. By heav'n, I will ;
Or let me lose the fashion of a man !

Cath. I thank you, honest lord. Remember me
In all humility unto his Highness ;
And tell him, his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world. Tell him, in death I blest him ;
For so I will — mine eyes grow dim. Farewel,
My lord—*Griffith*, farewel—nay, *Patience*,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed——
Call in more women——When I'm dead, good wench,

Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
 With maiden flow'rs, that all the world may know
 I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
 Then lay me forth; although un-queen'd, yet like
 A Queen, and daughter to a King, interr me.
 I can no more.— [Exeunt, leading Catharine.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before the PALACE.

Enter Gardiner Bishop of Winchester, a Page with a torch before him, met by Sir Thomas Lovell.

Gard. **I**T's one o'clock, boy, is't not?

Boy. It hath struck.

Gard. These should be hours for necessities,
 Not for delights; times, to repair our nature
 With comforting repose, and not for us
 To waste these times. Good hour of night, Sir Thomas;
 Whither so late?

Lov. Came you from the King, my lord?

Gard. I did, Sir Thomas, and left him at *Primero*
 With the Duke of *Suffolk*.

Lov. I must to him too,
 Before he go to bed. I'll take my leave.

Gard. Not yet, Sir Thomas Lovell; what's the
 matter?

It seems, you are in haste: And if there be
 No great offence belongs to't, give your friend
 Some touch of your late business. Affairs, that walk
 (As they say, spirits do,) at midnight, have
¹ In them a wilder nature, than the business
 That seeks dispatch by day.

Lov. My lord, I love you;
 And durst commend a secret to your ear
 Much weightier than this work. The Queen's in la-
 bour,

¹ In them a wilder nature——] Wild, for uncommon.

They

They say, in great extremity ; 'tis fear'd,
She'll with the labour end.

Gard. The fruit she goes with
I pray for heartily, that it may find
Good time, and live ; but for the stock, Sir *Thomas*,
I wish it grubb'd up now.

Lov. Methinks, I could
Cry the Amen ; and yet my conscience says,
She's a good creature, and (sweet lady) does
Deserve our better wishes.

Gard. But, Sir, Sir——
Hear me, Sir *Thomas* —— You're a gentleman
Of mine own way ; I know you wise, religious ;
And, let me tell you, it will ne'er be well,
'Twill not, Sir *Thomas Lovell*, take't of me,
'Till *Cranmer*, *Cromwell*, her two hands, and she,
Sleep in their graves.

Lov. Now, Sir, you speak of two
The most remark'd i'th' kingdom ; as for *Cromwell*,
Beside that of the jewel-house, he's made master
O'th' Rolls, and the King's Secretary : Further,
² Stands in the gap and tread for more preferments,
With which the time will load him. Th' Archbishop
Is the King's hand, and tongue ; and who dare speak
One syllable against him ?

Gard. Yes, Sir *Thomas*,
There are that dare ; and I my self have ventur'd
To speak my mind of him ; indeed, this day,
(Sir, I may tell it you,) I think, I have
Incens'd the lords o'th' Council, that he is
(For so I know he is, they know he is)
A most arch heretick, a pestilence
That does infect the land ; with which they mov'd,
Have broken with the King ; who hath so far
Giv'n ear to our complaint, of his great Grace
And princely care, foreseeing those fell mischiefs
Our reasons laid before him ; he hath commanded,
To morrow morning to the council-board

² *Stands in the gap and TRADE for more preferments.*] We should
read TREAD, i. e. road.

He be convented. He's a rank weed, Sir *Thomas*,
And we must root him out. From your affairs
I hinder you too long : good night, Sir *Thomas*.

[*Exeunt Gardiner and Page.*

Low. Many good nights, my lord ; I rest your Ser-
vant. [Exit *Lovell*.

SCENE II.

Changes to an Apartment in the Palace.

Enter King and Suffolk.

King. CHARLES, I will play no more to night ;
My mind's not on't, you are too hard for
me.

Suf. Sir, I did never win of you before.

King. But little, *Charles* ;
Nor shall not, when my fancy's on my play.

Re-enter Lovell.

Now, *Lovell*, from the Queen what is the news ?

Low. I could not personally deliver to her
What you commanded me, but by her woman
I sent your message ; who return'd her thanks
In greatest humbleness, and begg'd your Highness
Most heartily to pray for her.

King. What say'st thou ! ha !
To pray for her ! what ! is she crying out ?

Low. So said her woman, and that her suff'rance
made

Almost each pang a death.

King. Alas, good lady !

Suf. God safely quit her of her burthen, and
With gentle travel, to the gladding of
Your Highness with an heir !

King. 'Tis midnight, *Charles* ;
Pr'ythee, to bed ; and in thy prayers remember
Th' estate of my poor Queen. Leave me alone ;
For I must think of that, which company
Would not be friendly to.

Suf.

Suf. I wish your Highness
A quiet night, and my good mistress will
Remember in my prayers.

King. Charles, a good night : [Exit Suffolk.
Well, Sir, what follows ?

Enter Sir Anthony Denny.

Denny. Sir, I have brought my lord the Arch-
bishop,
As you commanded me.

King. Ha ! Canterbury ! ———

Denny. Yea, my good lord,

King. 'Tis true—where is he, *Denny* ?

Denny. He attends your Highness' pleasure.

King. Bring him to us. [Exit Denny.

Lov. This is about that, which the Bishop spake ;
I am happily come hither. [Aside.

Enter Cranmer and Denny.

King. Avoid the Gallery. [Lovell seemeth to stay.
Ha ! ——— I have said ——— be gone.

What ! ——— [Exeunt Lovell and Denny.

S C E N E III.

Cran. I am fearful : wherefore frowns he thus ?
'Tis his aspect of terror. All's not well.

King. How now, my lord ? you do desire to know,
Wherefore I sent for you.

Cran. It is my duty
T' attend your Highness' pleasure.

King. Pray you, rise ;
My good and gracious lord of Canterbury :
Come, you and I must walk a turn together :
I've news to tell you. Come, give me your hand.
Ah, my good lord, I grieve at what I speak ;
And am right sorry to repeat what follows.
I have, and most unwillingly, of late
Heard many grievous, I do say, my lord,
Grievous complaints of you ; which being consider'd,
Have mov'd us and our Council, that you shall

This morning come before us ; where I know,
 You cannot with such freedom purge your self,
 But that, 'till further trial, in those charges
 Which will require your answer, you must take
 Your patience to you, and be well contented
 To make your house our *Tower*: You a brother of
 us,

It fits we thus proceed ; or else no witness
 Would come against you.

Cran. I humbly thank your Highness,
 And am right glad to catch this good occasion
 Most thoroughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
 And corn shall fly asunder. For, I know,
 There's none stands under more calumnious tongues
 Than I my self, poor man.

King. Stand up, good *Canterbury*;
 Thy truth and thy integrity is rooted
 In us, thy friend. Give me thy hand, stand up ;
 Pr'ythee, let's walk. Now, by my holy dame,
 What manner of man are you ? my lord, I look'd,
 You would have given me your petition, that
 I should have ta'en some pains to bring together
 Your self and your accusers, and have heard you
 Without indurance further.

Cran. Most dread Liege,
 The good I stand on is my truth and honesty :
 If they shall fall, I with mine enemies
 Will triumph o'er my person ; which I weigh not,
 Being of those virtues vacant. I fear nothing
 What can be said against me.

King. Know you not
 How your state stands i'th' world, with the whole
 world ?

Your foes are many, and not small ; their practices
 Must bear the same proportion ; and not ever
 The justice and the truth o' th' question carries
 The due o' th' verdict with it. At what ease
 Might corrupt minds procure knaves as corrupt
 To swear against you ? such things have been done.
 You're potently oppos'd ; and with a malice
 Of as great size. Ween you of better luck,

I mean,

I mean, in perjur'd witness, than your master,
Whose minister you are, while here he liv'd
Upon this naughty earth? go to, go to,
You take a precipice for no leap of danger,
And woo your own destruction.

Cran. God and your Majesty
Protect mine innocence, or I fall into
The trap is laid for me!

King. Be of good cheer ;
They shall no more prevail, than we give way to :
Keep comfort to you, and this morning see
You do appear before them. If they chance
In charging you with matters, to commit you ;
The best persuasions to the contrary
Fail not to use ; and with what vehemency
Th' occasion shall instruct you. If intreaties
Will render you no remedy, this Ring
Deliver them, and your appeal to us
There make before them. Look, the good man
 weeps !

He's honest, on mine honour. God's blest mother!
I swear, he is true-hearted; and a soul
None better in my kingdom. Get you gone,
And do as I have bid you. [*Exit Cranmer.*]
H'as strangled all his language in his tears.

Enter an old Lady.

Gen. [*Within.*] Come back ; what mean you ?

Lady. I'll not come back: the tidings that I
bring

Will make my boldness manners. Now good angels
Fly o'er thy royal head, and shade thy person
Under their blessed wings !

King. Now, by thy looks
I guess thy message. Is the Queen deliver'd?
Say, ay; and of a boy.

Lady. Ay, ay, my Liege;
And of a lovely boy; the God of heav'n
Both now and ever blefs her!—'tis a girl,
Promifes boys hereafter. Sir, your Queen

Desires your visitation ; and to be
Acquainted with this stranger ; 'tis as like you,
As cherry is to cherry.

King. Lovell——

Low. Sir.

*King. Give her an hundred marks. I'll to the
Queen.* [Exit King.

*Lady. An hundred marks! by this light, I'll ha'
more.*

An ordinary groom is for such payment.

I will have more, or scold it out of him.

Said I for this, the girl was like him? I'll

Have more, or else unsay't: now, while 'tis hot,

I'll put it to the issue. [Exit Lady.

SCENE IV.

Before the Council-chamber.

Enter Cranmer.

Cran. I Hope, I'm not too late; and yet the gentle-
man,

That was sent to me from the Council, pray'd me

To make great haste. All fast? what means this?
ho?

Who waits there? sure, you know me?

Enter Door-Keeper.

D. Keep. Yes, my lord;

But yet I cannot help you.

Cran. Why?

*D. Keep. Your Grace must wait, 'till you be call'd
for.*

Enter Doctor Butts.

Cran. So——

Butts. This is a piece of malice: I am glad,

I came this way so happily. The King

Shall understand it presently. [Exit Butts.

Cran. 'Tis Butts,

The

The King's physician ; as he past along,
How earnestly he cast his eyes upon me !
Pray heav'n, he found not my disgrace ! For certain,
This is of purpose laid by some that hate me,
(God turn their hearts ! I never fought their malice)
To quench mine honour : they would shame to make
me

Wait else at door : a fellow-counsellor,
'Mong boys and grooms and lackeys ! but their pleasures
Must be fulfill'd, and I attend with patience.

Enter the King and Butts, at a window above.

Butts. I'll shew your Grace the strangest sight —

King. What's that, *Butts* ?

Butts. I think, your Highness saw this many a day.

King. Body o' me : where is it ?

Butts. There, my lord :

The high promotion of his Grace of *Canterbury*,
Who holds his state at door 'mongst pursuivants,
Pages, and foot-boys.

King. Ha ! 'tis he, indeed.

Is this the honour they do one another ?

'Tis well, there's one above 'em yet. I thought,

They'd parted so much Honesty among 'em,

At least, good manners ; as not thus to suffer

A man of his place, and so near our favour,

To dance attendance on their lordships' pleasures ;

And at the door too, like a post with packets.

By holy *Mary*, *Butts*, there's knavery ;

Let 'em alone, and draw the curtain close,

We shall hear more anon —

SCENE V.

The COUNCIL.

A council-table brought in with chairs and stools, and placed under the state. Enter Lord Chancellor, places himself at the upper end of the table on the left hand: A seat being left void above him, as for the Archbishop of Canterbury. Duke of Suffolk, Duke of Norfolk, Surrey, Lord Chamberlain, and Gardiner, seat themselves in order on each side. Cromwell at the lower end, as Secretary.

Chan. **S**PEAK to the business, Mr. Secretary:
Why are we met in Council?

Crom. Please your Honours,
The cause concerns his Grace of Canterbury.

Gard. Has he had knowledge of it?

Crom. Yes.

Nor. Who waits there?

D. Keep. Without, my noble lords?

Gard. Yes.

D. Keep. My lord Archbishop;

And has done half an hour, to know your pleasures.

Chan. Let him come in.

D. Keep. Your Grace may enter now.

[Cranmer approaches the council-table.]

Chan. My good lord Archbishop, I'm very sorry
To sit here at this present, and behold
That chair stand empty: but ³ we are all men
In our own natures frail, and capable
Of frailty, few are angels; from which frailty

³ ————— we are all men

In our own natures frail, and capable

Of frailty, —————] If all men were actually frail, they

were more than capable of frailty; to understand this therefore, as only said of the natural weakness of humanity, it is absurdly expressed; but this was not our author's sense: By, *in our own natures frail*, he alludes to the doctrine of original sin: So that the sentiment is this, We are sinners by imputation, and liable to become actually so.

And

And want of wisdom, you, that best should teach us,
Have misdemean'd your self, and not a little:
Toward the King first, then his Laws, in filling
The whole realm, by your teaching and your chap-
lains,

(For so we are inform'd) with new opinions
Divers and dang'rous, which are heresies;
And, not reform'd, may prove pernicious.

Gard. Which reformation must be sudden too,
My noble lords; for those, that tame wild horses,
Pace 'em not in their hands to make 'em gentle;
But stop their mouths with stubborn bits, and spur
'em,

'Till they obey the manage. If we suffer
(Out of our easiness and childish pity
To one man's honour) this contagious sickness,
Farewel all physick: and what follows then?
Commotions, uproars, with a gen'ral taint
Of the whole state: as of late days our neighbours
The upper *Germany* can dearly witness,
Yet freshly pitied in our memories.

Cran. My good lords, hitherto, in all the pro-
gress

Both of my life and office, I have labour'd
(And with no little study) that my teaching,
And the strong course of my Authority,
Might go one way, and safely; and the end
Was ever to do well: nor is there living
(I speak it with a single heart, my lords)
A man that more detests, more stirs against,
(Both in his private conscience and his place)
Defacers of the publick peace, than I do.
Pray heav'n, the King may never find a heart
With less allegiance in it! Men that make
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,
Dare bite the best. I do beseech your lordships,
That, in this case of justice, my accusers,
Be what they will, may stand forth face to face,
And freely urge against me.

Suf. Nay, my lord,
That cannot be; you are a counsellor,

And

And by that virtue no man dare accuse you.

Gard. My lord, because we've business of more moment,

We will be short wi' you. 'Tis his Highness' pleasure,
And our consent, for better tryal of you,
From hence you be committed to the *Tower*;
Where, being but a private man again,
You shall know, many dare accuse you boldly,
More than, I fear, you are provided for.

Cran. Ay, my good lord of *Winchester*, I thank you,

You're always my good friend; if your will pass,
I shall both find your lordship judge and juror,
You are so merciful. I see your end,
'Tis my undoing. Love and meekness, lord,
Become a churchman better than ambition:
Win straying souls with modesty again,
Cast none away. That I shall clear my self,
(Lay all the weight ye can upon my patience)
I make as little doubt, as you do conscience
In doing daily wrongs. I could say more,
But rev'rence to your Calling makes me modest.

Gard. My lord, my lord, you are a sectary,
That's the plain truth; your painted gloss discovers,
To men that understand you, words and weakness.

Crom. My lord of *Winchester*, you are a little;
By your good favour, too sharp; men so noble,
However faulty, yet should find respect
For what they have been: 'tis a cruelty
To load a falling man.

Gard. Good Mr. Secretary,
I cry your honour mercy; you may, worst
Of all this table, say so.

Crom. Why, my lord?

Gard. Do not I know you for a favourer
Of this new sect? ye are not found.

Crom. Not found?

Gard. Not found, I say.

Crom. 'Would you were half so honest!
Men's prayers then would seek you, not their fears.

Gard. I shall remember this bold language.

Crom.

Crom. Do.

Remember your bold life too.

Cham. This is too much ;
Forbear for shame, my lords.

Gard. I've done,

Crom. And I.

Cham. Then thus for you, my lord : it stands agreed,

I take it, by all voices, that forthwith

You be convey'd to th' *Tower* a prisoner ;

There to remain, 'till the King's further pleasure

Be known unto us. Are you all agreed, lords ?

All. We are.

Cran. Is there no other way of mercy,

But I must needs to th' *Tower*, my lords ?

Gard. What other

Would you expect ? you're strangely troublesome :

Let some o' th' Guard be ready there.

Enter the Guard.

Cran. For me ?

Must I go like a traitor then ?

Gard. Receive him,

And see him safe i' th' *Tower*.

Cran. Stay, good my lords,

I have a little yet to say. Look there, lords ;

By virtue of that Ring, I take my cause

Out of the gripes of cruel men, and give it

To a most noble judge, the King my master.

Cham. This is the King's Ring.

Sur. 'Tis no counterfeit.

Suf. 'Tis his right Ring, by heav'n, I told ye all,
When we first put this dang'rous stone a rowling,
'Twould fall upon ourselves.

Nor. D'you think, my lords,

The King will suffer but the little finger

Of this man to be vex'd ?

Cham. 'Tis now too certain.

How much more is his life in value with him ?

'Would I were fairly out on't.

Crom. My mind gave me,

In

In seeking tales and informations
 Against this man, whose honesty the devil
 And his disciples only envy at,
 Ye blew the fire that burns ye ; now have at ye.

S C E N E VI.

Enter King, frowning on them ; takes his seat.

Gard. Dread Sov'reign, how much are we bound to
 heav'n

In daily thanks, that gave us such a Prince ;
 Not only good and wise, but most religious :
 One that in all obedience makes the Church
 The chief aim of his honour ; and to strengthen
 That holy duty, out of dear respect,
 His royal self in judgment comes to hear
 The cause betwixt her and this great offender.

King. You're ever good at sudden commendations,
Bishop of Winchester. But know, I come not
 To hear such flatt'ries now : and in my presence
 They are too thin and base to hide offences.
 To me you cannot reach : you play the spaniel,
 And think with wagging of your tongue to win me :
 But whatsoe'er thou tak'st me for, I'm sure,
 Thou hast a cruel nature, and a bloody.
 Good man, sit down : now let me see the proudest

[*To Cran.*

He, that dares most, but wag his finger at thee.
 By all that's holy, he had better starve,
 Than but once think, this place becomes thee not.

Sur. May't please your Grace——

King. No, Sir, it does not please me.
 I thought, I had had men of some understanding
 And wisdom, of my Council ; but I find none.
 Was it discretion, lords, to let this man,
 This good man, (few of you deserve that title)
 This honest man, wait like a lowlie foot-boy
 At chamber-door, and one as great as you are ?
 Why, what a shame was this ! did my commission
 Bid ye so far forget your selves ? I gave ye
 Pow'r, as he was a counsellor to try him ;

Not

Not as a groom. There's some of ye, I see,
More out of malice than integrity,
Wou'd try him to the utmost, had ye means ;
Which ye shall never have, while I do live.

Cham. My most dread Sovereign, may it like your
Grace

To let my tongue excuse all. What was purpos'd |
Concerning his imprisonment, was rather,
If there be faith in men, meant for his tryal,
And fair purgation to the world, than malice ;
I'm sure, in me.

King. Well, well, my lords, respect him :
Take him, and use him well ; he's worthy of it.
I will say thus much for him, if a Prince
May be beholden to a subject, I
Am, for his love and service, so to him.
Make me no more ado, but all embrace him :
Be friends for shame, my lords. My lord of *Can-*
terbury,

I have a suit which you must not deny me,
There is a fair young maid, that yet wants baptism :
You must be godfather, and answer for her.

Cran. The greatest monarch now alive may glory
In such an honour ; how may I deserve it,
That am a poor and humble subject to you ?

King. Come, come, my lord, you'd spare your spoons :
you shall have

Two noble partners with you: the old Dutchess
Of *Norfolk*, and the lady Marquesse *Dorset* —
Once more, my lord of *Winchester*, I charge you
Embrace and love this man.

Gard. With a true heart
And brother's love I do it.

Cran. And let heaven
Witness, how dear I hold this confirmation.

King. Good man, those joyful tears shew thy true
heart :

The common voice, I see, is verify'd
Of thee, which says thus: do my lord of *Canterbury*
But one shrewd turn, and he's your friend for ever.
Come, lords, we trifle time away: I long

To

To have this young one made a christian.

As I have made ye one, lords, one remain:

So I grow stronger, you more honour gain. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E VII.

The Palace-yard.

Noise and tumult within: Enter Porter and his man.

Port. **Y**ou'll leave your noise anon, ye rascals; do you take the Court for *Paris Garden*? ye rude slaves, leave your gaping.

Within. Good Mr. Porter, I belong to th' larder.

Port. Belong to the gallows and be hang'd, ye rogue: is this a place to roar in? fetch me a dozen crab-tree staves, and strong ones; & these are but switches. — To 'em. I'll scratch your heads; you must be seeing christnings? do you look for ale and cakes here, you rude rascals?

Man. Pray Sir, be patient; 'tis as much impossible (Unless we swept them from the door with cannons) To scatter 'em, as 'tis to make 'em sleep On *May-day* morning; which will never be: We may as well push against *Paul's*, as stir 'em.

Port. How got they in, and be hang'd?

Man. Alas, I know not; how gets the tide in? As much as one sound cudgel of four foot (You see the poor remainder) could distribute, I made no spare, Sir.

Port. You did nothing, Sir.

Man. I am not *Sampson*, nor *Sir Guy*, nor *Colebrand*, to mow 'em down before me; but if I spar'd any that had a head to hit, either young or old, he or she, cuckold or cuckold-maker, let me never hope to see a chine again; and that I would not for a cow, God save her.

4 These are but switches to 'em.] To what, or whom? We should point it thus,

These are but switches. — To 'em.

i.e. have at you, as we now say. He says this as he turns upon the mob.

Within.

Within. Do you hear, Mr. Porter?

Port. I shall be with you presently, good Mr. Puppy.

Keep the door close, firrah.

Man. What would you have me do?

Port. What should you do, but knock 'em down by the dozens? is this *Morefields* to muster in? or have we some strange *Indian* with the great tool come to Court, the women so besiege us? bless me! what a fry of fornication is at the door? on my christian conscience, this one christning will beget a thousand; here will be father, god-father, and all together.

Man. The spoons will be the bigger, Sir. There is a fellow somewhat near the door, he should be a brasier by his face; for, o' my conscience, twenty of the dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line, they need no other penance: That fire-drake did I hit three times on the head, and three times was his nose discharged against me; he stands there like a mortar-piece to blow us up. There was a haberdasher's wife of small wit near him, that rail'd upon me 'till her pink'd porringer fell off her head, for kindling such a combustion in the state. I mist the meteor once, and hit that woman, who cry'd out, Clubs! when I might see from far some forty truncheoneers, draw to her succour; ⁵ which were the hope of the strand, where she was quarter'd. They fell on; I made good my place; at length they came to th' broom-staff with me, I defy'd 'em still; when suddenly a file of boys behind 'em deliver'd such a shower of pibbles, loose shot, that I was fain to draw mine honour in, and let 'em win the work; the devil was amongst 'em, I think, surely.

⁵ *Which were the hope of the strand,*] i. e. such as, by another metaphor, he might have called the *flower*. But the *Oxford* Editor, in an ill humour, degrades them to *the forlorn hope*; and this is called emending.

Port. These are the youths that thunder at a play-house; and fight for bitten apples; that no audience but the Tribulation of *Tower-Hill*, or the limbs of *Limehouse*, their dear brothers, are able to endure. I have some of 'em in *Limbo Patrum*, and there they are like to dance these three days; besides the running banquet of two beadles, that is to come.

Enter Lord Chamberlain.

Cham. Mercy o' me! what a multitude are here? They grow still too; from all parts they are coming, As if we kept a fair. Where are these porters; These lazy knaves? ye've made a fine hand, fellows; There's a trim rabble let in; are all these Your faithful friends o'th' suburbs? we shall have Great store of room, no doubt, left for the ladies, When they pass back from th' christening?

Port. Please your Honour,
We are but men; and what so many may do,
Not being torn in pieces, we have done:
An army cannot rule 'em.

Cham. As I live,
If the King blame me for't, I'll lay ye all
By th' heels, and suddenly; and on your heads
Clap round fines for neglect: y'are lazy knaves:
And here ye lye baiting of bumbards, when
Ye should do service. Hark, the trumpets sound;
Th' are come already from the christening;
Go break among the pews, and find a way out
To let the troop pass fairly; or I'll find
A *Marshalsea*, shall hold ye play these two months.

Port. Make way there for the Princess.

Man. You great fellow, stand close up, or I'll make your head ake.

Port. You i'th' camblet, get up o'th' rail, I'll peck you o'er the pales else. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE

S C E N E VIII.

Changes to the Palace.

Enter Trumpets sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his Marshal's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two Noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christning gifts; then four Noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Dutcheſs of Norfolk, god-mother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train born by a lady: then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other god-mother, and ladies. The Troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Gart. Heav'n, from thy endless goodness send long life,
And ever happy, to the high and mighty
Princess of England, fair Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Guard.

Cran. And to your royal Grace, and the good Queen,
My noble partners and my self thus pray;
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
That heav'n e'er laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!

King. Thank you, good lord Archbishop:
What is her name?

Cran. Elizabeth.

King. Stand up, lord.
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee,
Into whose hand I give thy life.

Cran. Amen.

King. My noble gossip, y'have been too prodigal,
I thank you heartily: so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.

Cran. Let me speak, Sir;
(For Heav'n now bids me) and the words I utter,
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.

This

This royal Infant, (heaven still move about her)
 Though in her cradle, yet now promises
 Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
 Which time shall bring to ripeness. She shall be
 (But few now living can behold that goodness)
 A pattern to all Princes living with her,
 And all that shall succeed. *Sheba* was never
 More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue,
 Than this blest soul shall be. All Princely graces,
 That mould up such a mighty piece as this,
 With all the virtues that attend the good,
 Shall still be doubled on her. Truth shall nurse her:
 Holy and heav'nly thoughts still counsel her:
 " She shall be lov'd and fear'd. Her own shall bless
 her;

" Her foes shake, like a field of beaten corn,

" And hang their heads with sorrow. Good grows
 with her.

" In her days, ev'ry man shall eat in safety,

" Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing

" The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours.

" God shall be truly known, and those about her

" From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,

" And claim by those their Greatness, not by blood.

" Nor shall this peace sleep with her; but as when

" The bird of wonder dies, the maiden Phoenix,

" Her ashes new create another heir,

" As great in admiration as her self;

" So shall she leave her blessedness to one,

" (When heav'n shall call her from this cloud of dark-
 ness)

" Who from the sacred ashes of her honour

" Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,

" And so stand fix'd. Peace, Plenty, Love, Truth,
 Terrour,

" That were the servants to this chosen infant,

" Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;

" Where-ever the bright sun of heav'n shall shine,

" His honour and the greatness of his name

" Shall be, and make new nations. He shall flourish,

" And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches

" To

“ To all the plains about him : children’s children
Shall see this, and bless heav’n.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be, to the happiness of *England*,
An aged Princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
Would, I had known no more ! but she must die,
She must, the Saints must have her yet a Virgin ;
A most unspotted lilly she shall pass
To th’ ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O lord Archbishop,
Thou’st made me now a man ; never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing.
This oracle of comfort has so pleas’d me,
That when I am in heav’n, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my maker.
I thank ye all. — To you, my good Lord Mayor,
And (*a*) your good brethren, I am much beholden :
I have receiv’d much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords ;
Ye must all see the Queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day no man think,
H’as business at his house, for all shall stay ;
This little one shall make it holy-day. — [Exeunt.]

[(*a*) *Your.* Dr. Thirlby. — Vulg. *you.*]

EPILOGUE.

*'T*IS ten to one, this Play can never please
All that are here : some come to take their ease,
And sleep an act or two ; but those, we fear,
We've frighted with our trumpets : so 'tis clear,
They'll say, it's naught. Others, to hear the city
Abus'd extremely, and to cry, That's witty !
Which we have not done neither ; that, I fear,
All the expected Good w'are like to hear
For this Play at this time, is only in
The merciful construction of good wom'n ;
(For such a one we shew'd 'em) If they smile,
And say, 'twill do ; I know within a while
All the best men are ours ; for 'tis ill hap,
If they bold, when their ladies bid 'em clap.

The End of the Fifth Volume.







Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616 / Pope, Alexander, 1688-1744 / Warburton,
William, 1698-1779

Works

Bd.: T. 5

Dublin (1747)

P.o.angl. 360 n-5

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb10749326-3